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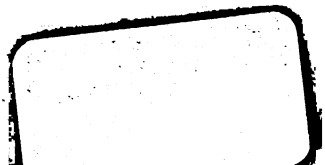

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Authoress of Family Portraits—The Rose of Claremont—The Orphan Boy—Poems—The Daughter of St. Omer—My Native Land—Robertina—Son and the Nephew—The Primrose Girl—Tales of my Grand Mother, &c.

New-York:

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1834

THE MYSTERIOUS MARRIAGE,

&c. &c.

CHAPTER I.

The White Cottage.

In that part of England, where the gentle Avon meanders through the fertile plains of Warwickshire, and not far distant from the spot which gave birth to the great poet of nature, stood the White Cottage,—a structure which, though it could not boast of splendid elegance, was venerable from its antiquity, and attractive, from its neatness and simplicity. It was situated at the declivity of a sloping hill, modestly rising above a clump of trees, by which it was surrounded. From time immemorial it had been the residence of the village clergyman; and, at the period when this history commences, was occupied by the Rev. Mr. Clarendale. For twenty years this worthy pastor had performed the duties of his sacred calling with undeviating fidelity and zeal; at once illustrating and enforcing the precepts he taught, by a spotless example. To all his parishioners he was well known; and by all of them most affectionately beloved. The cottages of the indigent, —the bed-sides of the sick and dying, were his constant resorts. To the former, when his circumscribed means precluded him from aiding their wants by pecuniary gifts, he afforded encouragement, by directing their minds to a gracious and superintending Providence; and to the latter, he administered those consoling truths, which soften the bed of death, and point to a blissful immortality. Of him it might truly be said, that he was

"More bent to raise the wretched, than to rise."

In the early part of his life, the bright prospects of fortune opened to his view. The only child of an affectionate father, whose affluence was great, and who was extensively embarked in mercantile concerns, he was considered the heir of a large property. But the precariousness and uncertainty of sublunary things were fatally exemplified in the person and affairs of the father of Mr. Clarendale. Heavy and successive losses at sea, accompanied with other miscarriages in his concerns, produced embarrassments, which neither his honorable character nor his utmost efforts could effectually counteract; and he was ultimately precipitated from the high pinnacle of fortune, to ruin, and almost to penury. These reverses operated so powerfully on the mind of the old gentleman, that he fell a prey to dejection and melancholy, and finally quitted the world, just before his son had attained his seventeenth year.

Thus cast on the stage of life, his hopes of competency blasted, young Clarendale found himself a helpless fugitive, and a defenceless orphan, for in his early youth he had been deprived, by death, of the tender solicitude and fostering care of an affectionate mother. Yet, amidst these gloomy and discouraging circumstances, the hand of Providence was gently clearing his way. A few respectable friends of his late father took him under their protection; and with the view of qualifying him for the church, sent him to the University, to prosecute and complete his studies.

It is no common occurrence in life, that young men of his age, nursed in the lap of fortune, and born to high expectations, can bear with any tolerable degree of patience the frustration of their hopes; nor descend without deep regret, from the eminence of prosperity into the vale of humble life. Mr. Clarendale was, however, an exception to this general rule.—He could not but feel indeed, for a moment, the severity of the shock which this sudden transition in his fortune had occasioned; but, calling into action the excellent principles he had imbibed in his youth, and summoning the aids of Christian philosophy, he retired with dignity, and without a murmur, to comparative obscurity. This temper of mind he sedulously cultivated during his residence in the University; and, combining profound learning with Christian piety, he became eminently qualified for those ministerial labors which

ware so honorable to himself and beneficial to his parishioners. Having entered into holy orders, and a vacancy occurring for a clergyman in this parish, he was, through the interest of those friends who had procured his education, appointed to the living, which was but moderate in its income, and of which the White Cottage was the parsonage-house. Soon after entering upon this important charge, Mr. Clarendale consummated, by marriage, an attachment founded on the purest principles: a union, which though it added but little to the worldly interest of the worthy pastor conferred such a stock of felicity as rendered him one of the happiest men in the neighborhood. If fortune had denied to him her golden stores, nature had furnished him with a lovely and virtuous wife, and further enriched him with three beauteous and promising children, a son and two daughters; of whom it might be said, when they were born, that their mother looked on twin-roses, so perfectly and strongly had nature stamped them with a resemblance to each other; the only difference was, that Rebecca, the elder, had blue eyes, and Rosa, the younger, dark hazel; but purity and simplicity reigned in each, and the silver-toned voice of both sisters breathed in one: when Rebecca was absent, she was present in Rosa; and when Rebecca was only by, Rosa could not be forgotten. A striking resemblance of each, was also visible in the fine countenance of their brother, Henry, who, when he was eighteen, might have rivalled the sculptor's art to have drawn a more perfect model of manly beauty. It must be confessed, however, that exterior beauty and acquired elegancies of person, are not the objects by which the character is to be estimated. No. These are no more than what the casket is which contains the precious jewel. It is the mind, the intellect, the temper and disposition of the heart, that form the criteria by which to judge of the man. No one could be more sensible of this estimate than the worthy pastor, and none could take more pains than he did to impress upon the minds of his children, the value of intellectual acquirements and moral virtues. Nor had he labored in vain. At the age already stated, Henry Clarendale exhibited talents of the most promising order; gave evidences of a mind influenced by the noblest sentiments: a heart susceptible of the most generous and amiable feelings; while his lovely sis-

ters excelled in all the softer virtues of the sex, and shone in all the brilliancy of native simplicity.

While thus the White Cottage contained such amiableness and excellence, it is not unnatural to conclude, that all care and anxiety, all painful solicitude, were banished from the favored roof:—such, indeed was the case with the inmates in general; especially with regard to the younger branches of the family. But even the brow of the reverend messenger of peace, notwithstanding the severity of that discipline which he had long inflicted upon himself, would now and then be clouded with care, when he looked at his rising family, and viewed the scantiness of his means to provide for their future interests. Not, indeed, that he suffered himself to sink into a state of melancholy forebodings. No; he had a settled conviction of the justness and goodness of Providence; and whenever he found the approach of a fretful thought, he soon dismissed it, and reproved his own heart for listening to any suggestion that would be dishonorable to the government of his Creator. "Why," he would say to himself, "Why should I repine at, or dispute the dispensations of heaven, while I have been the subject of such numerous and stupendous mercies? Early in life was I forsaken of all earthly protectors; but even then the kindness of heaven interposed, and provided an asylum for the child of misfortune. Though fortune has been niggardly in her gifts, yet is not this deficiency abundantly compensated by the endearments of an affectionate wife, and the sweet solace of my amiable children, whose virtuous youth is unsullied by crime, and in whose countenances is the ruddy glow of health. Rather, therefore, let the homage of grateful adoration be offered to the dispenser of all my mercies, than that I should for a moment indulge in repining at my lot, or suffer a murmuring accent to escape my lips."

Mrs. Clarendale, though she had greatly profited by the calm and philosophic temper of her husband, was not free from those solicitudes which maternal fondness feels on the view of a dependant progeny, who look up to parental affection for help and succour. Yet upon the whole, the inhabitants of the White Cottage were a contented and happy family; and if splendor was a stranger within the hallowed walls, so also was ambition. It is not abundance that ministers to real enjoyment; but he who is con-

tent and grateful for what he has, be it little or much, can never be an unhappy man.

CHAPTER II.

An Accident, which leads to an important Disclosure.

On the evening of a fine summer's day, just before the sun sunk behind the western hills, Mr. and Mrs. Clarendale were seated together in an alcove, in the front of the White Cottage, enjoying the delicious breezes, and the still more exquisite delights of connubial intercourse. As was not unfrequently the case, their children's welfare and prosperity formed the subject of their conversation; and the spirits of the happy pair were more than usually elated.

"Our dear children, Clarendale," fondly uttered the enraptured mother, "our dear children,"——"Are the only treasures that we have," rejoined her husband: "And without them," added she, "what would treasures avail ?'—a glistening tear resting, like the dew on opening roses, on the dark blue eyes of Mrs. Clarendale, which penetrated the heart of the pastor. "My Fanny," exclaimed he, "I believe you have seldom found me addicted to compliment, but I never think you so exquisitely lovely as when you are thus speaking of our dear children. I should feel very unwilling to excite in you fallacious hopes, in regard to our fortune and future prospects, the disappointment of which would only tend to inflict a new wound; but I cannot conceal from you, that of late my mind has been strongly impressed with a persuasion that kind Providence has some peculiar good in store for us and ours, which will enable us to realize our utmost wishes in reference to our offspring."

At this moment, the interesting conversation was interrupted, by the arrival of their youngest daughter, Rosa, who had just returned from an evening walk. "O papa," exclaimed the dear girl, almost out of breath, "have you not heard of the serious accident that has occurred this evening in the village?" "What accident, my dear?" "Why," returned Rosa, "a postchaise, drawn by four

horses, and containing a young gentleman, a stranger in this country, and his black servant, has been overturned just opposite Mr. Wiggins's, the sign of the Turnpike-house, and it is said they are both very much injured." "And what has become of the gentleman and his servant?" "They were shewn to Mr. Wiggins's; and I heard it remarked, that they must stop there until their vehicle could be repaired, which, I am told, cannot be done before to morrow; or until they are sufficiently recovered, which may not be so soon," "Did you say, the gentleman was a stranger in these parts?" "Yes, Sir, I was so informed; and, if I do not greatly mistake, some person remarked, that he has the appearance of a foreigner."

The emotions which this story produced on the heart of Mr. Clarendale were those of compassion and sympathy; and he instantly formed the resolution of tendering his services to the stranger in his present unfortunate circumstances. "Heaven forbid, my dearest Fanny," exclaimed he, "that old English hospitality should be set aside, merely because people are not known to each other. If he be sick, I may be able to minister to his health; if forlorn, to comfort him; and at all events, to solace him with the charms of friendly society, which is seldom unwelcome to a person in a strange place. If he be capable of being removed to the White Cottage, he shall be welcome to its best cheer, and all the attention which his peculiar situation requires."

Mrs. Clarendale having cordially assented to the kind intentions of her husband in favor of the unknown visitant, he set off on his errand of kindness towards the village ale-house, but a very short distance, where he learnt from Mrs. Wiggins, the landlady, that the injury sustained by the gentleman, on the breaking down of the carriage, was so trivial as to occasion to him but slight inconvenience, and that of Mungo, his black servant, was still less.

It may be necessary to remark, that before Mr. Clarendale's arrival, very serious and somewhat boisterous debates had arisen between Mr. and Mrs. Wiggins, on the subject of suitable accommodations for their unknown guest. They were alike fond of turning the penny; and there was another trait in their character, which was equally similar, namely, that for the space of thirty years they had each been contending for the mastery; and as no

decisive victory had been obtained by either party, the contest was always renewed on every fresh occasion. Whatever one proposed, the other, without any regard to the intrinsic merit of the case, had always a thousand objections against. This cause, in conjunction with the contiguity of a good market town, had powerfully operated to drive or draw away genteel travellers from the Turnpike-house, very few seeming willing to seek refuge under its roof, except in cases of accident, as in the instance before us.

It is true, the house could boast its Nos. 1, 2 and 3 of lodging-rooms, yet so seldom were they tenanted, that Mrs. Wiggins had occupied them as store-rooms, for the preservation of her family stock of potatoes, bacon, and other articles of consumption.

Now, after the arrival of the stranger, and the necessity of the case rendering it apparent that he must take up his residence there, at least for the night, Mr. Wiggins commenced his virulent attack upon his spouse. "There," said he, "what is to be done now? You have crammed our bed-rooms with your lumber, stripped the beds of their linen, turned the furniture topsy-turvy, and made the Turnpike-house a wilderness. Here is a gentleman," continued he, "with servant and horses, who mayhap will be forced to stop here for some days, by whom we might turn a pretty penny, and we haven't a room to put him into that's fit for a travelling tinker." Mrs. Wiggins, who was not remarkable for patience under reproof, resented the accusation with great fury. She insisted that as mistress of the house, she had a right to dispose of its concerns as she liked; that, for her part, she wouldn't give a fig for the custom of gentle folks, who wanted a great deal of waiting on, and spent little; and that as for the man in the parlor, that he called a gentleman, she thought him no better than the rest, who all pretended to be such. The landlord here attempted a justification of his opinion, by reckoning up what profit would be derived from each horse and man per day; but he had raised such a storm in his dear rib, that all his efforts at demonstration only tended to inflame her warmth of temper and increase the volubility of her tongue. "I know," continued she, "all that you want these kind of folks to come to the house for, is, that you may sit idling away your time and setting with them; and, for once, to tell you my mind, it was to prevent such trumpery stopping here, and

your guzzling with them, that I filled our bed-rooms with more valuable commodities. I'd have you to know that the Turnpike-house is my own; it was kept by my mother, that's dead and gone, before me; but if you must have had your way, you would long ago have thrown the house out of the windows, as the saying is."

During this sharp engagement, poor Mungo, the stranger's servant, who was an African by birth, and who was most endearingly attached to his master, sat at the chimney corner of the kitchen smoking a segar, and, thinking his master dishonorably reflected upon in some parts of Mrs. Wiggins's harangue, had, in vain, made several attempts to defend him; but now, Mrs. Wiggins having exhausted her strength rather than her subject, he seized the first moment of silence, and with some warmth thus addressed her:—"You no say truth of my massa; my massa no trumpery; he be gentleman; he pay all; he give much money; he good heart: you bad woman say bad of my massa." This eloquent defence of his master, and the reproof which it conveyed to the infuriated landlady, was far from being disagreeable to Mr. Wiggins, who considered it an attestation of his own statement, and was about to give vent to his triumph, when he was anticipated by his wife, who, casting a disdainful look upon Mungo, exclaimed, "Why, you outlandish black, how can you have the assurance to call me names? and in the presence of a man that calls himself my husband; if he had the spirit of a man he would instantly turn you out of doors; and if you show any more impertinence, I will do it myself." "You no turn me out of doors from my massa," retorted the African, "me stop where my massa stop; and if you hurt Mungo, he make you suffer." At this moment, the enraged hostess, having a bason of boiling water in her hand, was about to discharge it in Mungo's face, when she suddenly recollected that she had somewhere heard or read, that black people had the power of concealing poison under their nails, and the faculty of communicating its baneful influence to any one whom they supposed had done them an injury; and she made no doubt but that the concluding sentence in Mungo's rejoinder, contained a threat of retaliating upon her in this way. Never was there a more sudden, or a more complete change in the colors of the ever-varying cameleon, than was now produced in the temper and deportment of Mrs. Wig

gins. The consideration that she had given cause of offence to Mungo, and that it was in his power to resent it, by inflicting upon her the mortal venom, operated like magic. The sour forbidding frown upon her countenance was succeeded by a placid smile; and affecting a laugh, she addressed her sombre visitant in accents of tenderness and kindness: "Well, my worthy friend," said she, "I have only been scolding to try your temper: and speaking slightingly of your master, to see whether you would defend him, and whether you had a real regard for him: he shall have the best entertainment this house can afford. I will instantly order the two best bed-rooms to be cleared, one for the gentleman, your master, and the other for you; and you may depend upon it, you shall have no cause to regret that accident has brought you under the hospitable roof of the Turnpike-house; for I love to be kind to strangers." Then turning to Mr. Wiggins with an affability that he had not witnessed for many a long year, "Come, my dear," said she, "sit down and smoke your pipe, and enjoy yourself with our worthy stranger, over a tankard of our two years old best; I am quite delighted with our company." Every spark of resentment fled from the bosom of the honest African: he felt himself highly complimented; joy sparkled in his sable countenance, and his ivory teeth were more conspicuous than ever. As for the landlord, it would require the pencil of an Hogarth to do justice to the figure he exhibited. Before his wife had half finished her tender address, his countenance was fixed in surprise and astonishment; and when she had concluded her invitation to him, he well portrayed a man just recovering from a trance. Being ignorant of the cause that had occasioned this sudden transformation in his wife, he could not help thinking, so far at least as his amazement left him the faculty of thought, that some invisible power had wrought a miracle upon her. Her soft and flexible carriage, however, having continued for at least half an hour, during which he received many an affectionate glance and speech, he at last began to trust the evidence of his senses, and to believe that his wife was certainly a changed woman. How long Mrs. Wiggins retained this happy temper of mind, it is not for this history to inquire; but this is certain, that the apprehension at being infected with the poison under Mungo's nails pro-

cured for the travellers a more cordial reception than they otherwise would have received. Mrs. Wiggins was now busily employed in forwarding supper, for Mungo had bespoke for his master a couple of fowls, and just before she was ready to serve it up, was the identical time when Mr. Clarendale entered the house. Having made the inquiries, and received the information as to the extent of injury received by the travellers, as already stated, he informed Mrs. Wiggins, that hearing of the accident, and apprehending it was more serious than it proved to be, he had stepped down to tender any service in his power on the occasion. Mungo, who never lost sight of his master's interests or comforts, rose, and making a low bow, said, "You very good, Sir, very good. My massa gentleman; and me know, my massa would glad to see you, he like good company." The landlady was commissioned to announce to her guest, who was sitting alone in the parlor, his arrival, and the object of his visit; and did not fail to eulogize the character of Mr. Clarendale, nor forget to inform him, that he was the clergyman of the parish. The stranger received the message with great courtesy and real pleasure; and requested that he might instantly be shown into the room. On his entrance, mutual civilities were interchanged, void of that stiffness and embarrassment which pride and affectation generally produce in first interviews. He found in him, though comparatively a youth, the accomplished gentleman; his person handsome and elegant; his mind stored with knowledge; his manners gentle and suasive; and in the whole of his demeanor, combining dignity with affability. "I come Sir," said Mr. Clarendale after some general conversation, "to solicit the pleasure of your company at my cottage, until the damage occasioning the accident which detains you here, be repaired: the accommodations of a village alehouse are but ill suited to your station; and the absence of social intercourse will render still more irksome the tedious hours of delay. I cannot warrant you a splendid mansion, or the luxuries of fashionable life, but with the most ingenuous sincerity, and a warm heart I offer you my bed, my table, and the best attentions of my wife and family."

Just as Mr. Clarendale had concluded his invitation Mrs. Wiggins entered with supper, which she served up in her best style;

the young gentleman politely excusing himself from accepting Mr. Clarendale's entreaty, observing, that the accommodations of the house were a matter of indifference to him, considering his short stay; and concluded by pressing him for his company to supper, and a glass of wine. "On one condition," rejoined Mr Clarendale, "I accept the invitation, and that is, that you, and your servant, afterwards accompany me to my house, which is in the immediate neighborhood, and remain there until you proceed on your journey." The proposal was acceded to, and a messenger dispatched to the White Cottage, to prepare Mrs. Clarendale for the reception of her two inmates.

Mrs. Wiggins, having heard the final result of the engagement between the two gentlemen in the parlour, respecting the removal of the stranger and his servant to the White Cottage, communicated the information to her husband and Mungo, with much apparent regret; declaring she was almost heart-broken at the thought, and especially to lose so good a soul as the worthy servant. This was, however, all pretence; for the supposed poison lodged under Mungo's nails had taken such fast possession of her brain, that she could think of nothing else. She could not finally dismiss her fears, that the black might still retain a sense of her abuse, and before he left the house avenge himself upon her. Moreover, the restraint imposed upon her temper and tongue, by her fears, was almost insupportable. The prospect of their leaving the house, therefore, on that night, was to her a source of unmingled pleasure. Mr. Wiggins was differently affected; for, besides the reduction of the shot, in eating, drinking and lodging, he could not but fear, that the removal of his guests might cause his wife's unruly member to resume its accustomed clamour. As to Mungo, who had several times listened at the parlour door, and heard his master converse with great cheerfulness, he was still on the happy key; such was the undisguised interest which he felt in his master's happiness or misery, that they seemed, upon all occasions, to be identified with his own. "Me no care," said he, "massa is happy: when massa happy, Mungo happy; and Mungo sad, when massa sad." Mungo spoke the genuine sentiment of his heart, for though a black he had a human soul, and a soul too that was susceptible of the finest sensibility and sympathy.

But to return to our parlor guests. By the time supper was over, and a bottle of wine introduced, they had formed so close an intimacy, as to converse with the most friendly familiarity. "Sir," said the stranger, "I take your visit upon the present occasion as indicative of the goodness of your disposition, and demanding my sincerest acknowledgment. If I might be permitted to hope that our acquaintance, which has commenced with your hospitality to a stranger, shall one day ripen into a steady friendship, it would minister to my present happiness, and give to life increased enjoyment." "Why, truly, Sir," answered Clarendale, "I know of no earthly bliss that can exceed the enjoyment arising from faithful friendship; but there are so many properties and coincidences, so much similarity of disposition, of feeling, and such a oneness of soul, required to exist in two beings for the formation and permanence of this jewel, that we need not wonder it is so seldom found among mankind. True friendship unites itself with, and transmits all its interests to, its object; it disregards varying circumstances, is neither bounded by oceans nor continents, and defies the lapse of time. Such a friendship did I once form, and such a friend I once had; but I fear, alas!——" He could no more. The big tear started from his eye, and trickled down his venerable cheek.

"Sir," said his companion, who was also greatly affected, "your sensibility overpowers you. Your emotions bring to my recollection the often over-excited feelings of my dear father (who terminated his life in a foreign clime,) when speaking of and remembering an early friendship he had formed in England. Often have I heard him declare, he would gladly sacrifice half his immense property to have a personal interview with that friend; while the heavings of his breast almost endangered suffocation."

A short silence ensued; when Clarendale recovering himself, resumed:—"Yes, I accompanied him to the port, whence he sailed to a distant land; on the beach we had our last embrace; and on that spot we repeated our vows of eternal friendship. Well do I remember his parting words, which thrilled through my frame, and which made an impression on my heart which has never been effaced to this hour. 'If,' said he, 'it please heaven that I should die in a distant clime, and be blest with a sight of you no more, rest assured, that the tenderest remembrance of you and your inter-

eats will occupy my last hours. *Clarendale, farewell!*" My reader is now requested to call in the aid of his imagination, to supply the impotence of human language, while I direct his attention to the wonder-struck youth! The red vermilion had forsaken his cheeks! He sat like a motionless statue! And much as the reverend pastor had been affected with the subject of his own recital, his concern and alarm were instantly directed to his companion. At length the power of articulation returned, and was first exercised in repeating the last emphatic words of parting, *Clarendale, farewell!* "Yes," continued he, "it is the same; no human being can answer the portrait drawn by my beloved parent so well as he: a kind Providence has directed me to the man who had my father's confidence and his love."——

Mr. Clarendale, not comprehending the meaning of the young stranger, became seriously apprehensive that his intellects were somewhat disordered, and had actually risen from his seat to call in some of the family, when the latter threw himself into his arms, exclaiming, "Sir, pardon this apparent extravagance. The friend of whom you speak, was my father, and you now behold before you his only son, *Tanjore Trelawney*. I bear to you the dying testimony of his fidelity to his friendship. Those very words, *Clarendale, farewell!* has he frequently repeated with tender emotions in my hearing; and from which, when reiterated by you, I collect to a certainty, that you are no other than my father's Clarendale; and that it was for you he uttered such impassioned expressions of regard and attachment."

"Tanjore Trelawney, son of my respected and beloved friend!" exclaimed the pastor, after some moments, and when he could no longer doubt the reality of the circumstance; while the other, in equally rapturous accents returned his salutation. "Mr. Clarendale, my father's Clarendale! He has left behind him, Sir, the most unequivocal proof of his strong and ardent friendship for you;—I experience a delight to which my tongue cannot give utterance,—he remembered you to the last hour of his existence. 'Tanjore,' exclaimed he, while his parched and feverish hand was clasped in mine, 'I charge you to remember Clarendale, my best and earliest friend. When your father shall cease to exist, hasten to England, and bear the legacy I have left to him, in which

he will see I have not forgotten the companion of my boyish days!—he has a wife—he has children! whom fortune is, perhaps at this moment, persecuting with her darkest frowns.' Need I tell you, Sir, with what pleasure I flew to obey my father's last injunctions; in this cause I could have travelled the wide expanse of ocean a thousand times over.—Oh, then let me a second time embrace you, and welcome you to my heart, with the most ardent zeal of warm and disinterested friendship. After fulfilling the last offices of filial duty, I quitted the Indies for England, and was now travelling to the metropolis to learn, from a reference to a gentleman of my father's acquaintance, the place of your abode." The young East Indian now took time to breathe, so rapid is the genuine feeling of a truly generous heart, leaving the pastor in a state of mind occasioned by the excess of joy, surprise, pleasure and gratitude, which can only be felt by a generous-hearted man, the father of three dear children, unprovided for, and over whom he had let fall many an anxious tear; and pressing the hand so affectionately tendered to him, he burst into an involuntary exclamation of—"My Fanny!—my Henry!—my Rosa!—my Rebecca!"——but the pastor could proceed no further; he sat down, and, covering his face with his handkerchief, remained many moments, occupied in fervent praise, offered up to that Being from whom all earthly blessings flow, as his all-wise and gracious power directs. A conversation of the most pleasing kind ensued, in which young Trelawney acquainted him with the deepest interests that concerned him, one of which was, that by a *contract* long made by the "*Will of his Father*," and a particular coincidence of events leading to a union of family circumstances, he was engaged to offer his hand in marriage to his cousin, Lady Alexina Fitzosbourne, the only daughter of Lord Fitzosbourne, who inherited his title from an Irish descendant of that most ancient and illustrious family. "Among other things, therefore, you know, my dear Sir," cried Trelawney, "I shall go to Lady Alexina, whom I have never yet seen, and, perhaps, may not like when I do see her;—however, I have four years to consider of it, as this family *contract* is not to be fulfilled till we have arrived at the sober age of twenty-five. Now, if my affianced bride should, like myself, have many faults to correct, why there is plenty of room for reformation,—is not there, my good Sir?"

"I should imagine so," cried the pastor, smiling at the sparkling vivacity which beamed in the fine glowing countenance of his young friend; "but whatever faults you may have to correct, my dear boy, (as I really do not see any at present,) you have already arrived towards part of the amendment; being conscious that you possess them. Many will pass through life without acquiring that knowledge, or wait until experience is unavailing, and repentance becomes too late. May you ever be disposed to listen to your faults with patience, and may the feelings of your own heart instinctively teach you to correct them." The pastor and Trelawney then rose to depart, Mrs. Wiggins herself preceding them to the gate with two lights, curtseying and simpering all the way, and hoping that their right worshipful honors had liked their bill of fare. "Very much indeed, my good hostess," cried Trelawney; and adding with a good-tempered smile, while he slipt some silver into Mrs. Wiggins's ever ready hands, "Mungo has been troublesome, there is a small trifle to reward you." As this small trifle would more than have compensated for three times the trouble occasioned by them, Mrs. Wiggins could scarce conceal her raptures; receiving at once, the gratification of her avaricious disposition, and the dismissal of her fears.

CHAPTER III.

Trelawney's introduction at the White Cottage.

Henry Clarendale was, for the first time, permitted to sleep from his paternal home, and was now absent, on a visit at Dr. Bradbury's, whose residence was only two miles distant from the pastor's, and to which Henry had been previously invited, to celebrate the birth-day of his friend and school-fellow, Philip Bradbury, the only son of the worthy Doctor, and who (as much will be said of him in the course of this history) we will leave for the present, and return to the pastor, who with his friend, and honest Mungo, were met at the door of the White Cottage by Mrs. Clarendale. She received her visiters with the most cordial smile of good breeding, good sense and good humor, and Trelawney had scarce-

ly seated himself half an hour by the pastor's fireside, before he grew enraptured with the humble and domestic scenes which quickly presented themselves to his notice, in the White Cottage, in which there was a neat and simple uniformity, without the affectation of only seeming so; and as he passed through a kitchen, to ascend the staircase which led to the chamber prepared for him, the very cat, which lay stretched before the embers of a warm wood fire, seemed to say, "This is my abode; I seek no other, for here I have full content." While these reflections were passing in the mind of the young East Indian, Mungo was no less pleased with the comfortable reception and civil treatment he had met with from the pastor's servants, only consisting, indeed, of two personages, a steady middle aged female, and a docile, clever, active lad: these formed the whole kitchen establishment of the pastor, being the only domestics he could afford, Mrs. Clarendale, with the aid of her two daughters (for Rosa and Rebecca were not fashionable young ladies,) conducting themselves every other branch of the household management of affairs, with the nicest economy; so that time, which often hangs heavy on other people's hands, was not lost in theirs. There was always sufficient employment for all of them —when Rebecca was in the parlor dusting the chairs and tables, Rosa was in the kitchen preparing the breakfast; nor was Henry less assiduous in lending his assistance to Peter, in the several laborious occupations in which he was employed; while Nanny Jones who had no competitor in making butter and cheese, was actually assisted in her task, and waited on by the lovely and amiable mistress of the mansion herself! Yes, a pastor's wife, in these days of thoughtless folly and fashionable dissipation, did not blush, nor think herself degraded in assisting her servant in her own kitchen! yet this pastor's wife was a highly accomplished and beautiful woman, possessed of a mind richly cultivated,—the graces were never absent in the polished and easy elegance of her manners; yet Mrs. Clarendale was often busy with Nanny Jones in the dairy, and the next half hour would behold her seated at the head of her table, on which the sacred volume lay, and where, surrounded by her lovely children, she would "teach the young idea how to shoot," rear the tender thought, and pour instruction on their youthful minds. Would every mother be thus anxious over

the tender brood which heaven has committed to her charge, so many parents would not complain of the thoughtless dissipation of their offspring. When the blossoms of maturity are too far blown and ripened, it then becomes a difficult task to root folly from their minds: age will not then improve them, and experience is generally purchased when too late.

"Be sure, Mungo, to call me at an early hour in the morning," cried Trelawney; "the pastor's house is absolutely a wilderness of sweets, and I shall think every moment an age till I again enjoy the pleasure of his society." At this remark Mungo was silent, and drawing the curtains gently round the bed, gave a significant glance towards his master, the meaning of which it would have been difficult to understand, but for a short sentence which escaped him, and which certainly was not intended to reach the ear of Trelawney, for, as he softly closed the door, he muttered to himself, "Yes, massa, him all sweet when him see pretty woman; white, black, brown, dem all pretty to massa."

That Mrs. Clarendale was not only a pretty, but a beautiful woman, could not be doubted; but with regard to the direct allusion which Mungo had made, as to the general taste of his master, we can only form positive conclusions from positive facts, which not appearing at the present, must remain undetermined till some future opportunity shall have given us a further insight into the character of the young East Indian, who, after a comfortable night's repose, awoke at a much earlier hour than even Mungo had intended to call him, and before any of the pastor's family had themselves arisen.

There was an air of peculiar neatness and simplicity in the apartment into which Trelawney was ushered by Nanny Jones, who, having placed a bright copper teakettle on the fire, dropt a respectful curtsey, and with the short sentence of "Miss Rosy will be here presently, Sir," left the room. "Miss Rosa," thought Trelawney, "oh, doubtless, one of the pastor's family; true, he informed me, last night, he had two daughters, and Rosa, I suppose, is one of them." The attention of Trelawney was now impatiently directed towards the door, and his curiosity, which was even greater than that of a woman's, was excited to a considerable pitch, when one of the most lovely and interesting females he

had ever beheld in his existence (one alone excepted) in a few minutes entered the room:—blushes of unaffected modesty dyed her cheeks, when she perceived a stranger to whom she could not introduce herself, and to whom she had never been introduced, already in the apartment. The task devolved on her to prepare for the family's breakfast, and instinctively she was going to retire, but Trelawney almost as immediately rose from his seat, and with a smile, which was accompanied by a voice of the most persuasive sweetness, begged that he might not be considered an intruder, or treated as a ceremonious visiter. "Therefore I most humbly beseech you, Miss——Clarendale——is it not?" added Trelawney; "I cannot be mistaken; you are the daughter of my worthy and excellent friend, and your name is"——"Rosa Clarendale," replied she, with the most resistless simplicity; "you are right, Sir, but you will pardon my expression of surprise,—I am not accustomed to see strangers, and when you arrived here last night, my sister and I had retired to our chamber—we go to bed early, Sir."

All the time the pastor's daughter was speaking, Trelawney had rivetted his eyes on her blushing countenance, and, as Rosa was retreating fast towards the door, after having spread a cloth on the table, he exclaimed, in impassioned accents, "If your sister is as bewitchingly lovely as yourself, you must be two of the most charming creatures in existence!"—but to the astonishment of the gay East Indian, she gravely curtseyed, as she withdrew, while she said, in a modest unassuming manner, "Neither my sister nor I, Sir, are accustomed to hear, or taught to listen to, such unmeaning compliments." Though Trelawney had only uttered a compliment which any other man in the same situation would have offered at the shrine of loveliness, he felt that to Rosa Clarendale, however beautiful she might appear, it was not only ill-timed, but highly ridiculous, for she was the pastor's daughter,—and that he had taught her to appreciate qualities of far more intrinsic value than beauty, was evident from the expression of her eyes, which, when she quitted the room, had glanced rather indignantly towards him; and Trelawney was in the utmost perplexity how to repair the fault he had so indiscreetly committed; he was, indeed, in a state of awkward embarrassment when Mrs. Clarendale entered the room with her two daughters, and was immediately followed by

the pastor, who, taking Rosa and Rebecca by the hand, (while their mother seated herself at the breakfast table,) led them to Trelawney. "Tanjore Trelawney," cried he, "I shall set all fastidious ceremony aside, while I say, here are my two girls, who, like their father, feel happy in paying their respects to you, and who, during your stay at the White Cottage, will make it as comfortable as they can for your reception;—you must not expect to find fashionable young ladies in my rustics, Tanjore, for they are as unsophisticated as the wild roses which their hands have planted in my shrubbery;—in this cottage they were born; and in this cottage they received the first rudiments of an education only taught by their parents, which though it is not always considered the most fashionable, is, I believe, the most lasting." Trelawney bowed to the charming sisters, for Rebecca was as beautiful as Rosa, but as he caught a glance of Rosa's still blushing countenance, felt himself more embarrassed than before; determined, however, to keep within bounds of the most respecful distance, he added a few words indicative only of the pleasure he experienced in thus becoming acquainted with the amiable family of his father's much-loved friend; and with a less embarrassed air, immediately sat down to breakfast, by the side of the charming mistress of the mansion; after which Mrs. Clarendale and her two daughters withdrew to follow their domestic occupations, while the pastor and Trelawney sallied forth to take a view of the beautiful plantations which surrounded the White Cottage, and which derived their principal charms from the care which had been bestowed on their culture. "Observe those young pines," cried the pastor, with exulting energy, "there was not one of them planted when my son was born! and those elms, how they have flourished since the birth of my Henry! and, year after year, as I have daily remarked their growth, I have anxiously looked forward to the ripening sun of prosperity, which I once hoped would have smiled too on my own tender blossoms,—but, alas! Mr. Trelawney, a father's fond wishes have been unavailing—and my poor Henry ——" Trelawney saw a tear just ready to start in the pastor's eye, and his warm heart was already, on his tongue, for, seizing the pastor's hand, without a moment's hesitation, he fervently exclaimed,—

"The fortunes of your Henry, Sir, not less luxuriant than those pines, *shall* flourish, if you will permit, under the influence of a brighter sky than you have predicted! Do you not know, Sir, that the generosity of my father has made me as rich as a nabob; and saving that clause wherein I am bound to marry Lady Alexina, in all besides has left me free as mountain air, in the sole disposal of a property of immeasurable extent? Pray, Sir, where should I extend it, if not to those who, equally worthy of the gifts of fortune as myself, are not in possession of a single sous? I am an inexperienced youth, Mr. Clarendale, but you shall ever find me venerate the memory of my father; and if all his virtues do not exist in my heart, that of chilling apathy to his old friends shall never be one of my faults!—Give me your Henry,—let *him* be the hostage of my faith, my ardent zeal to serve my father's Clarendale, and we will never, never part."

To do justice to the fine countenance of the young East Indian, while he uttered this involuntary effusion of an excellent heart, we must have seen him press the pastor's hand as he then spoke, for there never was a finer colouring of genuine sensibility, than that which glowed on the rose-tinted, though sun-burnt cheek of Tanjore Trelawney; and as the pastor felt the firm grasp of youthful and animated friendship, he could not but acknowledge that even his darling Henry might take his model from Trelawney.

"Amiable boy!" uttered the pastor, as he returned his warm and affectionate embrace, "I see you are all your father's son ought to be, but we will talk of your kind intention to serve me some other time, for though I would not repress the warmth of your generous nature, yet I must caution you, my dear Trelawney, against the approaches of an insidious world, or your 'very graces will serve but as your enemies.' I hope, however, I shall have the happiness of introducing you to a few friends this day, who will enliven our society at the White Cottage.—I have invited the Bradburys to dinner,—they are a charming family, and though like ourselves, a little rusticated, are not, I hope, the worse on that account."

"I positively will not hear a word more, Mr. Clarendale," cried Trelawney, with an air of assumed gravity, "but on one condition."

"Name it my dear boy," replied the pastor, half smiling at the impetuosity of his young friend, as he still held his hand with a firm grasp, from which he could not release it.

"That you will permit me," said Trelawney, "to take a share in your family concerns to-morrow morning, and to discharge a debt which you know is not yet paid; promise me this, and I am your humble servant for the remainder of the day."

"Well, well, as you please, Tanjore," cried the pastor, while he viewed with delight the animated glow of benevolent feelings which lighted up the countenance of the young East Indian; "come, since you are really determined on being major domo, why to-morrow shall be the day; at present let us attend to the ladies, —and look, I protest, there is Mrs. Clarendale with a brace or two already at her elbow."

This brace or two was the youngest daughter of Dr. Bradbury and Rebecca Clarendale, who was accompanied by her brother, and who now, for the first time, met the enquiring eye, and received the warm and cordial salute of Trelawney, to whom the pastor introduced him, with a sort of conscious exultation, only known to the bosom of a father.

Henry had the look of Rosa; the same rosy freshness—the quick intelligent glance—the love-beaming smile, and even the tones of his voice were like hers; and the very first expression which Trelawney addressed to him, as they walked through the shrubbery, was, "How excessively you resemble your sister."

"What, my little madcap sister?" cried Henry, smiling.

"Of that I am unable to judge at present," said Trelawney, "but it is the one you call Rosa, I am alluding to; never did I behold features so strikingly alike." But had Trelawney gazed on Rebecca as intently as he had on Rosa, the remark might have extended to her also; but this was not once the case, even when the whole family were assembled in the old oak parlour, to which he accompanied Henry, and was immediately introduced by the pastor to his friends, which consisted of the following personages. Doctor and Mrs. Bradbury, the two Miss Bradburys, and Philip Bradbury, their only son, which, with the addition of the Clarendale family, formed as interesting and as happy a group as ever united with each other to render the social bonds of friendly inter-

course complete; for here were no studied forms of ceremony; no vain display of ostentatious power or wealth; no idle coquetry, and no rivalship of dress; but hospitality and good humor were presidents of the festive board—and while the cheering glass went round, beauty and simplicity, arrayed in robes of purest white, breathed their enchanting smiles to welcome mirth, in the peaceful and happy bosoms of the friends and inhabitants of the White Cottage.

CHAPTER IV.

The Will,—and an interesting Secret.

At an early hour the ensuing morning, Trelawney reminded the pastor of his promise, and having accompanied him to his study, instantly produced the "Will of his Father," to which was added the codicil made in favor of Mr. Clarendale, to whom the sum of five thousand pounds was bequeathed as a legacy, and in case of his decease, to his heirs, whether male or female, to be paid on the immediate arrival of Tanjore Trelawney in England. Nothing could exceed the astonishment of the pastor, at the unbounded liberality of such a gift;—"Five thousand pounds!" uttered he, "My dear Trelawney, have you not made an extension of this act of generosity, so noble, in your father? so unexpected, indeed, that I can scarcely credit the evidence of my senses."

"Most willingly would I do that, if you will permit me," cried Trelawney; "but it is, positively, no gift of mine: examine the parchments, and you will clearly perceive, that it is no more than the said sum of five thousand pounds, to be paid to you, William Henry Clarendale, by me, Tanjore Edward Trelawney, and in the probability of your demise, to your children."

The pastor, having glanced his eye a second time over the Will, was convinced of the noble benefaction of his old and worthy friend, and unable to control the emotions which overpowered him, burst into tears; at length, recovering himself, he grasped the hand of Tanjore Trelawney.—"These are, indeed, the tears of

joy," exclaimed he; "a tribute of gratitude, and sacred to the memory of the most noble and disinterested of human beings. Almighty Providence! I bow to thee in humble thanksgiving and praise."—Trelawney remained, for a few moments, in silent contemplation of the pastor, not presuming to interrupt the pious ejaculation he was addressing to his Maker;—but though silent, his feelings were of the most transporting kind;—for this sudden acquisition of fortune in a father, he well knew would soon be transmitted to the child; for it was only one of the pastor's children which now occupied the thoughts of Trelawney;—it was Rosa,—the lovely, the enchanting Rosa,—that would be enriched by the gifts of his father; and strange to say, that at this moment Trelawney forgot there existed any other part of the family that would be benefitted by this consideration. As these thoughts passed through the mind of Trelawney, he forgot to ask himself why Rosa Clarendale should be the particular object of his calculations? and he settled it thus—that Rosa was the pastor's daughter, whom he venerated most highly, because he was the intimate friend of his father. But whether this was the true statement of Trelawney's feelings, could not, at present, be defined for they were a complete mixture of hopes and fears, pleasure and pain, hard to be described, as rapturously he pressed the hand of the pastor, while he exclaimed,—

"Now, Sir, what is to be done with your Henry? I positively must know what are your intentions before I set out for the metropolis, which, I am sorry to say, will be at the expiration of only a few days."

"And then are you destined to leave us, Trelawney?" cried the pastor, while he added, with a look of inquietude, and a deep-drawn sigh, "and, perhaps, destined never to behold us more."

"Never to behold you more, Mr. Clarendale!" uttered Trelawney, whose countenance underwent a variety of emotions as he spoke, "and what earthly destiny can you suppose shall have the power of preventing me? Can you think me such a monster of ingratitude, as, having once entered your hospitable walls, to forget the kindness I there experienced?—Forget the White Cottage! —Oh, never; would to heaven that my stay could ever be protracted within it."—"Less warmth, my dear enthusiastic boy"

cried the pastor, "believe me, I had no wish to wound feelings which I venerate so highly. I do not think you capable of ingratitude, but in the giddy vortex of fashion, to which you will shortly be introduced, the votary of pleasure is too apt no longer to relish the quiet society of humble life; there is a dazzling meteor by which you will be allured, your senses fascinated, and your imagination held captive.—Ah, who then can burst the fetters of youth's ecstatic dream, where opening sweets invite him to partake of the luxuriant banquet, where smiling beauty woos his hand, and adulation courts his favor;—would you, then, Trelawney, think upon the lowly inhabitants of a poor cottage?—Guest at the sumptuous board, and inmate of the magnificent mansion of Lord Fitzosbourne, could you indeed cherish with remembrance the family of Clarendale?"

"Try me, prove me, and I will stand the severest test of your remarks," said Trelawney, and, coloring deeply, he added, "perhaps, Sir, I bear a talisman about my heart which you are not aware of, and already is the charm so potent, that I feel I shall be able to withstand all the witcheries you have described; and shall be ready to depart from them without a sigh or a murmur, to meet the inhabitants of the White Cottage, whenever they shall think proper to summons me."

The pastor looked a little grave;—the animated look with which Trelawney had uttered these words occasioned him to feel a momentary suggestion, for which he did not choose to account, and much less to indulge, for that sensation was painful in the extreme,—it was more, it was alarming, and he instantly dismissed the apprehension from his mind; not wishing, therefore, to enquire what talisman he alluded to, he replied, with strong emphasis,—"My dear boy, we were talking of the pleasures which will meet your arrival in the great metropolis—not of hearts—and your's, you know, is entirely out of the question, because it is, or ought to be, exclusively in the possession of Lady Alexina Fitzosbourne; and as hearts and hands should ever go in conjunction, I begin to look upon you as the happy, as you are already the destined husband of your cousin, who, report says, is uncommonly beautiful; —her birth was attended by a melancholy event, was it not Trelawney?"

"Yes, Sir," answered Trelawney, dryly, "it lost me an aunt, and his Lordship a wife."

"But you seem to forget, that it also deprived Lady Alexina of a mother," retorted the pastor, impressively, "which must be considered as a loss almost irreparable; for Lady Fitzosbourne was a woman of the most irreproachable morals, amiable disposition and elegant manners, and was besides highly accomplished. I once saw her, soon after her marriage with the Earl, in company, and I never beheld a more heavenly creature!—should the daughter, then, but resemble the mother, Trelawney will be blest indeed."

Trelawney evidently suppressed a sigh, while he carelessly replied, "Then I believe, Sir, if am to date my happiness from that supposition, I shall be most grievously mistaken; for Lady Alexina does not in the smallest degree resemble my aunt;—I have heard my father say so a hundred times;—she is in person, mind and manners, the exact model of his Lordship's sister—a Lady Glenthorpe,—who has resided with him ever since Lady Fitzosbourne's death, and under whose auspices his daughter has been educated, and, according to the fashionable phrase, *brought out* in the gay and splendid circles of the *bon ton*. Now, Sir, this mode of education is not at all suited to my taste; I would have the maid I love, and wish to make my bride, blushing in native sweets and innocence, like a lily of the valley,—remarkable only for her retiring modesty,—pure as the snow-drop,—fresh as the morning rose,—lively as the bounding doe, but gentle and mild as the unweaned lamb;—this, Sir, is the creature whom I could adore; but I cannot make love in a drawing-room at St. James's,—I cannot, indeed,—so Lady Alexina will wait a long time, if she expects a dying swain in Trelawney."

"Very possibly," cried the pastor, smiling, "but indeed, Trelawney, it is ungenerous of you to form conclusions without positive facts. Lady Alexina may surely be educated in the purlieus of fashion, without departing from the retiring modesty you mention; and as to lilies of the valley and fresh morning roses, they are always made up, you know, by a plentiful supply of artificial ones."—But the pastor might have spoken on till doomsday,—Trelawney preserved a mortifying silence, which the pastor was by no means inclined to interrupt, by renewing a conversation,

which, from certain conjectures he now formed, he wished much to avoid in future; and "dinner on the table," pronounced by Peter, was a fortunate relief to both parties. Trelawney soon rallied his spirits, however, which had been on the eve of deserting him, for accident had placed him opposite to Rebecca, and next to Rosa. That there was a striking resemblance between the two sisters, he could not but acknowledge; but there was a very different expression of beauty in each of the lovely countenances,—for Rebecca was transparently fair, so much so, that the slightest tinge of the most delicate rose was perceptible on her cheek; when animated by the subject on which she was speaking, her blue eyes had more of softness in them than brilliancy,—a profusion of light hair flowed in luxuriant tresses over a forehead white as the purest alabaster, and a smile of serenity played on each gentle feature, and showed that peace was the inmate of her guiltless breast.

As Trelawney contemplated this fair piece of nature's workmanship, he felt that he could hail it with respect,—with homage,—with admiration; but he also felt, that exquisitely beautiful as she was, there was yet a charm deficient in Rebecca Clarendale, which so irresistibly existed in Rosa,—and that was fascination! for Rosa was neither so fair as her sister, nor were her features of such delicate regularity; but she had a look of health, fresh as the breath of morn, ever varying, like the glowing hues of a bright carnation, and which was set off by her dark brilliant eyes, full of eloquent expression; when she spoke, every feature was animation, every action grace, every smile rapture, and every tear sensibility; she had two love-laughing dimples on either cheek, and her dark hair, unassisted by art, curled in natural ringlets.—There was more dignity in the shape of Rebecca, but in the form of little Rosa there was the lightness of a sylph.

Rebecca's temper was calm, tranquil and sedate,—Rosa's more open, unsuspecting and free: she spoke without disguise the sentiments of her heart, whether she was offended or pleased; but Rebecca never uttered a sentence before she predetermined whether it was prudent or not;—While Henry was possessed of the best traits in the dispositions of both his sisters; he never ran into extremes, hence he preserved that steady, unerring principle of moral duty, which, even at this youthful period of his days, was

beginning to illustrate, and as it were to glorify his character. This pleasing contrast in the minds of their daughters was often a subject of conference with Mr. and Mrs. Clarendale, but there was no partiality shown to the talent of either, at least no partiality that was at all apparent; it is true that the lively spirits of his animated little Rosa often amused the pastor through many a weary hour, when his anxious thoughts would otherwise have taken a melancholy turn on the gloomy prospects of his affairs, and a kiss, nay sometimes an apple, was the reward of the little madcap's toil; but Mrs. Clarendale found a companion in her daughter Rebecca, which she could not have expected at her tender age; and while Rosa was climbing on her father's knees, "the envied kiss to share," Rebecca would be seen quietly seated by the side of her mother, with her little work bag, and favorite kitten on her lap; which, when they were alone, generally produced the following observation from the pastor:—"My dear," cried he, to Mrs. Clarendale, "I am actually of your opinion respecting our two girls,—Rebecca will certainly make the best wife for a poor man, and Rosa a more desirable one for a rich one." The qualifications in each were then analized by the fond parents, and their conversation commonly ended where it first commenced, with an equal share of regard for the welfare of all their children.

That Rosa Clarendale should possess so invincible a charm over the mind of Trelawney, whose disposition was so similar to his own, was very reasonable to suppose, when it is considered, that it was blended in a form of such seducing loveliness; but he endeavored only to think of her as a most engaging child, for Rosa was not yet sixteen years of age, (and Rebecca was eighteen,) and he became guarded in his manner towards her, showing no preference whatever in those little attentions which respect and esteem authorized him to take in the welfare of the pastor's family: thus, the flowers which he gathered for Rosa, were also placed in the same nosegay and presented to Rebecca; and if he lavished praises on the one, he was sure to admire the qualifications of the other. This mode of conduct, while it gratified, relieved the mind of the pastor, and eased him of a sort of lurking apprehension, that the charms of his lovely daughters would not preponderate against that stern and rigid monitor, which ought

ever to whisper to the honor of a son, "I must not militate against the Will of my Father." And most ardently did the pastor offer up his fervent prayer for the happiness of his amiable young friend, in the consummation of his nuptials with Lady Alexina Fitzosbourne, which, though it did not appear with Trelawney "a consummation devoutly to be wished," yet he hoped and trusted would meet with no opposition, where duty implicitly and imperiously commanded him to obey. A very trivial accident, however, had nearly not only exposed Trelawney to the severe censure and animadversions of the pastor, but had like to have overturned all the resolution he had so wisely and prudently formed, respecting his indifference for Rosa,—for having arisen one morning earlier than usual, he took a stroll through the shrubbery, which was situated at the end of the pastor's garden, and there surprised, though unseen, Rosa and Rebecca, who were employed in collecting together a basket of strawberries for breakfast, and their conversation was to the following effect:—

"I wish, Rosa, you would give me your bunch of flowers, that I may put them into the vase along with mine," when Rosa, taking from her basket some flowers tied in a bunch, handed them to her sister, but as she did so, she separated a beautiful moss rose-bud from the rest and placed it in her bosom, with a graceful *naivette*, but with a look which had more meaning in it than volumes could have expressed.

"There, Rebecca," said she, "you may have the rest and welcome,—but this rose-bud I will wear in my bosom till the leaves are all faded."

"Wear in your bosom till the leaves are faded!" uttered Rebecca, with a look of surprise, and not without some small symptoms of curiosity, so natural to the sex,—"for what purpose, pray? there are more rose-buds where that came from!—how can you be so ridiculous, Rosa?"

"Call it what you please," cried Rosa, with energy, "out of my bosom this dear little rose-bud never goes till it perishes!"

The curiosity of Rebecca was now roused to an extraordinary pitch; she could not account for what she deemed a piece of absurdity in her sister, and she persisted in knowing the cause.

"And pray, Rosa, where did you get that rose-bud which you

prize so highly?" continued she; "I declare I cannot help laughing at your folly; suppose now I were to say the same of my nosegay; here are several rose-buds, quite as pretty as your's, and what is more, they were given me by Mr. Trelawney."

"And cannot you guess *who* gave me mine?" said Rosa, with an arch smile, but not without a blush of deeper dye than the rose which hung at her bosom.

"And is this the reason why you would never part with it?" replied Rebecca, with a mild but grave tone, which showed her evidently to be pained and hurt, "Oh, Rosa,—oh, my sister, how you distress me."

"Distress you, Rebecca," uttered Rosa, with astonishment; "how can a gift from Mr. Trelawney, similar to that which you yourself have received, possibly give you any uneasiness?"

"Oh, it is not on my account I feel grieved," said Rebecca, with a look of reproach, which pierced the heart of Rosa; "I am not so selfish; but I am grieved that my sister should be guilty of expressions which might be deemed impropriety, if not imprudence. Are you not aware of the situation in which our worthy and inestimable friend is placed, and that his engagements with Lady Alexina Fitzosbourne are of such a nature as to render it not only a point of imprudence, but even of indelicacy, to mention his name in the manner you have just now done?"

"Is it then imprudent to cherish the gift of friendship, and to prize the giver?" enquired Rosa, now abashed, though only in the presence of her sister.

"Surely not," answered Rebecca, "but friendship does not demand such unusual and extraordinary emotion as the deep red dening blush which now burns upon your cheek and makes your whole frame tremble. Friendship does not call forth that heaving and involuntary sigh; and I fear that friendship had no hand in placing that Rose in your bosom. Oh, my dear sister, think me not unkind, or that my tongue would utter a sentence which my heart could condemn: but should you cherish a warmer sentiment for Trelawney than prudence dictates, you are lost forever!—your friends would censure you—and even Trelawney himself despise you. Promise me that you will never again pronounce his name with the emotion you have done this morning—take the

rose from your bosom, fling it into the basket, and in future accustom yourself to look on Trelawney as the husband of Lady Alexina—for *such* he will be, you know, at the limited time expressed in the Will of his father;—promise me this Rosa, and be my own dear sister once again."

The conscious, self-condemned, blushing Rosa, half afraid to look Rebecca in the face, took the rose in silence from her bosom, and flung it into the shrubbery, where it was soon blown away by a gust of wind; she then threw herself into the outstretched arms of her sister,—and hiding her face in the affectionate bosom of Rebecca, sobbed out an acknowledgment of her errors in a shower of tears.

CHAPTER V.

Tenderness, Sympathy, and Generosity elicited.

To have intruded himself on the privacy of the two lovely sisters, was, as might naturally have been supposed, highly culpable and indelicate in Trelawney, but situated as he then was, he found it impossible to escape from the shrubbery, without being immediately present before them; thus compelled to remain where he had at first stationed himself, he listened to the foregoing conversation with emotions not to be described—and with feelings of the most exquisite kind. The innocent confession of the artless Rosa, —the half revealed secret, which had almost been divulged from lips so pure, so lovely and beloved,—now nearly staggared all the resolutions of Trelawney; and in that moment he felt that he could have resigned the wealth of worlds for the possession of Rosa Clarendale. The melting voice of his expiring father, as he pronounced his last blessing, burst upon his recollection, and happy for Trelawney, recalled him to a sense of duty, and forbade him to violate that vow he was bound to hold sacred to the will of his father. "No, lovely creature," said he, "happiness with thee must not be purchased at the price of that which man holds dearest

to his heart, and without which life itself would be worthless—his honor. I have sworn to my father a solemn oath, and that oath is registered in heaven.—And, oh, my father, should the destiny thou hast prepared for thy son be armed with ten-fold misery, I will never shrink from its performance."

There is perhaps no victory so great, so noble, as that which we gain over our most formidable foes—our passions, whether composed of love or hatred;—once gained, we stand on an eminence secure, overlooking the fearful precipice into which a momentary indulgence might have plunged us; fortunately, however, for Trelawney, he could not behold the tears of Rosa, as she wept on the bosom of Rebecca; for whose character he now felt a degree of respect nearly amounting to veneration; for she had not only evinced the tenderest regard for her sister, but had blended with it the prudent caution of a friend; to whose delicate sense of propriety, notwithstand some tender emotions which struggled for pre-eminence, he found himself obliged to subscribe; for what could avail to him the affections of this sweet girl, but the bitter pang of disappointed love, when the call of honor would shortly compel him to become the husband of another; would it not be murderous, he thought, to inspire a passion in so pure a bosom, without the possibility of making that return which would have been his greatest pride had he been free!

Love, however, is not capable of much reflection; or if it is, it only reflects on the transporting bliss of being loved by the object beloved,—and Trelawney was no philosopher; he was neither naturally vain, nor affectedly blind to his own merits,—yet that he should be the object of Rosa's preference,—that Rosa loved him in the artless expressions she had displayed to her sister, conveying such thrilling transports to his heart as he well knew would have been dangerous to his peace had she now been present to his view. The picture was too seducing for delighted fancy to dwell upon—what then must have been the original?—and his present feelings were a complete paradox; painful yet pleasing,—fluttered but composed; and as he listened to the sound of her departing footsteps through the shrubbery, lover-like. he could have kissed the breeze that waved over the æriel form he adored. The unexyected appearance of Henry, however, put to flight all

the witcheries which love was now preparing in full battery against the heart of Trelawney, and suddenly recalled his senses to regions of a colder temperature.

"I am come in search of you, my dear sir," cried Henry, "by the special commands of my mother who began to be alarmed at your unusual long absence from the breakfast table this morning; or what is worse, she was fearful that some of the nymphs who inhabit these woods had ran away with you."

Trelawney smiled;—"Why actually, Henry," cried he, "I have been taking a long ramble, but as to wood nymphs, I have not encountered any, I assure you."

"Have you seen nothing of my sisters?" enquired Henry, "for they are both truants as well as yourself; not that I am in the least surprised at our little madcap Rosa—but our grave Rebecca——"

"I have not spoken to either of them this morning," answered Trelawney, carelessly; "but come, Henry, I am uneasy till I have apologized to Mrs. Clarendale, and convinced her that no wood nymph in existence could ever make me guilty of rudeness to my friends." So saying Trelawney, leaning on the arm of Henry, made his appearance in the little oak parlor, where he found Rosa and Rebecca already seated; and on this morning, the lovely sisters seemed to have exchanged characters; Rebecca was animated and talkative,—Rosa silent and pensive, a soft and modest diffidence rested on her beautiful cheek, like the dew-drop which embalms the cup of opening flowers at morn's first rising and beneath her dark fringed eyes not a glance stole towards Trelawney, which had betrayed the emotions of her heart to Rebecca, that tenderly beloved sister, who was now become the guardian of her thoughts, for most seduously did Rebecca watch each look of Rosa's, for whose sake she departed from her native character, that no enquiring eye should rest on the changing countenance of her sister, answering every question that was put to her by her fond mother with the prompt and quick vivacity that Rosa would have done herself;—but it was impossible to elude the discerning eye of her father, who gently, but earnestly, demanded to know if she was not well?

"Fatigued, papa, that is all," instantly replied Rebecca, "and

well she might be, for I have led the little gypsey such a ramble: first you must know, papa, we went all round by the woodlands, and Rosa being very hungry,—were not you, Rosa?—called in at Dame Dunkley's cottage! when the poor old soul absolutely crammed us with some nice cakes she had just been baking;—I must confess I had my share of them—but as to Rosa—she eat like a little glutton?—did not you, Rosa?—so you must not be in the least surprised at her having eaten no breakfast."

This excuse, which Rebecca had so neatly and adroitly made, was in part certainly no fabrication of her own; both Rosa and her having called that morning at old Dame Dunkley's; but it was so unexpected by Rosa, that she involutarily and irresistibly laughed heartily at Rebecca's ingenuity, and chasing from her bosom each sombre thought, she very soon regained the roses on her complexion, and her spirits and her vivacity returned in proportion as they had before as suddenly deserted her.

Trelawney had by no means been an inattentive observer of the pains which Rebecca was adopting to shield her beloved Rosa from the scrutinizing glance of her father, and the enquiring look of her mother; and to aid her kind efforts, he performed his part as well as he was able; but that part was painful to his feelings and foreign to his inclination—yet it was performed, for during the whole time they sat at breakfast, he did not address one sentence to Rosa, more than the common salutation of the morning.

Thus did the sweet girl by degrees recover her serenity, unconscious of the deep interest which the only being who had ever invaded it was taking to preserve it: after which the day passed on in the White Cottage, like many preceding ones, in undisturbed tranquility and social harmony. But as the day approached for the departure of Trelawney, even the pastor looked grave, for he almost idolized the character of his young friend; he was all that youth ought to be, and more than could be expected he would be, from the too partial education which his father had bestowed, which when considered that it was also blended with the liberal gifts of fortune, rendered him the more exposed to the indulgence of his passions; and if Trelawney had a fault which was at all conspicuous in his disposition, it was the strong tincture of romance which evidently appeared in the warmth of his attachments

and the generosity of his gifts. He had also become so great a favorite with the pastor's friends, the Bradburys, that they regarded him as a superior being;—but no words can do justice to the feelings of the worthy doctor, when finding himself alone with Trelawney, whom he delighted to converse with, he forced into his hands a sealed paper, and suddenly withdrew, leaving him to contemplate the contents at his leisure. It was short, but expressive; for the doctor was struck dumb with surprise, as he broke the seal, and perceived a check on Mr. Trelawney's banker, for the sum of five hundred pounds, with a note which contained the following words:—

"Dr. Bradbury,—It is not clear to me but I may want a physician when I get to London, for I have a natural aversion to the confined air of great cities, and if this should be the case, I would rather have medical advice from you than any man living, because you are the friend of Mr. Clarendale; to prevent trouble, therefore, I have enclosed you a trifle to defray the travelling expenses of your journey to London. This is my mode of settling accounts;—no thanks when we again see each other—not a sentence, I implore you.—Every man has his humor, and I have mine.

"Your's, very truly,

"TANJORE TRELAWNEY."

"Mrs. Camomile has been waiting for her pills this half hour, if you please, Sir," cried the Doctor's apprentice, thrusting his nose, rather abruptly, in at the parlour door, at the very moment the doctor had finished reading Trelawney's extraordinary and eccentric epistle.

"Five hundred!" exclaimed the doctor, examining the check very minutely.

"I thought you only told me five and twenty, Sir," uttered the apprentice, gaping with astonishment at the unusual oddity of the doctor's manner. The doctor looked up, and now for the first time beheld his apprentice, and instantly putting the check and Trelawney's letter together into his pocket, sharply answered, "Go about your business, Sir, and I will come presently."

The boy was now absolutely frightened out of his wits, and conceiving that the doctor could not be in his senses, ran up stairs to

Mrs. Bradbury, where she was sitting at work with her daughters, and entreated her to come down immediately, for that he actually believed his master was going clean out of his mind; "for he told me, Madam," cried the boy, "to make up five and twenty pills for the widow Camomile, and he will have it, it was five hundred."

Away posted Mrs. Bradbury, but by no means alarmed at the account given by the youth of the state of the doctor's intellects, and finding him alone in the shop, was soon informed of the cause which had given rise to such serious apprehensions.

"Did you ever hear of so singularly amiable and disinterested a being as this Trelawney, my love," cried the doctor; "and this is the way that he confers each day, and each hour, favors on his friends, and dispenses blessings to the needy and unfortunate;—he knew I was poor—yes, the dear boy knew that my patients keep me so: for who ever thinks of paying a doctor's bill till they want his assistance, ninety-nine times out of the hundred? What shall I do, Mrs. Bradbury?—you see that he has absolutely forbade me to thank him?"

"Are there not more ways of evincing gratitude to a kind friend for a generous action, than by words?" answered Mrs. Bradbury;—"Oh, yes, the tear which I now delight to shed—the silent tear—and the heartfelt prayer—will speak, although the lips be dumb! Yes, Trelawney,—noble, excellent and exalted being,—this rapturous, this joyful,—*this mother's tear*, be ever sacred to gratitude and thee!"

Mrs. Bradbury, now wholly overpowered by the natural sensations arising from a feeling and susceptible heart, threw herself into the arms of her husband and wept aloud; gently disengaging her, however, the doctor rallied her with all the spirit he could muster, laughing as he exclaimed,—

"Upon my soul, Mrs. Bradbury, you would make a charming figure in a romantic sentimental novel; but have the goodness to recollect that you are now standing in a doctor's shop, who is every moment expecting, at least hoping, that some of his customers may drop in, and give him an honest penny; and your name is plain Kate. Come, let us have no more tears, but run up stairs to Mary and Elizabeth, and tell them that their father will have no occasion to look in his book of bad debts for six months to come;

—after which you may dance a Scotch reel with them, if you please:—but, zounds, I will have no more tears." So saying, the doctor marched off, to visit his patients and to recover his spirits in the fresh and open air, which were, notwithstanding the efforts he made to conceal it, a little agitated by the unexpected gift he had received from the hands of Trelawney, which would enable him to jog merrily on, in the career of his business, for some time to come. But the doctor, though not affluent, was by no means destitute; he had received a tolerable good fortune with his wife, and had husbanded it so well by industry and perseverance, that according to his own phrase, he was only at times in actual want of money, from the large sums which were owing to him by his patients; but even these were in such sufficient hands, that there was little danger of his ever becoming a bankrupt from their inability to pay him, whenever he chose to make the necessary demand. High in practice and eminent in skill, he had no competitor to struggle with for pre-eminence in his profession; and being many years established in the neighborhood, there was no one resorted to but him, by the numerous and respectable families round the village. Thus Doctor Bradbury was not a needy or distressed man; he was besides in all his transactions, a man of rigid morals, sound principles and unshaken integrity; yet like all other men, the doctor had his whimsicalities, his oddities and his humor; he could not bear to move out of his accustomed sphere, without betraying some share of petulance—would be master of his own house, and likewise master of his family—he loved his children, but it was not with that foolish indulgence which spoils them—he adored his wife, but he would not suffer her, even if she had wished it, to domineer over him—nor would he permit his daughters to be visited by every coxcomb in the parish, nor his son to form connexions of which he was kept in ignorance; thus were card parties and balls prohibited, till the doctor knew who were to be there; private walks with young ladies and young gentlemen absolutely forbade, till the doctor could ascertain who these young ladies and gentlemen belonged to; hence arose that strong intimacy and warm attachment which attracted him towards the family of Mr. Clarendale; long had he known the pastor,—his own children growing with his, like the

tender branches of the young ivy cleaving to the oak, which, firm and unshaken, had stood the test of the winter storms, and was not to be deserted when summer suns only smiled on its foliage, it was immoveable, while Providence permitted it to be so; and like this oak, he determined to shelter the infant buds which clung to him for protection. "Let me," cried he one day to the pastor, "while I am vigorous and healthy, labor for the support of my children, but when I am growing old, and am loaded with the infirmities of nature, I expect that my children will labor to support me."

It is no wonder then, that the pastor's daughters and the daughters of Doctor Bradbury regarded each other with the affection of sisters; or that Philip Bradbury and Henry Clarendale should be so closely united in the bonds of inseparable friendship, as to entertain for one another the most brotherly regard; or that a warmer sentiment even than friendship should have been imbibed in dispositions so truly similar to each other; nor was it with any disapprobation, that the doctor and Mrs. Bradbury perceived at a very early period, the growing attachment of their only son Philip, for the eldest daughter of Mr. Clarendale—in short, it was the pride of the doctor's heart; for Rebecca Clarendale was precisely the female, whom of all others, the doctor would have selected for the wife of his son, had not the heart of that son been already a voluntary captive to the gentle and retiring charms of the lovely maid! not that one sentence of passion had ever been breathed in her chaste and delicate ear: but is there aught can hide the semblance of that kind and tenderly devoted love, which owes its existence to sacred virtue, without which it would have perished?—Oh, no;—it was not a transient passion which the charms of Rebecca only had inspired; it was the counter-charm of her superior mind,—the gentle virtue of her disposition,—the chaste unerring rectitude of her principles,—which planted love in the breast of Philip Bradbury for Rebecca Clarendale; and like a tree of health, it flourished there, not to be eradicated by caprice, inconstancy, jealousy, doubt or suspicion; much less could it be changed by worldly circumstances or situation:—no; had Rebecca pined in obscurity, or mourned under affliction.—had sickness faded her, or even age withered up her form,—that form would still have

been dear to the heart of Bradbury;—for she lived in his heart, and from that heart could not be separated, while it glowed with animation, or beat with the pulse of life. This was love; this only is love, in its best and purest state; all else is passion, fleeting, transient and uncertain.

Whether Rebecca loved Philip Bradbury, however, was a point as yet undecided on; not a word, not a look, not a sigh, or a blush had once betrayed it; she never departed from the retiring and modest diffidence which so peculiarly characterized her manners, either in his presence or the presence of others; so that nothing at present could be formed of the state of her affections. While Philip, on his part, though not equally reserved, had not as yet breathed one sentence of the passion which triumphed, and would, he felt, reign for ever predominant in his soul, though sanctioned both by her parents and his own. The desponding sigh and the silent tear frequently caught the observation of Rosa, and she was at no loss to divine the cause of poor Philip's dejection;—she determined to be his advocate, and plead his passion with her sister, whenever she could have a seasonable opportunity.

"Look at your carnations, Rebecca," cried she, one morning as they sat at work, "for want of somebody to tie them up in the frames, I declare they will be quite spoiled; and that would be a great pity, when I know there is a certain person would feel so much pleasure in sitting them to rights for you; why don't you ask him, Rebecca?—it would be so kind of you."

Rebecca did not take her eyes from her work, while she coldly replied, "And pray whom should I ask, Rosa?" "Why who but Philip Bradbury?" answered Rosa, a little warmly, because she thought Rebecca too cold.

"Philip Bradbury!" repeated Rebecca, "why should Philip Bradbury trouble himself about my carnations?"

Poor Rosa, disappointed and vexed, now felt at a loss what reply to make to so natural a question; at length after a few moments of silent embarrassment, she again became the champion of poor Philip, and twisting her silk till it got quite entangled with her netting needles, once more began the siege on Rebecca.

"I think Philip Bradbury such a good young man!" uttered she.

"I never yet heard any body doubt the assertion," answered Rebecca, with her accustomed calmness.

"And as to his morals, they are excellent," retorted Rosa.

"Did you ever hear of a good young man, whose morals were bad?—My dear Rosa, you forget yourself," said Rebecca, half smiling at Rosa's perplexity.

Rosa, the open-hearted, undisguised, generous Rosa, could now no longer veil her thoughts, nor hide her kind intentions towards the object whose cause she was so solicitous to plead, and still more warmly replied,—

"It is very true,—we often forget ourselves when we are thinking about others. Poor Philip Bradbury, how I pity him."

Rebecca was almost ready to clasp the artless and affectionate girl to her bosom; but she wanted to check that too quick sensibility, and only answered, half laughing, "Why is Philp Bradbury so much the object of your concern, Rosa?"

"Because he is so much the object of aversion to my sister," retorted Rosa, with more energy and petulance than she had just expressed. The truth was now out: Rosa pouted a little, and Rebecca now laughed heartily. at length recovering herself, she gently kissed the rosy cheek that was flushed with resentment, and addressed her sister in the following manner:—

"What right, Rosa, have you to probe me so deeply? Philip Bradbury is not the object of my aversion, and I am perfectly assured that he never will be; I have the greatest esteem for him, but am I, therefore, obliged to confess that I love him? surely you would not compel your sister thus unblushingly to acknowledge, that she is ready to throw herself into the arms of a young man who never asked her the question. When he does, it is then time enough for me to answer it."

"But love don't stay to be asked," cried Rosa, with a smile so arch, and a voice so fascinating, that it would have disarmed anger from the coldest bosom; "It comes, and it goes, and it comes again, whenever it pleases;—just as you blush now, Rebecca; for you cannot send that color from your cheeks, not just now, if you were to try ever so."

The fact is, that Rebecca was, some how or other, caught by surprise at Rosa's remark, and she actually did blush deeper than

ever she blushed before; the cause of which remained a profound secret to all, but the little urchin who had been at such pains in calling it forth.

CHAPTER VI.

Love and Jealousy.

NOTWITHSTANDING the prohibition which was contained in Trelawney's note, the very next time he paid a visit to Elm Grove, the doctor could not avoid pressing his hand with a warmth that reflected honor to his feelings; nor was Mrs. Bradbury totally silent on the subject, when left alone, for a few moments, with the young and generous East Indian, which happened to be the case one morning when Henry and himself had taken a stroll over to Elm Grove, for the purpose of inviting the whole family of the Bradburys to a farewell dinner, at the White Cottage, which was fixed for a day or two previous to that on which Trelawney was to take his departure for the metropolis.

"You do not depart without taking many a heartfelt blessing from this neighborhood, Mr. Trelawney," said Mrs. Bradbury, embracing the only opportunity which the present moment afforded her, of expressing her gratitude to this excellent young man; "will you not accept also of my blessing, for the very distinguished favor which you have been pleased to confer on a family who will ever pray for your happiness, with the truest sincerity. Ah, Mr. Trelawney, there are few such hearts as yours, to recompense us for the many very bad ones we meet with through life's pilgrimage.—Nay, do not reject a mother's thanks;—you must, you shall stay and receive them."

"Dear Mrs. Bradbury," cried Trelawney, now rising and instantly taking his hat, "why will you persist in driving me from your presence, at least half an hour sooner than I intended; consider, my time is short, and I wish to divide it among my friends, as pleasantly and as agreeably as I can; but I positively will

receive nothing from you, but that little delicate bunch of jessamine flowers, which I will make a present of to my dear little friends at the White Cottage, Rosa and Rebecca Clarendale."

"Will you not suffer Mary or Elizabeth to gather you some fresh ones?" said Mrs. Bradbury.

"Indeed I will not," answered Trelawney, taking the flowers out of the vase, "these will do extremely well; and now I have staid out my half hour."

"Not by ten minutes, Mr. Trelawney," cried Mary Bradbury, popping her head in at the parlor door, "and that ten minutes you must give to me and Rosa."

As if that name had magic in the sound, Trelawney dropped the flowers, his hat, and his gloves,—they were, at this precise moment, all forgot; and running to the door, he exclaimed,—

"To you and Rosa!—why, where is Rosa?—Rosa Clarendale did you say, Miss Mary?"

"Yes, Sir, if you please,—Rosa Clarendale,—my Rosa!" answered Mary Bradbury, laughing with her accustomed vivacity, and holding out a drawing, but not sufficiently to give Trelawney a full view of it, "and here she is; what will you give me now for a good look at it? but that you shall not have, but on one condition."

Trelawney, in a confusion from which he could not recover himself, exhibited a color on his sun-burnt cheeks brighter than any tints of the deepest rosé, and, stooping down, he began to busy himself in collecting the flowers which had fallen to the ground; to have gazed on any picture that resembled Rosa, had no witness been present, would have afforded him a gratification superior to all others but that of gazing on the original; but he was by no means inclined to avail himself of this pleasure in the presence of Mrs. Bradbury or the lively Mary, the arch expression of whose countenance but increased his embarrassment; resolved, therefore, upon assuming an indifference, the more effectually to hide his feelings, he coldly replied,—

"Why, really, Miss Mary, I cannot say I have any particular—that is, very particular—curiosity to examine the drawing, on which already you have imposed a tax, and which it may be impossible for me to pay, on the condition which you may propose; however, as you are so anxious, so very solicitous——"

"Not I, indeed," cried Mary, laughing most maliciously; "I am not in the least anxious, I assure you; if you don't like to see the picture, why I shall not force you,—though it is excessively like her, is it not mamma?" (The drawing was now handed over to Mrs. Bradbury.) "Who would not know that picture to be Rosa's?—look at her eyes," continued Mary, "and her mouth—the two little dimples on each side—I declare she looks as if she were laughing at us,—does not she, mamma?" Had Mrs. Bradbury given vent to her feelings, she would have gently repriman ded Mary, for this attack upon Trelawney, but she did not choose to do so while he was present; giving Mary, therefore, a look of displeasure, she observed, that it was extremely like the pretty Rosa, and returning it to Mary, made an excuse for retiring, and left them together; and no sooner was Mrs. Bradbury gone, than Mary indulged herself with an immoderate laugh at poor Trelawney, exclaiming, while she held the drawing at a still greater distance from him,—

"Your half hour is now out, Mr. Trelawney."

"True, I had forgot," cried he, once more rising from his chair but not daring to glance one look towards the picture:—

"Well, Miss Mary, what message am I to bear to the Miss Clarendales?

"You may tell Rosa, that the grapes are sour, answered she; "that I have taken her picture, which you are dying with impatience to behold, but that you wont, because you are afraid of paying the tax.'

This was too much:—Trelawney returned back to Mary, and taking her hand, while he gently forced the drawing out of the other, exclaimed, "Oh, Mary, dear, provoking, incorrigible Mary, name but the conditions on which you consent that I shall behold this picture, and, be they what they may, they are granted."

"Well done, Mr. Philosopher," cried Mary, "I thought it would come to this, I have hunted you to the toil, and you are fairly caught;—but remember, the weapons are of your own making;—and you are now as eager to see this picture as——"

"To clasp the original to my heart, if she were present," exclaimed Trelawney.—"Mary, Mary, little sorceress, you have wrung a confession from my soul, which no one could have done

besides yourself; but I know that it reposes in safety in a bosom pure as the snow which it resembles.—Give me the possession of that picture, and Trelawney will be your slave."

"No, indeed, Sir," replied Mary, "it is quite enough to be the slave of one woman at a time; besides, I don't like slavery. But to be serious, Mr. Trelawney, for I really have no inclination to wound your feelings, believe me, I respect you too much—the picture is, indeed, yours; for you it was designed, and no other person—penciled for you, in the true colors of friendship, but without the knowledge of Rosa; I obtained her consent to sit for me, only for a few moments,—receive it, therefore, Trelawney, as the gift of friendship. The condition I intend to stipulate is this,—that as I have given it to you without the knowledge of my friend, that you will still let it remain a secret to Rosa."

"I promise you any thing—every thing, dear, amiable Mary," cried the enraptured Trelawney. "May this precious gift, by your hand alone conferred, never be forgotten by Trelawney; I shall remember it, Mary, to the latest moment of my existence:—you shall find that Trelawney will remember!"

With these words, Trelawney, placing the picture of Rosa in his breast, and respectfully imprinting a kiss on the hand of Mary, hurried away, not to repress, but to enjoy sensations he never felt before; but he had not proceeded far on the walk before he was overtaken by Henry, who had wondered, but did not presume to enquire the cause of his having held so long a conference with the youngest Miss Bradbury; not that Henry had ever entertained for the daughters of Doctor Bradbury any warmer sentiment than friendship; they were both very amiable, unaffected, lovely girls; but Mary was his favorite,—she was of the same age, and in disposition and manners strongly resembled his sister Rosa, whom he passionately loved; but Henry was certainly no lover of Mary Bradbury's, at least his sensations never once whispered that he was; and well aware that his father had other views for him than a matrimonial connexion, he never paid the Miss Bradburys more attention than he would have done to either of his sisters. There were times too, when he thought Mary too lively, as appeared by the following remark made to Trelawney, on his observing, that Mary Bradbury was a delightful girl. "What say you, Henry,'

cried Trelawney, pressing the sacred deposit she had given him, still closer to his breast, as they walked along; "do you not subscribe to my opinion that Mary Bradbury is a charming girl?—so good tempered and so lively."

"Almost too lively, I think, Sir," returned Henry, somewhat graver than usual, "for her vivacty sometimes runs away with her good sense."

"Indeed," cried Trelawney, "you wrong the sweet girl, and are too severe, Henry; I think she is quite as sensible as her grave sister Elizabeth, who never speaks without rule. But come, friend Henry, you shall have Elizabeth, and I will have Mary."

"I do not intend to have either, I assure you Mr. Trelawney," cried Henry; "at all events Mary would not be my choice."

They had now arrived at the little gate which led to the White Cottage, and being joined by the pastor, all conversation on this subject was suspended. Though there was something, both in the manner and voice of Henry, as he uttered this last sentence, that occasioned Trelawney to entertain suspicions, that there was a sort of sneaking kindness lurking in the breast of Henry for Mary Bradbury, and, notwithstanding the declaration he had just made, he doubted much whether she was not already the object of his secret preference.

Trelawney, however, had not many moments for cogitation, for he retired to dress, where Mungo was already waiting to receive him, and with a sorrowful countenance, he began his occupation about the person of his master,—informing him that all the trunks were nearly packed up, for their departure from the White Cottage; after which, Mungo made the following remark:—

"Ah, massa, Mungo no happy when he leave White Cottage; Mungo sure him die when him part with good friends,—he leave behind Peter, he so good,—Nanny Jones, she so kind, and Massa Clarendale, him such good massa—Mungo he no look on him like again."

"But, Mungo, you seem to forget the mistress of the house," cried Trelawney, much affected at the grateful attachment of the poor fellow; "and the young ladies too, are they not kind to you?"

"Oh, yes, massa, me love missee, great, great deal,—and Miss Rosy,—oh, she so pretty,—why massa, no stay wid Miss Rosy? Miss Rosy, me sure, cry, cry, cry, when massa gone!"

Trelawney was going to put himself in a great passion at this remark of Mungo's; but the fact was, that the remark was too pleasing, and not seeming to notice it, he bid him make haste, and finish what he was about. He then selected a box, which he had brought with him from India, filled with rich and beautiful shawls, and taking from thence half a dozen of the most valuable determined to present them, as little testimonials of his regard, to all the ladies of the Bradbury and Clarendale families. There was a scarf, however, of peculiar richness, beautifully embroidered, the color of which was celestial blue, and this he intended to give to Mary Bradbury. Putting them up, therefore, altogether, he carried them down stairs, when he was summoned to dinner, where he found the whole family of the Bradburys assembled. But previous to this, he had obtained a private conference with Mr. and Mrs. Clarendale respecting the future establishment of their son Henry, in which he begged most earnestly, that he might now be permitted to take an active part.

To have refused any request of Trelawney's, would have been a difficut task for the pastor, but when that request was made so much to the advantage, and so highly to the advancement and interest of his beloved son, it was granted with a double portion of heartfelt gratitude.

"Take Henry to London with you, my dear Trelawney!" cried Mrs. Clarendale, "for heaven's sake what will you do with him?"

"Place him at one of the Universities, to be sure," said Trelawney, "and from thence he shall mount the pulpit, and we will try if he will then be able to preach as good a sermon as his father. Forgive me, Mr. Clarendale, you know I do not intend to offend you, when I prognosticate, that your son Henry will, at no distant period, prove a bright and shining example to the clergy; for he will practice what he preaches, and that is saying much, in days so vitiated as these."

"Oh, Trelawney, how shall we ever be able to repay your unexampled kindness towards us?" cried Mrs. Clarendale, with eyes glistening in tears.

"Have you not already done that, my dear Madam?" said Trelawney, "does not the confidence which you have placed in

me, more than amply reward me? Have you not given me the charge of your son?—and, believe me, I honor the trust so highly that the hostage will be sacred as life!—and here he is.—Come, Henry, you were never more wanted than at the present moment, —your father and mother are going to get rid of you; they say you are a troublesome bargain, and I have taken you off their hands.—Now, Sir, are you content to follow me, who am a strange eccentric fellow, to London?" while Trelawney extended his hand towards the blushing and astonished Henry; who, receiving it with a modest diffidence, warmly replied,—

"I will follow you through the world, Sir, if you think me worthy of your regard; honored with your approbation, and exalted by your good opinion, I shall deem myself not only the most fortunate, but the happiest of human beings."

"You hear, Mr. Clarendale," exclaimed Trelawney, "he consents to march under my banners, and it is now a settled point,—Henry goes with me to London."

As Trelawney uttered these words somewhat in a higher key, they were heard by the whole party which were assembled in the parlor; and when Trelawney and Henry made their appearance, a deeper color than usual had mounted to the cheeks of Mary Bradbury; it did not escape the observation of Trelawney, and he resolved in his turn, to retaliate for the occurrence of the morning, and he said aloud to the doctor, now and then giving a sly glance at Mary,—

"Am I not a monopolizer, Doctor Bradbury?—I am absolutely going to take away Mr. Clarendale, junior, from your little snug fireside-parties:—he is so kind as to bear me company to London."

"Well, the more the merrier, I say," cried the doctor, "and I wish, with all my soul, you were going to carry me there too; it would be better than dancing after my patients and looking in my book of bad debts, I promise you, Mr. Trelawney."

"But pray, doctor, what would then become of your patients?" said Mrs. Clarendale.

"Oh, I would leave Mrs. Bradbury to be my *locum-tenens* in my absence, Madam," answered the doctor, "I assure you, that my Kate is an excellent physician, and would kill or cure without much danger of trying experiments."

This produced a smile, and the conversation then became general. Mary Bradbury smiled too, but it was not one of her sportive smiles, and though she never once addressed Henry after the intelligence communicated by Trelawney, yet her tell-tale eyes frequently wandered on him, and were as frequently withdrawn; and once she caught the observation of Trelawney, and she colored excessively, as approaching her, he whispered in a low voice,—

"Now Mary, I have my full revenge on you."

Meanwhile the delicate and prudent Rebecca could not reconcile the seeming caprice which she imagined guided the disposition of Trelawney, much less could she account for the easy air of familiarity with which Mary Bradbury now almost constantly addressed Trelawney. Was it caprice in Trelawney, or levity in Mary? But if this disposition in Trelawney surprised Rebecca, how much more did it affect Rosa? to whose throbbing and sensitive bosom it gave a feeling of pain not to be described; not that Trelawney had lessened in his attentions towards her; he was still the same,—and the same to Rebecca; but it was the conduct of Mary Bradbury that filled her with astonishment;—for Rosa loved Mary with all the ardor of the firmest friendship, and with all the romantic enthusiasm of youth, and she had long suspected that Henry was not an object of her indifference, though Mary had never owned it; but, like Rebecca, she had more than once observed Trelawney whispering in her ear, and the blush which it raised on the cheek of Mary, produced another, but not of the most pleasing kind, on the face of Rosa. Both sisters were, therefore, in doubt whether the impropriety, for such they conceived it to be, belonged to Trelawney or arose from the conduct of Mary Bradbury.

An incident, however, soon occasioned them not only to suspect Trelawney of caprice, but Mary of cherishing sentiments of attachment for the young East Indian, which they thought highly reprehensible, as being the affianced husband of another: for soon after dinner, Trelawney begged permission to exhibit the shawls to the ladies, and he began in the most graceful manner with the graver ones. To Mrs. Bradbury and Mrs. Clarendale, he presented a shawl suitable to each; he then selected two for Rosa and Rebecca, of an exact pattern, and the same quality, so that no par-

tiality could be intended to either; and to Elizabeth Bradbury he gave a splendidly elegant one, which was received with a gracious smile; and having done this, he carelessly turned to Mary:—"Miss Mary, I had quite forgotten you," cried he. To which she answered, with the same degree of *nonchalance*,—

"Oh, never mind me;—I can borrow Elizabeth's, you know, or mamma will lend me her's, if I should have occasion."

"Indeed I will not permit you to do either," cried Trelawney producing the beautiful scarf, and spreading it wide on the table, to the admiration of all present: "you must wear this scarf, Miss Mary, instead of a shawl; it is a very becoming dress to the Indian belles, and we will now see whether it is not equally so on an English lady." So saying, Trelawney took the scarf and threw it playfully over the shoulders of Mary Bradbury, who exhibited a confusion it was now impossible to hide, for her cheek was crimsoned with blushes on perceiving Henry cast a look of enquiry on her, and suddenly quitting the room. Rosa and Rebecca remained in modest silence,—while the innocent, good-natured Mary, conscious that no design was premeditated by Trelawney, in his having given her the scarf, or in her having accepted of it, felt conscious how little she merited the cold look which Henry, as he quitted the room, had cast indignantly at her; but much as she wished to be justified in his opinion. there was a spirited pride in the character of Mary, which would not permit her easily to forgive a suspicion for which she had given no cause; unless Henry, therefore, absolutely implored, for an explanation of her being so easy and friendly lately towards Trelawney, she determined that explanation he should never have from her: when he returned, therefore, she redoubled her vivacity, and folding up the scarf, while curtseying to Trelawney as she passed him to lay it by, she sportively said,—

"Ten thousand thanks, Mr. Trelawney, for your beautiful present, which I shall reserve for high-days and holidays. But only think what a situation it would have placed me in, if I did not know that I was in the presence of friends, who have too much good sense, and are too generous to make any comment on the superiority of your gift. Heaven preserve me, if Lady Alexina had been present, I do not know what would have become of Mary Bradbury."

"Had Lady Alexina been present, Mary Bradbury need not have blushed to have accepted of a gift from Trelawney," cried the youth, with a warmth he had not exhibited before. Mary had now, instead of making things better, made them worse, and given greater grounds than ever to Henry, Rosa, and Rebecca, for a suspicion that she was aiming for a conquest over the heart of Trelawney;—and on the part of Trelawney, that he was equally culpable in being inspired with a passion for Mary; and thus condemned, they all bade each other good night, with, for the first time in their lives, a sentiment of displeasure at the conduct and manners of Mary Bradbury; not that Henry exchanged one word with his sisters, or that Rosa and Rebecca complained of Mary to him. No, they were otherwise employed, for the next morning was set apart for the preparations for Henry's journey to London, who, notwithstanding the fortunate turn that was now taking in his prospects in life, felt a severe pang in quitting the bosom of his family, and in bidding adieu to his paternal home; nor was Mrs. Clarendale without a mother's feelings;—she wept and she smiled alternately, while her daughters assisted her in packing up Henry's clothes, and arranging them in the trunks. "Oh, my Henry," cried she, as he entered the room, at the same moment that she hung round his neck sobbing, "Oh, my Henry, were it not for the opinion which I entertain of the exalted being with whom you are going, I could not thus part with you;—need I impose an injunction, that when absent you will always think of your mother and your sisters, whose hearts so anxiously throb for your welfare—and that you will write to your father by every opportunity."

"Think of my mother,—think of my sisters!" exclaimed Henry, as he returned his mother's embrace, "Oh, you are dearer to me than existence. Be composed, my dearest mother;—be comforted, my Rosa and Rebecca;—and rest assured, that your Henry only lives in the hope of returning to promote your happiness and secure your felicity. But let not my father witness these emotions, I implore you:—it would afflict him greatly; and reflect that your Henry is himself unable to support them. I cannot bear your tears, they overpower and unman me." He then turned to Rebecca, who was the more composed and collected of

the three, and clasping her fondly to his heart, "Rebecca, you have fortitude," uttered he, "exert it now for the sake of my mother and Rosa,—tell them the hour of parting will be doubly repaid by the hour of meeting; do, dearest girl, comfort them when I am absent."

"Do you then think that none but my mother and Rosa will feel it?" cried Rebecca, smiling through her tears; "really, Henry, my father and I are infinitely obliged to you. There is poor Mary Bradbury too,—she has a tear left, I dare be sworn for you."

"And a smile for somebody else," cried Henry, coloring up to the eyes, on a recollection, that the allusion he now made was highly improper, and unseasonable, as it reflected on his benefactor; recovering himself, therefore, he coldly replied, "That as Mary's tears, it was probable, would not flow for him, he could not be answerable for any effect they might produce on her feelings."

"Why, I must own to you, Henry," cried Rebecca, "that fond as I am of Mary, I do not admire her faults, nor can you be ignorant of what I allude to; her strange manner lately to Mr. Trelawney, has, I confess, somewhat changed my opinion of her."

"There is doubtless an understanding between them," answered Henry, "of a mysterious nature, but to what it relates is equally a matter of indifference to me, and I beg, Rebecca, that you will never again mention the name of Mary, who is at present the object of my displeasure. I cannot bear levity, and I detest coquetry."

Mrs. Clarendale, who had been a silent observer of the above conversation, and who did not like to encourage severity, for which there did not appear any just grounds, and who was besides particularly partial to Mary Bradbury, now ventured to say a word in behalf of the condemned culprit, observing,—

"Indeed, my dear children, I must positively disapprove of this severity against an object who is not present to justify herself in your opinion; I have observed an alteration in Mary Bradbury towards our respected friend, Trelawney; but from what cause it proceeds is neither your business nor mine; besides, you forget that while you are condemning poor Mary thus unmercifully, you

are attaching an equal portion of blame to Trelawney, who is, unquestionably, the most faultless of human beings; let me then persuade you to suspend your judgment, till you have better grounds than the present for entertaining suspicions of an innocent girl and an honorable man." Henry was abashed, silent and confused; but, "jealousy is a green-eyed monster, that mocks the meat it feeds on," and the sensations which Henry now felt for Mary Bradbury slyly whispered, that it was a sentiment composed both of love and jealousy; and though his mother had softened the asperity of his resentment towards her, she had by no means removed the suspicion from his mind, that Trelawney was the object of her particular regard; and that Trelawney in return, if circumstances had permitted, would be ready enough to have made her the object of his. Though silent, therefore, he was not convinced; nor was his sister Rebecca, though honoring her mother's sentiments, perfectly satisfied with Mary Bradbury.

Meanwhile, poor Mary was suffering a porturbation not to be described,—which had chased sleep from her pillow, for the two succeeding nights that Trelawney had become the owner of Rosa's picture, which Mary now heartily repented having given to him, as it laid her under the most painful restrictions; and she was compelled to honorable silence, or otherwise betray the secret of Trelawney, which he had so generously entrusted her with.—What was to be done with Henry? Could she suffer him to leave her, without being able to justify the seeming capriciousness of her conduct? Could she permit him to go with an unfavorable impression towards her?—The proud heart of Henry,—would he ever forgive an appearance of levity?—No.—Mary knew that heart too well; and, for the first time in her life, Mary, though guiltless, shed tears of repentance.—What then was to be done with Henry? or, if she meanly betrayed the confidence of Trelawney, how would her heart answer to the whisperings of upbraiding conscience? In this conflict of her feelings, Mary sought the bosom of her best friend, to whom she imparted the whole nature of her grief—and that best friend was—her mother, "from whose kind lips there never fell reproach," and by whose counsel she determined to be guided.

"You have been imprudent, thoughtless, and inexperienced,

my dear child," cried Mrs. Bradbury, "and I grieve to say, that this imprudence will carry its consequent punishment along with it."

"How so, my dear mamma?" anxiously enquired Mary.

"Because, my dear, you will probably lose the confidence of your friend Henry, in order to preserve the secret of Trelawney," answered Mrs. Bradbury; but preceiving Mary grow pale, she added, "this will only be for a short time, my Mary; Trelawney, when he knows the embarrassment to which you have been exposed for his sake, will not long suffer you to be condemned in the opinion of Henry, or any other person. In the meantime, my child, you must wait the event of circumstances, to unravel this seeming mystery of your conduct to the Clarendale family. Trelawney's secret must be held sacred, even at the expense of friendship or of love."

Mrs. Bradbury now kissed off the tear that still rested on Mary's pale cheek; and Mary, having no alternative, with a heavy heart, and her eyes still red with weeping, threw on her hat and shawl, and walked over to the White Cottage. At the little gate the first person she encountered was the last whom at that moment she wished to see, for that person was Trelawney; he saw that she was agitated, and respectfully enquiring into the cause, was answered by Mary with a flood of tears, which surprised and affected him; Trelawney, however, was far from guessing at the true cause,—or Henry would, most likely, that night have been undeceived, and Mary reinstated in his good graces, as firmly as her image was engraven on his heart; but this was not the case, for the precise moment in which Trelawney had taken the hand of Mary, and respectfully held it to his lips, Henry approached them, and apologizing for intrusion, instantly withdrew,—leaving poor Mary with fresh tortures of mind; but, not daring to disclose her thoughts to Trelawney, she attempted to recover her composure, when she found herself in the presence of Mr. and Mrs. Clarendale, who received her in their usual kind manner; for Mary was also a favorite of the pastor's, and like Rosa, had often amused him in many a weary hour; looking therefore at her with great kindness, and taking her hand, he tenderly enquired if she was not well? "for you know, Mary," cried the pastor, "it is quite unusual to see you out of spirits."

Mary pleaded the effects of a violent head-ache, and the attentions of the pastor, which were now redoubled towards her, greatly served to soothe the anguish of her heart, while it flattered and consoled her.

But Mary had created a general sympathy, and the pastor's fireside, on this occasion, wanted that social, undivided harmony, which had till now been, "the feast of reason and the flow of soul." —Henry was dejected,—Trelawney, agitated,—Rebecca, grave, —and Rosa, pensive, from a variety of sensations, hard to be described. Trelawney had more than once, as he sat beside her, looked at her with a tenderness which he had never done before, —he was less talkative with Mary Bradbury, from whom Rosa had already withdrawn the unfavorable impression she had cherished towards her;—While Philip Bradbury lamented that he was so soon to relinquish the society of his beloved friend and companion, Henry Clarendale.

And while this scene was passing in the parlor, a similar one, though of a less refined nature, was taking place in the kitchen: —for Mungo, with tears in his eyes, was distributing the little presents which his master had given him for Peter and Nanny Jones, while they, in return, expressed their unfeigned sorrow and regret, at being obliged to part with the society of poor Mungo.

"But I hope we shall meet one day again, Mr. Mungo," whimpered Nanny, drying her eyes with a corner of her apron.

"Yes, black, white, all meet when him go in toder country," cried Mungo, "we all happy dere;—no want sugar-cane,—no care for plantain,—sun shine in de heart, make all glad, all merry."

These natural remarks of Mungo's were chimed in also with some of Peter's, who though unsophisticated and simple, was not destitute of nature's best prerogative—feeling, without which, men had been brutes and brutes only the superior creature.

CHAPTER VII.

The Reconciliation; and the departure of Trelawney and Henry.

Mary Bradbury, at the pressing solicitation both of the pastor and Mrs. Clarendale, staid to partake of an early supper at the White Cottage; after which, she rose respectfully to take her leave of Mr. Trelawney, who, surprised at the particular manner in which she now addressed him, as she expressed her sincere wishes for his health and happiness, answered,—

"And shall I not have the pleasure of seeing you again, Miss Bradbury, before my departure?"

"Very possibly not, Sir," cried Mary, pulling her hat over her face, to hide her emotion from the piercing glance of Henry; "all day to-morrow I shall be particularly engaged, and as you are to depart in the evening, excuse me from taking a formal farewell; it is one of the most unpleasant and painful things to me in existence, the bidding adieu to relatives and friends, when they are going to take a long journey."

"Believe me, it is no less painful to me," said Trelawney, with a desponding sigh he had not the power to suppress, "and since that is the case, accept my best wishes, amiable Mary, for your prosperity and happiness."

Mary extended her hand towards the outstretched one of Trelawney; when the pastor, suddenly turning to his son, exclaimed,—

"Surely, Henry, you are not going to suffer Mary Burdbury to walk to Elm Grove herself;—a mighty pretty specimen of your gallantry indeed. Stay, Mary, I shall see you home, if nobody else will."

Trelawney slightly offered her his services, but suspecting, what was really true, that Henry, in this case would be a more wished-for companion, did not press her to accept of them; so that Henry, having no alternative, was now compelled, whatever might be his feelings, to be the escort of Mary to Elm Grove;

which he did without exchanging one word, or so much as offering her his arm, till they reached a well known style, which led across two fields adjacent to the dwelling of Doctor Bradbury, and now common politeness obliged him to tender his assistance, and this he did in a very awkward manner: but Mary having once the possession of his arm did not choose to relinquish it, and with one of those smiles which had so frequently irresistibly charmed him, suddenly exclaimed,—

"I shall often look at that style, Henry, and think of you; it was there, I remember, that you caught the little linnet, which you made me a present of when I left school; and in this field you used to gather me fresh blowing violets, and all the flowers of the early spring, to make my garlands with, when we had a holiday; and Elizabeth and I used to quarrel about which was the prettiest,—ah, Henry, *those* were happy days."

This was rather too much for Henry; as the voice and look of Mary, at this moment, would have melted the firmest stoic.

He was determined, however, to be angry with Mary, and to let her know that he was so; and after a few introductory hems, coldly replied,—

"Surely, Miss Mary Bradbury need not go so far for a recollection of happy days; she can transfer the remembrance of past scenes to aid her more perfect recollection of present ones."

"Unkind Henry," cried Mary, "how have I merited your reproaches: in what have I so seriously offended you, as to occasion you to address me in a manner so wounding to my feelings?"

"Can Mary Bradbury be a stranger to the feelings of Henry Clarendale?" retorted Henry,—"No, Mary, you are not so; your have excited my displeasure, nay, almost my aversion, and you are not a stranger to the cause."

"Your aversion!—Oh, Henry!" exclaimed Mary, and dropping his arm, she burst into tears. "If," cried Mary, now sobbing as if her heart would break, "if I had deserved your censure, I could bear your severity much better; but I do not,—on my honor, Henry, I do not; you are deceived,—I am innocent of the slightest impropriety respecting my conduct towards Mr. Trelawney."

"Prove it, Mary;—justify it, if you *can*;" cried Henry now

greatly softened by her emotion, "and I will *endeavor* to think you so."

"*Endeavor* to think me so!" answered Mary, with the blush of conscious innocence now glowing on her cheek, "you *shall* think me so; and at some future opportunity, when all is explained to you, you will repent for having thus wrongfully accused me."

"And cannot that explanation take place *now?*" enquired Henry, "Oh, Mary, torture me not thus, I implore you;—ease my heart of this racking doubt, this agonizing suspense; or tell me at once, that you are the object of Mr. Trelawney's tenderest affections, and that he is equally the object of yours."

"Then should I tell you false, Sir," observed Mary, with a look of dignity, and an expression of ingenuousness, which nearly carried conviction to the heart of Henry;—"I *am not* the object of Mr. Trelawney's tenderest affections, and it is utterly impossible that he can ever be the object of mine."

"It is plain, *then*, that you know *who is?*" cried Henry, but in a voice now changed and softened to peculiar tenderness; "why, Mary, am I not permitted to share in your confidence?"

"Because I am bound by a promise the most sacred and inviolate," answered Mary, "to permit no one to share in it. By an incident, of the most trifling nature, it was incautiously revealed to me, and I as incautiously promised concealment; but having once done so, I am compelled to hold sacred the secret of Trelawney. My compliance with his request inspired his future confidence and esteem; hence arose that easy familiarity and unreserved manners, which has ever since subsisted between us, and which has led you so erroneously to misconstrue every word, every look, I addressed to him, as proofs of levity; but while this wrings my heart, Henry, and gives me pangs more keen than I can express, it shall never make me guilty of betraying the confidence which is reposed in me;—I will preserve this secret of Trelawney's till he himself shall think proper to release me from the necessity of concealment, even though I risk what is dearer to me than life itself—*your esteem!*"

Henry, now relieved from the heavy burden which had oppressed him stood for a few moments in silent and rapturous contemplation of the lovely and ingenuous countenance of Mary,

whose every word now carried conviction to his throbbing and transported heart.

The bright blush of native innocence glowed in varied hues on her fair cheek, and the tear, which sensibility had wrung from her heart, hung like the dewdrop that glitters on the leaves of balmy roses,—

"Unhallowed, soft, chaste, delicate and pure."

"Forgive me, Mary," cried Henry, now taking her hand, and pressing it tenderly to his lips, "that I doubted for one moment the unerring rectitude of that spotless heart, the possession of which I prize so highly, that to part with either that or you, would make life a burden, and the fairest prospects but a blight, to the heart of Henry. Oh, Mary, cannot you guess the sentence which would follow, were I now permitted to address you?—were I now sanctioned to breathe on this dear hand vows of love and everlasting truth?"

"Mercy on me!" cried Mary, now smiling, but not entirely withdrawing her hand; "that is saying more than you ought to say for these ten years to come; wait till that time and then—

"You will be mine, Mary?" demanded Henry, with the greatest anxiety.

"Not I, indeed," cried Mary, "I shall not say, a word, till at least you have served an apprenticeship, as Laben did for Rachel, seven long years."

"And then, Mary,——"

"Why then," continued Mary, "I cannot precisely say what will be the consequence, for, as the old song says, you know,

Maidens never tell their minds.'

But, at present, Henry, I must wish you good night."

"Angels preserve and bless you, Mary!" exclaimed Henry, as they had now reached Elm Grove, but as the hour was growing late, and he was well acquainted with the doctor's oddities of disposition, he deferred just then taking his leave of the family, and returned back to the White Cottage, in a state of mind so different to that in which he had quitted it, that the change was very per-

ceptible to all present, and to none more so than to Trelawney, who now thought no further conviction was necessary to establish his long adopted sentiments, that a lasting attachment was already formed by Henry for Mary Bradbury, in the event of which, should any obstacles intervene to prevent the entire union of so amiable a pair, he predetermined that he would use every endeavor which might be in his power by promoting their mutual interests, comfort and felicity.

But while these sentiments were passing and repassing in the mind of Trelawney, he could not divert himself of a pang which suddenly assailed his heart,—a pang of deep and bitter regret, that though with Henry and Mary no obstacle intervened, to blight the tender blossom of ripening affection, yet that with him and Rosa the barrier was insurmountable; here no influence could prevail, no wealth purchase, and no power obtain;—Rosa never could be his; and this reflection was so melancholy, so cheerless, so despairing, that it produced others on his imagination of a more alarming nature even than these; for Rosa would be another's;—yes, in all human probability, a very few succeeding years, nay, a few succeeding months, and Rosa might be the wife of another. Such exquisite beauty and sweetness was not destined to bloom unseen, or waste that "sweetness on the desert air;"—she must be seen, and being once seen, her attraction, like the magnet, would be powerful,—the idea was insupportably painful, and bewildered even his very looks; so much so, that the pastor, fixed his eyes very intently on him, as he paced the room, with an anxious air of enquiry, demanded to know if he was not well?

"A little sombre or so, that is all," answered Trelawney, now forcing a smile, and again resuming his seat near the pastor's side. "The fact is," said Trelawney, "Mr. Clarendale, that, like Mary Bradbury, I am unwilling to take a formal farewell of my friends, and I positively think I shall jump into the chaise, tomorrow without so much as bidding adieu to any of you."

"I really cannot see the absolute necessity of such a proceeding," said the pastor, beholding with some degree of displeasure, the pale and agitated looks of his daughter Rosa, who, in deep conversation with her brother, could scarcely suppress her tears; "it is us," continued the pastor, "who shall have most occasion to

Rosa and Rebecca conversing about the departure of Trelawney.

deplore your absence, and regret the loss of your society; but I positively will not encourage you in an indulgence of these emotions; for recollect, Trelawney, that though you have gladdened all hearts around you *here* with pleasure,—*we* in our turn must not be *selfish*; and that there is much happiness awaiting you on your arrival at Lord Fitzosbourne's;—nor when *there* must you forget *there is one object*, who has an *exclusive claim* on your *attentions*."

As this speech was uttered most impressively by the pastor, it did not fail to have due weight on the feelings of Trelawney;—it was a sort of monitor that whispered he must obey its call: and he once more made an effort to recover his tranquility.

But Rosa had not the same power to tranquilize hers, which had never known any disguise: she wept, and at last audibly sobbed on the bosom of her brother: Rebecca now again trembled for her beloved sister, and gently disengaging her from the arms of Henry, hurried her out of the room, and from thence to her chamber, before the pastor had time to enquire into the cause of such extraordinary emotion.

No sooner, however, were they alone, than Rebecca mildly reproved Rosa, for betraying a weakness which was highly reprehensible; to which Rosa replied, with some embarrassment,—

"Is not Henry going to leave us?"

"Yes,—and there is another person also going to leave us," said Rebecca, "and it is for *him* that your tears now flow. Why will you compel me, Rosa, to say severe things to you?—why still persist in cherishing sentiments disgraceful to yourself, and distressing to me?—what will papa think of your behavior?—what will Trelawney himself think of your weakness?"

"I will never do so again, indeed, Rebecca," answered Rosa; "but I could not help thinking what a happy woman this Lady Alexina will be when she is the wife of Trelawney?"

"It is proper that every body should be happy when they marry," observed Rebecca, "or they had better never marry at all."

"But they *do* marry, and yet are very unhappy afterwards," cried Rosa, "how is that, Rebecca?"

"That I cannot precisely say," answered Rebecca, laughing.

"but perhaps, Rosa, it is because they endeavor to make one another so by contradiction."

"I should not like to be forced to marry, for all that," cried Rosa.

"But when it is the *Will of your Father*," answered Rebecca, "when it is a sacred promise, given at the bedside of an expiring parent, you will then admit it is indispensible, and ought *never* to be broken."

At this moment, a gentle breeze whispered among the honeysuckles, which bloomed through the lattice of the window, at which Rosa and Rebecca were seated; it was open, and as Rebecca uttered the last sentence, it was responded to, by a deep and hollow sigh, which audibly murmured in their ears,—

"*Oh! Never!*"

But in a voice, the tones of which were entirely unknown to them. The surprise and consternation which now took possession of the two sisters, almost overpowered every other sensation but that of fear. Rebecca, however, was the first to recover herself, and to endeavor to impart a degree of confidence to the trembling Rosa, and looked out of the window, but perceiving not a vestige of a human being, observed,—

"We have been watched by some persons, and it is plain that they have employed themselves in listening to our conversation, and have repeated some part of it for a mere frolic; but don't alarm yourself, Rosa,—we have nothing to fear,"

"*Nothing!*"

Murmured the same voice; and Rebecca, now, in a degree of terror greater than before, instantly shut down the window and closed the shutters, while she attempted to appease and quiet the apprehensions of the terrified Rosa, which she did not succeed in doing till many hours had elapsed after midnight. The fact was, that Rebecca, on the first alarm, would have gone to the chamber of the pastor, or have called Nanny Jones, who only slept in a room adjoining to their's, had she apprehended there was any se-

rious danger; but she was convinced, that the voice proceeded from no one who had any evil intention towards them, for it flowed more from the accents of sorrow, of deep desponding grief, than from any alarming expression; much less did she fear the approaches of a robber: their village was so quiet, so peaceable, and so little molested, that such a circumstance had never been known; yet that it certainly was an incident of rather an extraordinary nature, she could not but admit, but admitting that it was so, she could not see the immediate necessity of informing the pastor of their nocturnal visitor, unless that visit was repeated; cautioning, therefore, Rosa to silence, not a word was mentioned of the affair, and, indeed, little time was given to reflect on any thing of the past,—the present moment so completely engaging their attention; for the departure of Trelawney and Henry was to take place at six o'clock the ensuing evening, and all was bustle and preparation at the White Cottage, as also, at Doctor Bradbury's. Henry had contrived to steal a few moments from his father and mother, to run over to Elm Grove, where he once more bade farewell to Mary, who had positively declined accompanying her mother, the doctor and Elizabeth, to the pastor's; but she could not so easily excuse herself from the sight of Henry, nor yet hide the tears that trembled in her eyes, as pressing her hand for the last time he repeated, as he hurried away from the door, an assurance of his unalterable affection, while he uttered, "Heaven bless you, Mary! I dare not write to Elm Grove, but I shall dare to think, and to believe, there is one within it, who is not indifferent to the destiny and fate of Henry." Mary was silent, but her look was eloquent to her lover, and he instantly departed, accompanied by Philip Bradbury, with whom he had agreed that a mutual and a regular correspondence should be held between them, and that though he could not venture to address a letter to his beloved Mary, he should hear of all that concerned her, through the means of his friend Philip; thus satisfied with respect to the dear idol of his heart, he had yet a severe task to perform, in bidding adieu to his family, who on his return home, he found were all assembled in the oak parlor, the former scene of so many happy days.

"Henry, my darling!" cried Mrs. Clarendale, but she could not get out another word, for at that moment the chaise, which

was ordered from the Turnpike House, drove up to the gate, with Trelawney's four gray horses. Mungo was to ride on horseback; and Peter was now employed, with Mr. Wiggins, who had come over to tender his services in assisting to arrange the baggage, which being done, Mungo entered the parlor, with "Massa, now all ready," which had nearly the effect of electricity upon the hearts of all present. The pastor started from his chair; he was collected and calm, but when he turned to disengage Henry from the arms of his mother, which were now clasped around him, all the father was in his soul, and he could not utter a word, but, "Fanny, my dear, the chaise is waiting;—Henry!"—here nature shed one tear, for she claimed it, and even the pastor was not ashamed, for it was not a weakness; but the pastor was soon a philosopher again, and finding nothing like expedition, on the present occasion, he took the arm of Trelawney, whose voice was almost inarticulate from emotion, and hurried him into the chaise;—he then returned for Henry, and giving him only a moment's time to kiss the cheeks of his sisters, and nod a kind adieu to the Bradbury family, placed him in the chaise, by the side of his friend and benefactor. Then pressing a hand of each, with the firm grasp of a man and a christian, he piously ejaculated, "Angels of Providence preserve and bless you both!" and desired the postillion to drive as expeditiously as possible from the door.

The order was instantaneously obeyed,—and in a few moments, Trelawney lost sight of the White Cottage, and Henry of his paternal home.

CHAPTER VIII.

A Sketch of the Fitzosbourne Family.

THERE is nothing so utterly desponding to a feeling heart, as when it throbs to the recollection of departed happiness, with objects with whom our dearest hopes and wishes are concentrated; it is then that the most trifling circumstance in which they were

connected becomes of consequence, and memory, that "fond deceiver," treasures up each word, each look, till it forms a living picture of the beloved being, which delighted imagination loves to dwell on.

Thus did the forms of Rosa and of Mary, ever present to Trelawney and Henry, now become the principal source of their happiness; who had nearly arrived at the first stage of their journey before they had exchanged one syllable to each other, so sacred is silence, when our thoughts are occupied by those we love.

At length they alighted at a pleasant inn on the road, and the very first sentence which Trelawney addressed to his young companion, on finding themselves seated in a snug little parlor, the windows of which commanded a most delightful prospect of the surrounding country, was,

"Now, Henry, could we, like Fortunatus, put on a wishing-cap, how quickly would the White Cottage, and its dearly beloved inhabitants appear before us."

"Yes, and I should like to have a view of Elm Grove, at the same moment," cried Henry, "my friend Philip Bradbury would be no unpleasing companion, and the facetious doctor, how he would enliven us; I never saw a man more likely to inspire cheerfulness than Doctor Bradbury."

"The very best medicine that a doctor can prescribe for his patients," answered Trelawney; "but pray, Henry, may I venture to ask, would not a certain lively young lady of our acquaintance, prove as good a substitute as the doctor, on the present occasion? what think you of Miss Mary Bradbury?"

To this Henry made no reply, but colored extremely.

"Ah, Henry," cried Trelawney, now enjoying his confusion, "that blush would betray you in a court of conscience, notwithstanding the positive assurance you have given me, that 'Mary would never be the object of your choice;'—but come, let us have a bit of supper and a glass of wine."

Which was accordingly ordered by Mungo, who quietly contenting himself with smoking his segar, took his usual place in a corner seat of the kitchen fire, which was now and then accompanied with a sigh at the melancholy reflection that he had left his old friends, honest Peter and Nanny Jones, behind.

The attempt, however, which Trelawney had made to rally his own spirits and to cheer those of his young friend, proved wholly ineffectual to accomplish this end, they were scarcely sufficient to support him through the remainder of the evening, as he reflected, that he was now but within a few hours only of entering upon scenes so uncongenial with those he had quitted, and of mixing in society, for which he felt conscious that he should have but little relish.

The frivolous occupations, and the dissipated hours of the great, but ill accorded with those sweetly pleasant and sober ones, which had glided on with such uninterrupted happiness at the White Cottage.

In the bosom of the Clarendale family, Trelawney had acquired a taste for all that was domestic, rational and useful; in that of Lord Fitzosbourne's, although his relatives, he knew he must enter upon habits quite unfamiliar to him,—accustom himself to different hours, and in short become the slave of prejudice, (for what is fashion but prejudice?) or otherwise be considered an unsocial isolated being.

But this was *not* the most painful, or the most mortifying of Trelawney's reflections; there was yet *another*, he was to encounter Lady Alexina Fitzosbourne, his *affianced* wife,—the wife of *his Father's choice*,—not his own,—a young and beautiful woman unquestionably, but the woman of all others he most dreaded to see.

She would *expect* the homage due to her charms and her exalted rank,—she would *expect* the attentions of a lover,—she would *expect* the possession of his heart, and *that heart* he had not to give; and it is more than probable that she never would have been possessed of it, had he never beheld Rosa.

How then could he dissemble? how could he feign a passion which he did not feel? The practised seducer might have answered that question; but Trelawney was no libertine, and he found it a difficult matter to offer vows to that shrine he could not adore.

Yet to hope for Rosa was madness,—and to live without Rosa, insupportably painful to his existence; but that he *must* live without her, and yet be enabled to endure existence, he now felt was

the destiny of that lot which was prescribed for him; to breathe it in silence was, therefore, his only remedy. The sacrifice was made,—by human means it could not be prevented, and with honor could not be forfeited.

With a full determination of submission to the *Will of his Father*, Trelawney once more endeavored to tranquillize his harrassed mind; for on the other hand, Lady Alexina might not *like* him, and yet, be as ready to make a voluntary sacrifice of her affections, and to the *Will of* HER *Father*. Lady Alexina might also be amiable; he could not say that she was not so; in either case, her peace should not be wounded by him.

Thus was Trelawney kept awake on his pillow, long after Henry had closed his eyes in gentle sleep, for here no phantom frighted young love from his slumbers, but the form of Mary, with hope beaming on her lovely brow, pointed to a garland of modest innocent flowers, which no withering blast promised to fade, or blight destroy, and Henry could wear them when he pleased, with unsullied freshness, and when time should gently steal their charms away, the thorns could not offend him though the leaves were dropt.

It was not, however, without the most heart felt concern, that he greeted his benefactor at an early hour the ensuing morning, and beheld his pale and melancholy countenance; but Henry beheld it in silence; he could not presume either to investigate the cause, or hazard an enquiry, which he conceived might be deemed intrusive to the feelings of his friend; respecting the sorrows, therefore, which he could not heal, nor yet venture to participate in, he could only redouble his attentions towards him, in all those little kindnessess, which, though it could not mitigate, might in part sooth his despondency and lessen his grief. He had often, however, pondered over the words of Mary Bradbury, and reflected on the last conversation he had held with her respecting Trelawney, who, it was doubtless, cherished an unhappy attachment towards some object whom he could never possess, but it did not occur to the mind of Henry, that this object could be either of his sisters; for though she had not declared it, he was well aware that Rebecca would never bestow her hand or affections on any but his friend Philip Bradbury, who of late had been more frequent in his visits

at the White Cottage than ever; it had been observed too, that Rebecca had now no occasion to look after her carnations, as they had, very suddenly, become the care of, and flourished beneath the fostering hand of Philip Bradbury, her attentive admirer.

Nor could it be Rosa, he imagined, who had so deeply inspired the affections of Trelawney. That Rosa would have been the most likely of the two, he admitted, for she possessed that kind of beauty the most attractive, and, therefore, the most seductive; but Rosa was too young, for it is possible for a woman to be too young as well as too old, to secure her dominion over the opposite sex, —and Rosa was too unsophisticated and juvenile, at the present, he conceived, to have awakened a passion so powerful, in such a character as that of Trelawney; but that it was some lady whom he had left in the East, who had so strongly rivetted his chains, was the last and most probable conjecture of Henry, as he followed his silent and pensive companion into the chaise, who now waited, with Mungo, to conduct them on the remainder of their journey, to the gay and smiling metropolis.

We will now enter more minutely on the history of that family to which Trelawney was rapidly approaching, and of which, at no very distant period, he was to become a member; and as in all families there is some peculiar characteristic, so in the Earl of Fitzosbourne's that of ambition and pride were its hereditary features. The Earl Fitzosbourne did not himself inherit a large portion of wealth from his ancestors: an instance of which was, that Lady Louisa, his only sister, at a very early period became the wife of Lord Glenthorpe, from the mere consideration only, that he was possessed of unbounded wealth, of which Lady Louisa was herself destitute; and a secondary consideration of her brother, under whose protection she was left, was, that a portionless sister was a troublesome incumbrance to his narrow establishment, and that the sooner he got her off his hands the better; with a sentiment of such brotherly affection, the young Louisa, with an equal share of pride, ambition, and even parsimony greater than her brother's, gave her hand to Lord Glenthorpe, her senior at least by twenty years; but he was rich, and that consideration was alone sufficient to secure him the respect of his youthful and beautiful, bride, who thus suddenly aggrandized by fortune, plunged into the

giddy vortex of an unceasing round of thoughtless extravagance and dissipation,—a blazing luminary in the fashionable hemisphere; but what Lady Louisa gained by her exalted station, she very soon lost in the affections of her husband, of whom she became the torment, but he found it vain to control her, she was past government, and never formed for domestic happiness,—was as insensible to those joys which it produces, as she was indifferent to those pangs which she created in the bosom of her too indulgent lord.

It was at this period, that the Earl of Fitzosbourne was introduced, and became acquainted with the family of Mr. Trelawney, just then arrived from India; and, offering his hand in marriage to his beautiful and accomplished sister, Miss Alexina Trelawney, became possessed of that large fortune, which was the foundation of all his future aggrandizement, hopes and wishes; nor was he less happy in the possession of his lovely wife, than exalted by the vast increase of his fortunes, whose exquisitely beautiful person was blended with a mind of unequalled sweetness, gentleness and virtue, and while the softness of her manners endeared all hearts towards her, the unerring rectitude of her conduct rendered her at once the idol of her brother, and of the tenderest affections of her adoring husband.

Wherever she went, the name of Lady Fitzosbourne sounded with praise; nor could slander breathe a murmur on her fair and spotless fame.

But while she was thus endeared to the hearts of her brother and her lord, she was the object of envy, of almost aversion, to his sister, Lady Glenthorpe; namely, by possessing those very qualities which she knew that she did not.

But Lady Glenthorpe had too much art and dissimulation, to suffer this aversion to his lovely Alexina to be at all perceptible to the eyes of her brother. No, the fashionable Lady Glenthorpe was too great an adept in the duplicity, and even rivalled others in her attentions to Lady Fitzosbourne.

Thus was the lovely victim herself caught in the wily snare.

Lady Glenthorpe, from the first of her brother's union with Miss Trelawney, congratulated herself on the very large fortune she had brought into the family, and finding that her own was

daily diminishing, from the unwarrantable indulgence she had given to her extravagance, in squandering away nearly the residue of her husband's once handsome property, now thought she should have a fair opportunity of retrieving her immense losses, by the ready purse of the gentle and tender-hearted Alexina, by imposing on her credulous ear, a tale of her family distresses. Thus was the amiable Countess, ever prompt to generous acts of kindness, made the instrument of Lady Glenthorpe's unceasing persecution, for considerable sums of money, without the knowledge of her husband,—promised, indeed, to be repaid, but never intended to be so, from the moment they were in her possession.

Frequently having drawn from the private purse of her amiable relative, a sum of considerable amount, this artful and insidious woman enjoyed the easy victory she had gained, at the expence of a shower of tears, which, like an inexhaustible spring, incessantly flowed, whenever she had occasion for a supply; nor was this the only artillery put in force by Lady Glenthorpe, for she also made the brother of Alexina the easy dupe of her duplicity, by putting on the semblance of virtues which she possessed not. If Mr. Trelawney was indisposed, Lady Glenthorpe flew with the most impatient anxiety, to enquire after the health of the invalid, nor was her carriage ever absent from Trelawney's house, during his whole confinement; while she bestowed the tenderest caresses on the little Tanjore, a lovely boy three years old, the only son of Trelawney, and sole heir to the vast property his father had so successfully accumulated in the eastern isles.

On the beauty of the young Tanjore, Lady Glenthorpe would expatiate for whole hours, thus pouring on the ear of the fond father, who perfectly idolized him, the copious and insinuating draught of smooth-tongued flattery; and when it is considered, that this flattery was breathed from the lips of a beautiful woman (for such Lady Glenthorpe confessedly was,) it is no wonder that Trelawney listened to the tale with tenfold rapture; in short, she had become so great a favorite, that had the hand of Lady Glenthorpe been free, it was by no means an improbable supposition, that the warm-hearted and generous East Indian would not have permitted her to have worn the willow long; but fortunately for Tanjore Trelawney, this event was not likely to take place, for

Lord Glenthorpe was not only living, but probably would become a father in a few months, about which time Lady Fitzosbourne also promised an heir to her Lord.

And at this precise epoch of affairs, Mr. Trelawney found himself compelled to return back to India much as he regretted that he could not remain to witness the fond hopes of his beloved sister realized, in becoming a mother. The mandate he had received was, however, peremptory, as it related to the advantageous disposal of two of his most valuable estates; and he was obliged to obey its call, not so much for his own sake as for the future prospects of his darling son, in whom all his earthly happiness was centered.

But his departure occasioned a severe disappointment to Lady Glenthorpe, while it inflicted on the heart of the gentle Alexina a pang of unfeigned sorrow and concern; and both ladies in their then situation felt the absence of Trelawney, and his little son, a drawback on their approaching felicity, when they would themselves become mothers. Lady Glenthorpe wanted Trelawney for her future machinations, and Lady Fitzosbourne required the presence of a beloved brother, from whose society, till her marriage with the Earl, she had never been separated.

She was one morning surprised by Lady Glenthorpe, at an unusual early hour, entering her dressing-room very unceremoniously, and addressing her as follows:—"What, my pretty Alexina, still drowned in tears, because this naughty brother of yours is determined to leave us; and wont he stay," uttered her Ladyship, in the most coaxing accents, and tapping the cheek of the silent, agitated Alexina, "wont naughty brother stay to see the little stranger, before he goes to India; but don't cry, that's a darling, don't afflict yourself, for I have thought of such a charming plan, —so interesting,—I protest it would make the subject for a delightful novel,—quite sentimental, I assure you."

"But what has your Ladyship's plan to do with my brother's going away?" cried Lady Fitzosbourne, by no means disposed to enter into the spirit of her Ladyship's raillery.

"There now," said Lady Glenthorpe, "you are vext, because I don't immediately place my characters before you. There is you, —and there is your brother,—and there is your little nephew,

Tanjore Trelawney,—and there is, the son and heir, or perhaps it may be the daughter, of Lord Fitzosbourne; and now, Alexina, cannot you guess at my plan?"

"Indeed, I absolutely cannot," answered Lady Fitzosbourne.

"Why then, thus it is," said Lady Glenthorpe, "when the dear little soul is born, I suppose it will be either a boy or a girl."

"I should imagine one of the two," cried Lady Fitzosbourne, now laughing at her Ladyship's singular remark.

"Well, my dear," continued her Ladyship, "we will suppose it to be the latter, a little Alexina, the picture of beautiful mamma, then what do you think we will do with her?—why, marry her to her cousin, to be sure, your nephew, Tanjore Trelawney.—Now, my dear, how do you lik my plan?"

"Amazingly!" cried the delighted Countess, with eyes now swimming in tears, at the bare suggestion, that a child of her's would ever become the wife of her nephew; "but how is this plan to be put into execution?" cried she, "my brother is going to India, his return to this country is uncertain, he will never permit Tanjore to leave him, and in case of my dear brother's demise how can Tanjore Trelawney become the husband of my daughter?"

"By the *Will of his Father*, most undoubtedly," answered Lady Glenthorpe, her eyes at this moment expressing a malignant triumph over the subdued feelings of Lady Fitzosbourne; "how easily can you obtain this promise from your brother. Is he not at liberty to make what contracts he pleases? and will Tanjore ever shrink from its performance, when it is expressed in the *Will of his Father?*—assuredly not, my dear.—And here comes your brother.—I shall leave you now, Alexina, to demand that promise, which, once given, cannot be broken; a *contract* to be made in his Will, which no earthly tie can ever dissolve."

So saying, Lady Glenthorpe quitted Lady Fitzosbourne, at the instant Trelawney came to visit his sister, whom he found in the utmost agitation of spirits, from the foregoing conversation; nor was it without emotion he beheld her tears, which, as they moistened her cheek, he kissed off, with unutterable affection.

It was then that Alexina, clasping to her bosom her nephew, with the fondest affection, now demanded of her brother that sa-

cred promise, on which she assured him her whole happiness depended,—that should the infant with which she was then pregnant, survive its birth, and prove a daughter, that daughter should become the wife of his son,—"Promise me this, my beloved brother," cried Lady Fitzosbourne, "and your Alexina will die happy."

"And is this all that my Alexina has to ask of the brother who adores her?" cried Trelawney, now folding her to his heart with redoubled tenderness.

"All I wish—all I require," said Lady Fitzosbourne,

"Then be it granted, my dear sister," uttered Trelawney; "my boy *shall* become the husband of your daughter, if a daughter she should prove,—he shall marry her by the *Will of his father;* and may the blessed union of two such dear and tender ties perpetuate your happiness and my own. But for your further assurance, my dear Alexina," continued Trelawney, "I will, in the presence of the Earl himself, and other substantial witnesses, cause my will to be made, wherein a contract shall be given; and should I, my Alexina," cried Trelawney; now kissing the pale cheek of the Countess, "should I not behold you again, in the event of my death, doubt not but with my last expiring breath I will have this contract made certain by the sacred promise I will demand of my son,—yes, for your sake, dear Alexina, I will demand it, and my heart already assures me, that by Tanjore it will not be broken."

The Countess was satisfied. Trelawney kept his word. The contract was signed and given in the presence of the Earl; and the little Tanjore, unconscious of the destiny which awaited him, in the infant wife which had been provided for him, smiled on his lovely aunt, as she pressed his rosy cheeks to her's for the last time, before he accompanied his father to the Indian shores.

CHAPTER IX.

Death of Lady Fitzosbourne;—Arrival of Trelawney and Henry in London, and their Introduction at Fitzosbourne House.

THE words of Trelawney were prophetic! How little did he imagine, when he imprinted a kiss on the lips of his beloved sister, that it was the last embrace she ever would receive from him, or that he had gazed for the last and only time on the exquisite beauties of that lovely form, which in a few succeeding months would be mouldering in the dust.

Ah! how wisely has providence disposed of our destiny, by rendering it impervious to our view.

Were it otherwise, could the throbbing heart sustain the load of calamities by which it would be oppressed? could the fear-struck eye behold it written in the sacred volume, from which no human hand could ever erase the contents?—oh, never!

It was even so with Trelawney, for he had not been long in India before intelligence reached him of the death of Lady Fitzosbourne in child-birth, which, had he but in thought anticipated, he felt that it would have been utterly impossible for him to have survived the shock. The letter he received was from the Earl, which contained the following words:—

"Oh, my Friend and Brother!

"What words can paint the anguish of my soul, by informing you, that you have now no longer a sister, nor the miserable Fitzosbourne a wife! Our Alexina, angel that she was, has fled to her native skies; and in giving birth to a daughter, has paid the forfeit of her own spotless life.

"Oh Trelawney, I can write no more;—I cannot dwell upon the heart-rending scene of my present calamity. I can only conclude, by adding, that my daughter, who is now six months old, bears the name of her angel mother; need I say with what transports I shall hail her as the destined bride of our Tanjore, should

heaven but spare her to the arms of her fond, but now inexpressibly wretched and afflicted father,

'CHARLES THEODORE FITZOSBOURNE.'

Such were the contents of the Earl's letter to Trelawney, who remained for a considerable length of time inconsolable for the loss of a sister whom he had loved with the tenderest affection—is it then to be wondered at, when time had softened his affliction, that he looked for the fulfilment of that sacred promise he had given to his beloved sister, with a degree of anxiety not to be expressed, when he should himself stand at the sacred altar, and ratify the solemn contract of marriage, between the daughter of his Alexina, and his own son, Tanjore Trelawney?

It was with no small degree of pleasure, therefore, that he received the most flattering accounts of the rapid growth, improvement and personal qualifications of the young Alexina, which were regularly communicated to him by the earl, and sometimes by her aunt, Lady Glenthorpe. But flattering he soon found they were, on his return to England for the express purpose of beholding her; for the meeting, on his part, was attended with severe mortification and disappointment, on finding that his niece, though a fine young girl, and extremely beautiful, bore not the slightest resemblance to her angel mother, neither in form or feature, but she was the exact model of Lady Glenthorpe, who, having lost her husband, now resided entirely with her brother at Fitzosbourne House, for the express purpose of superintending the education of Lady Alexina. It appeared, that the accouchment of Lady Fitzosbourne and that of Lady Glenthorpe nearly took place at the same time, and that the child of Lady Glenthorpe, which was a son, was still-born; and this account was given to Trelawney, immediately on his arrival at Fitzosbourne House.

It was certainly true, that Lady Glenthorpe was confined only three weeks previous to that of Lady Fitzosbourne, and that her *strong attachment* to the amiable Countess, for whose safety she was *particularly* anxious, had induced her to part even with her *own nurse* (in whose favor Lady Fitzosbourne had been greatly prejudiced,) in order that she might *exclusively* attend her:—it was also true, that the *kind* Lady Glenthorpe, risking all personal

danger, actually came, wrapt up, to assist Judith at the bedside of the suffering Alexina, who breathed but a few moments, after the birth of her infant: and that this woman, Judith O'Connor, after the melancholy event had taken place, continued to be the nurse of the little Alexina. On the first intelligence being communicated to the Earl of the death of his wife, he remained not only days or weeks, but for months inconsolable, and shut himself up in a solitary apartment, from which all persons were excluded but Lady Glenthorpe, she only was permitted to approach or converse with him, and it was in her arms that he first beheld his infant daughter, Alexina; but not till a period of nearly two months had elapsed since the death of Lady Fitzosbourne, could the distracted father behold his child.

All this was communicated to Trelawney with the nicest exactness, by Lady Glenthorpe, and with all which he seemed perfectly satisfied, returning once more to India, with one deep regret, that the young Alexina so little resembled her mother.

This circumstance, however, was not communicated immediately to the ear of his son; but in a very late period of the conversation which Tanjore had held with him, on the qualifications of his affianced wife, he, when closely pressed, felt himself compelled to answer with sincerity the questions he demanded, and replied to the enquiries of Tanjore, with a deep and pensive sigh.

"No my dear boy, Alexina is *not* like your aunt; she no more resembles Lady Fitzosbourne than she does an entire-stranger; but I think there is a strong family likeness to her father, and her aunt, Lady Glenthorpe."

"Who, you say, is an extremely beautiful woman," cried Tanjore.

"Uncommonly so," answered Mr. Trelawney, "but it is a beauty of the bold and inspiring kind."

"Is not all beauty inspiring, my dear Sir," cried the young Trelawney, with a smile, that he had puzzled his father.

"Yes, but it does not always inspire the same sentiment," observed Mr. Trelawney; "and the beauty of Lady Glenthorpe though it might attract the million, would, it is very possible, utterly fail to engage the affections of a single individual—she looks, indeed, like Cleopatra——"

"Who engaged the heart of Mark Antony," exclaimed Tanjore; "well, if Lady Alexina so strongly resembles her aunt, why, you know, father, I shall have no great reason to complain of the personal qualifications of my future bride at all events."

"Most undoubtedly not, my dear boy," answered Trelawney, "nor with any other I should presume to hope; when time, indeed, shall have ripened the growing perfections of my lovely niece, she will be a most engaging creature, though assuredly not like her mother, for she was an angel, and never shall I look on my Alexina more."

These words, though they were not intended to be so, were sufficient to make a lasting impression on the mind of the youthful Tanjore; and as the subject seemed painful to the feelings of his father, he never afterwards resumed it, but when any accounts were received from England, just coldly enquired after the health of Lady Alexina, with the rest of the family.

But the reflection, that Lady Alexina did not resemble her mother, and that his father had told him so, was very often the subject of Tanjore's secret cogitations,—"but what of that," thought Trelawney, "suppose she is not like my aunt, of whom my father was so extravagantly fond as to think almost every woman her inferior, cannot I say, in the words of Juliet,

> ——"That which we call a rose,
> By any other name would smell as sweet,
> Were it so called."

And thus did any unpleasing impression of Lady Alexina insensibly wear off. He ceased to think of Lady Alexina at all, until the death of his much honored and revered father, who had implicitly reminded him of the sacred promise which had bound him in contract to his beloved sister, Lady Fitzosbourne; and Trelawney now demanded, with his dying breath, as sacred a one from the lips of his son, who did not hesitate to give it, and as he pressed the cold hand of his expiring father, (on whose quivering lips the name of Alexina rested in soft, low, and broken murmurs,) he received its last pressure as the reward of filial affection;—under which impression, after having paid every respect to the funeral obsequies of his beloved parent, Tanjore Trelawney lost no time

in hastening to England, to comply with the dying injunctions of his father. Alas, poor Trelawney knew not what fetters were then forging for the capture of that heart, which had throbbed with compassion, sighed with tender sympathy, glowed with the generous warmth of friendship, but till now had never beat with love; —he was to encounter it in the all-seducing form of the young and lovely Rosa, and he was to experience it, in all the misery of unrequited passion, and hopeless despondency; for when love is hopeless, utterly hopeless, it is surely a curse, and not the blessing of our existence, which it was alone intended for,—to cheer not to sadden our prospects,—to exalt and never to debase us,—to shed lustre over our darkest hours, and give perpetual brightness to our yet happier ones. For this was love first implanted in the human breast; alas, how perverted are now its noblest purposes, how mercenary its views, how short and fleeting are its days, how uncertain are its promises, and when it takes its flight, how wretched does it leave that heart which so lately possessed it.

Absorbed in reflections not of the most pleasing kind, Trelawney, with his eyes half shut, and pensively reclining back in the chaise, conversed only at intervals with his young friend, and certainly happier companion, as they proceeded towards the last stage of their journey; but when they found themselves suddenly whirled over the stones, and surrounded on all sides with the most dazzling and brilliant lights, which gave the most effective appearance to the gay and party-colored plumage of the spacious and elegant shops, of which they had now a full view, it produced astonishment and created a novelty, even on the mind of Trelawney, which he could not but acknowledge was altogether attractive and pleasing, while on that of Henry Clarendale, it amounted to wonder. The confused noises which proceeded from the number of carriages, carts, wagons, and other vehicles, with the multitude of people passing and repassing in various directions, afforded him a fund of amusement; and as the carriage rattled through the crowded streets, he could not avoid expressing his sentiments to his fellow-traveller, at what he beheld.

"What superb carriages," cried he, "elegant shops, spacious streets, and what a concourse of people; if this is London, Sir, it is certainly a most magnificent place."

"True," answered Trelawney, "but I have heard that it is also the abode of peculiar wretchedness, and superior misery."

At this instant, a wagon, heavily laden, impeded for a few moments the progress of Trelawney's chaise, and a poor woman, with an infant in her arms, stept forward and solicited their charity.

"One halfpenny," uttered she, in accents of bitter want, "one halfpenny, to get this poor babe a morsel of bread, and may God bless your honor."

"I did not expect to find a case so immediately in point," said Trelawney, throwing, without a moment's hesitation, not a few halfpence, but a few shillings into the poor woman's basket.

But Trelawney heard not the blessing which burst from the lips of the so greatly relieved mendicant, for the waggon having cleared its way, his carriage was instantaneously out of sight, as it was out of hearing, of the grateful and astonished mother, whose blessing, though it had not reached the ear of Trelawney, was not lost. Ah, no;—a mother's blessing,—the best,—the dearest, is the most resistless prayer of human homage; and never yet failed to ascend that throne to which it is fervently addressed.

The travellers, having now reached Piccadilly, alighted at the Pulteney Hotel, but, as the arrival of Trelawney had been expected by the Fitzosbourne family that evening in London, his Lordship's carriage was already in waiting to convey him to Grosvenor Square, and a short note from the Earl, expressing his impatience to behold him, was delivered by his Lordship's groom immediately on his arrival at the hotel, at which taking only a slight refreshment, and leaving directions with Mungo to follow with the baggage, Trelawney, in an agitation and flutter of spirits which was indescribable, seated himself, with Henry, in Lord Fitzosbourne's carriage, which immediately conducted them to his superb mansion in Grosvenor Square, at the door of which the Earl received him with feelings which nearly overpowered him, for his voice was almost rendered inarticulate by his emotions, as folding him to his heart, he exclaimed,—

"Tanjore, my dear Tanjore, I am transported with joy at beholding you."

He then turned to Henry, of whose visit Trelawney had ap-

prised him, and gave him a most cordial welcome to Fitzosbourne House; and this ceremony being over, a more interesting scene took place above stairs, with the ladies, to whom Trelawney was presented in due form; but Lady Glenthorpe, in this most affecting interview, was obliged to have recourse to her *salvolatile*, and she met the scrutinizing glance of Trelawney with the most becoming sensibility of tears and smiles, while she presented Lady Alexina Fitzosbourne to his notice, who affecting the most retiring modesty, extended a hand, white as the snowy plumage of the gentle dove, to the now trembling one of the agitated Trelawney; after which, curtseying with peculiar grace and elegance to Henry Clarendale, she resumed her seat on an elegant ottoman, placed near the fire; and surely of all nature's productions, refined by superior art, Lady Alexina Fitzosbourne appeared the most beautiful.

Her Ladyship was much above the middle size, and so elegantly proportioned, that she might have sat for a Grecian statue of the most perfect Venus:—her eyes were of the brightest blue, shaded with dark eyelashes, and full of brilliancy,—her complexion exquisitely fair,—and her hair a luxuriant black, which was disposed of, in the costume of art and fashion, in the most becoming and graceful manner; such was the destined bride of Tanjore Trelawney, but on whose *cold insensate heart* she made no more impression than if his eyes had gazed only at a beautiful statue.

When the embarrassment which a first meeting, on such peculiar occasions, generally produces, had in some measure subsided, coffee was immediately introduced, with other refreshments of the most delicious kind, served up on the most magnificent china, at which Lady Glenthorpe presided, with that polished grace and easy elegance of good breeding which ought, but certainly does not always characterize the manners of great personages.

But it had ever been one unvaried maxim of Lady Glenthorpe to appear as she really was not; and never did her Ladyship put this practice in force so effectually as on this first meeting with Trelawney, nor ever had she appeared with greater advantage,—both design and execution exactly meeting her wishes in the same object.

"A Cleopatra, indeed!" thought Trelawney, recollecting his

father's words, respecting the beauty of Lady Glenthorpe, as he surveyed her truly elegant and perfect form, which was set off with all that art could embellish or magnificence adorn.

In short, Lady Glenthorpe, though so much the senior of Lady Alexina in years, looked scarcely less lovely than her young and beautiful niece, whose uncommon and peculiarly striking resemblance to her aunt attracted (as he stole distant glances at her) his particular attention, and several times in the course of the evening, he found his eyes rivetted on Lady Alexina, when he had not intended it, which produced the natural consequence of a blush on the young lady's side, and confusion on that of the gentleman's; and the beautiful Lady Alexina, as she hung down her head, affected (for she certainly did not feel it) the most delicate sensibility at the admiring gaze, as she fondly imagined, of her deeply-struck lover, a conquest of whose heart was a doubly rich prize; for never had Lady Alexina beheld a face so handsome or a figure so fine as that of Trelawney's. If, however, her Ladyship gazed on Trelawney with an admiring eye, Lady Glenthorpe absolutely idolized at one glance the uncommon fine features of his intelligent and interesting young friend, and turning to Trelawney, after having feasted her eyes intently on the now full-blushing countenance of Henry, she uttered, in a soft whisper,—

"Good heavens, Tanjore, where on earth did you pick up that uncommon handsome young man? I protest he is an absolute Adonis.'

"I picked him up in the house of his father," replied Trelawney, somewhat disgusted with so warm an eulogium, and so freely expressed, "the rector of Kenilworth, one of the most worthy men in the country, and a very old respected friend of my father's, whom I have been the guest of ever since my arrival from India, and in whose amiable family I received the first impression of old English hospitality."

"Old English hospitality!" cried Lady Glenthorpe, bursting into immoderate laughter; "My dear Tanjore, pray don't mention it, for in the first place I cannot bear any thing that is old, and secondly, it is a term which at present is totally abolished. Old English hospitality! oh, it is horrible; where, Tanjore, did you acquire such antedeluvian notions?"

"Certainly not before the flood," answered Trelawney, now reddening like scarlet, "but I acquired them, I hope, your Ladyship, in that school from which they never can be abolished—the school of virtue."

"The school of virtue," repeated Lady Glenthorpe, though with more gravity, "well, positively, my dear Tanjore, you are an excellent moralist; and now I recollect, I have heard of this Clarendale family, of whom you speak so enthusiastically highly, —the parson has a very numerous progeny, has he not, as most parsons have? and I dare say the parson is very poor also, as most parsons are—is not that the case?"

The scarlet which had mounted to Trelawney's face now became of the deepest dye, while he replied, with an energy and warmth he could not suppress,—

"Then your ladyship is most decidedly wrong in your suppositions; the parson has not a numerous progeny, nor do I imagine that he is poor, though I really never presumed to take a liberty of so gross a nature, as to enquire into the circumstances of Mr. Clarendale; but whether he is rich or poor, I must inform your Ladyship, he was too liberal and generous a host to demand payment for my board and lodging during the time I remained beneath his hospitable roof."

Lady Glenthorpe was now silenced, imperiously silenced, and she never afterwards presumed to exercise her wit at the expense of Trelawney's friends, which she perceived produced a singular effect on his feelings; for whenever the Clarendale family was mentioned, either by accident or design, she always observed the changing countenance of Trelawney, on which occasions he grew pettish, or, lost in meditation, would become pensive, or abstractedly silent.

It is most certain, that the unmerited sarcasm which her Ladyship had so pointedly levelled at Mr. Clarendale's family, was not very likely to establish her in the good graces of Trelawney; for had Lady Glenthorpe employed whole ages to have created an antipathy towards her, she could not have more effectually succeeded than she did in the present instance.

But Lady Glenthorpe was a woman not only possessing the natural curiosity which is genraelly ascribed to the sex, but she

possessed the curiosity of the whole sex put together; she, therefore, could obtain no rest till in her conversations with the unsuspecting Henry, she had gleaned a circumstantial account of his family.

That he had two sisters, both unmarried, and that they lived in a domestic comfortable way, unmolested by the cares of the world, of which they had but few, and enjoying uninterrupted happiness, in the peaceful retired village in which they were born, Kenilworth, about five miles distant from the city of Coventry, of which his father possessed the living.

"And what are your prospects, dear Henry?" uttered Lady Glenthorpe, with one of the softest and most insidious smiles that ever played round the lips of a beautiful woman; but seeing a fine, spirited and dignified blush that mantled on the cheek of Henry, her Ladyship stopped, uttering in some confusion,—

"I am aware of the obtrusive impertinence I am guilty of, and implore your pardon, Mr. Clarendale; but, indeed, I had no possible motive for my enquiry, but the interest I take in all that relates to your personal welfare; I am naturally solicitous where I behold uncommon merit blended with such uncommon advantages as you are gifted with. I think, however, Tanjore Trelawney mentioned to the Earl, my brother, something about a University; are you then going to immur yourself within the walls of a College?—what a shocking idea."

"I believe that I am shortly going to one of the Universities," answered Henry, coldly, but respectfully; for the unblushing Lady Glenthorpe, with all the easy familiarity of an old acquaintance, drew her chair close to Henry's exhibiting, as she carelessly bended over him, one of the most snowy and beautiful bosoms in the world.

But though her Ladyship had gained one point—that Henry had two sisters, there was yet another of material moment in her calculation, and that was, whether either of these sisters was possessed of the attraction of their brother. And while Lady Glenthorpe was thus *laudably* employed in prying into what ought not to have concerned her. Trelawney was using every exertion in his power to expedite the advancement of Henry's fortune; for which he sedulously applied his interest with the Earl, whose re-

commendation was of no small advantage in placing Henry at one of the first Universities in Great Britain, nor was his Lordship's influence lost, for in a very short time from the preceding period, Henry had the satisfaction of writing down to his beloved father and mother, that he was admitted a member of the University at Cambridge.

CHAPTER X.

Lady Alexina's Character portrayed.

The pleasure arising from the reflection of having placed Henry Clarendale in a situation which would shortly raise him to a rank of the highest respectability—a dignified clergyman of the church of England, was not only gratifying to the feelings of Trelawney, but that it also conveyed transports to the best of fathers, and imparted joy to the tenderest of mothers, was a voluptuous sensation, that filled his heart with a delightful consciousness of having strictly performed the duties of friendship, under which sacred name he could approach Mr. Clarendale's family without censure; but that Henry, whom he had so essentially served, was the brother of Rosa, was certainly not lost in the calculation of Trelawney, though he endeavored to persuade himself, that the secret satisfaction he now experienced was exclusively the result of a kind and benevolent action.

The Earl of Fitzosbourne was perfectly satisfied that Henry Clarendale was worthy of becoming an object of his future patronage, for he was not unacquainted with the dignified character of his father, whom he had frequently beheld in the house of Trelawney, and knew that he had ever supported that character with the highest respectability, and in that station which no clergyman ought to fill, usless he can do so with unerring rectitude of conduct, and the most chaste morality. Mr. Clarendale was then unmarried, and it was not to be supposed that now he had the sacred duties of a husband and a father to fulfil, that he would ever depart from it; he was, therefore, doubly happy in being serviceable to

his son, and often conversed with Trelawney on the subject, which was frequently the case when the ladies were absent on pleasurable pursuits, either in picking up scandal or retailing it, in their morning's lounge or evening's crowded parties, from which the Earl generally absented himself; in short, the deep impression which the melancholy event of the death of his adored wife produced on his mind, had cast a gloom which was now almost become habitual with him, and his spirits before had never been transcendantly high. The Earl of Fitzosbourne had always been a grave man, and the difference was, that he was now a melancholy one; he could not endure to mix in the drawing-rooms of a gay and crowded assemblage of company with which Fitzosbourne House was now almost constantly filled, and invited hither by Lady Glenthorpe, under the pretence of introducing Lady Alexina to the society of the great world, but which, in fact, was more to gratify her Ladyship's own inordinate vanity and natural taste for extravagance and dissipation. By the death of Lord Glenthorpe she inherited but a small portion of that wealth which once had been her only inducement for bestowing her hand on him, and had the infant child of so thoughtless a mother been in existence, that child would have been rendered destitute, by her abuse of the once splendid fortune of its father; she was, therefore, very glad to accept of an asylum at Fitzosbourne House, on the death of Lady Fitzosbourne, and secretly rejoiced in an event which, while it made every other heart lament with sadness and mourn with pity, occasioned her's to beat with a triumphant joy she found it difficult to conceal.

If, however, there was a human being for whom Lady Glenthorpe felt the slightest predilection, if she loved, really loved, any one object besides herself, her dear self, that object was Lady Alexina, whose education she had completely perverted by her improper system, and whose disposition, not naturally amiable, she had rendered more odious by her excessive indulgence, to which the fondness of the Earl also contributed so greatly, that Trelawney had not been many weeks an inmate of Fitzosbourne House before, to his infinite mortification and regret, he perceived that Lady Alexina was nothing more or less than a spoiled child, which she had ever been from the day of her birth

She had a governess, it is true, but that governess had only been a kind of nominal thing, who never presumed to correct her foibles, well aware, that had she done so, instant dismissal from the Earl's service would have been the consequence. Lady Glenthorpe, indeed, expressly forbid any of Lady Alexina's masters to contradict her; if she did not choose to attend to her lessons, they dared not importune, much less impose them on her. Thus were gentlemen of the first science and eminence daily accused by the haughty and imperious Lady Glenthorpe of inability in their profession, and discarded one after the other, when it was discovered that the young lady was really deficient in talent, and that all cultivation was lost on so insensate a being; naturally stupid, therefore, and habitually indolent, her lessons at length became odious to her,—music, in particular, was her aversion, and if ever the Earl solicited her to play, which was, indeed, but seldom the case, a shower of tears was the immediate consequence, and she pouted and sulked for the remainder of the evening, in which Lady Glenthorpe always thought proper to interfere with,—

"How, brother, can you be so barbarous as to torment the dear child in this sort of way? you will positively make the lovely girl an absolute mope. Why do you teaze her to play, can you assign any reason, Lord Fitzosbourne, for such extraordinary conduct?"

To which the Earl, pained and disappointed, always made the following reply,—

"A very natural one, Louisa, if you will but give it a place in your recollection, you surely, cannot have forgotten, that in this accomplishment her mother excelled, and, I will own, there is nothing would more infinitely delight me than for my Alexina to resemble Lady Fitzosbourne."

"How ridiculous," exclaimed Lady Glenthorpe, "to expect every body to be like Lady Fitzosbourne."

"I should expect to see some resemblance of her in her daughter, most assuredly," answered the Earl very gravely.

"I wont play at all now, that's what I wont," cried the sobbing Lady Alexina, rising from the piano-forte, "for I'm sure if mamma was so fond of music, I don't wish to be like her, for I cannot endure it; but don't be angry, papa, for if you will buy me a harp,

Lady Alexina refusing to play on the Piano Forte.

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perhaps I may try to learn it." And Lady Alexina ran and threw her lovely arms round the Earl's neck. Alas, no further rhetoric was necessary, he kissed her blooming cheek, while he uttered, with inexpressible fondness,—

"Coaxing gipsy, but will you promise me faithfully that you will attend to your lessons."

"Oh, yes, papa," answered Lady Alexina, "if the harp is a very handsome one indeed, and has a great many pretty orna ments round it, and all that,—but aunt shall choose one for me, wont you, aunt?"

Lady Glenthorpe nodded her willing assent; and the Earl, again kissing his daughter's cheek, turned towards her Ladyship, as he rose to quit the room,—

"Be ready, Louisa," cried he, "to-morrow at twelve, if you have no very particular engagement, to accompany me to Bond Street, my girl shall have her whim."

"That's right," cried the exulting Lady Glenthorpe, "now, brother, you speak like a father."

"I hope it has ever been my study to act like one," answered the Earl, "and, I am certain, that I shall ever feel like one; and so sister, good night." It is unnecessary to add, that the following morning the harp was purchased at a most immoderate price, and admired greatly by Lady Alexina in the course of *that* day,—looked at in the course of the next,—neglected the day after that, and on the succeeding one, totally forgotten in the remembrance of its fair and capricious mistress.

That Lady Alexina, however, was to consider herself the destined bride of Tanjore Trelawney, was a circumstance not suffered to cool in the memory of her Ladyship, and being satisfied, that her cousin was not only prodigiously handsome, but prodigiously rich, Lady Glenthorpe seldom found it necessary to remind her niece of the family contract, now viewed almost with horror by Trelawney, for what but misery could result from his union with such a woman as Lady Alexina Fitzosbourne. With whose person, indeed, he could find no reasonable objection, but whose mind presented a blank to such a heart as Trelawney's, and as he daily witnessed fresh proofs, both of the folly of Lady Glenthorpe and the Earl, who continued to spoil by fatal indulgence the disposition,

and feed the vanity of the weak-minded Lady Alexina, he turned with disgust, and an indifference almost bordering on aversion, from the beautiful statue, which all other hearts worshipped with adoration, and every knee bent to with homage, the discerning few only excepted, and among these were the amiable family of the Duke of Valencia, consisting of Lady Honora the eldest daughter, Lady Frances the second, and Lady Catherine the third and youngest, with their brother Lord Sydney Belmont, only surviving son of the present Duke; and with this family, selected from the motley group of great personages that daily flocked to Fitzosbourne House, Trelawney became intimate; in short, he very soon found the Duke's hospitable mansion, to which he frequently resorted, a most seasonable relief from the vapid and almost insupportable society of Lady Glenthorpe and Lady Alexina, who after a few days only of acquaintance with her destined lord imagined that she had fully established her claim upon his affections, and that it was only necessary to look beautiful, and dress magnificently, to secure her empire over his heart, that heart which she conceived she had now the entire possession of, and as his hand must in a short time be equally surrendered to her, she grew indifferent as to the means of securing his esteem; much less did she attempt to hide those glaring deficiencies in the points of her education, which soon became the object of his closer investigation, to the great mortification not only of the Earl, but Lady Glenthorpe herself, who had principally been the cause of it, and both now endeavored to animate their statue, but in vain. Alas, it was too late! They wished for the power of Pygmalion, who had animated his; but with Lady Alexina that wish was unavailing, and she whom they had never controlled when a child was not to be governed when grown into full maturity, nor was it reasonable to expect it; but no sooner did the sagacity of Lady Alexina discover that Trelawney was the source of the lectures which she had lately received, then she affected to treat him with the most haughty disdain.

One day, therefore, when her aunt was using her most earnest entreaties with her, to devote a small portion of her time to the study of those accomplishments which she had so shamefully neglected, and in which Trelawney so particularly wished she should excel, she haughtily replied,—

"Indeed, aunt, if you torment me any more about that nasty harp, I will throw it out of the window. I wont learn to play, for you know I hate it."

"But, my dear darling creature, pray do," cried Lady Glenthorpe, in the most supplicating accents; "only consider, my sweet love, how greatly you will delight Trelawney, by your excelling in an accomplishment of which he is so particularly fond."

"Is he?" cried Lady Alexina; "then I am sure I shall always particularly hate whatever Trelawney particularly likes."

"I am particularly obliged to you, my fair cousin," uttered Trelawney, at that moment entering the room, "but pray may I take the liberty of enquiring, why at the present moment I am so particularly the object of your Ladyship's aversion."

The face of Lady Alexina was now crimsoned over with blushes,—not of surprise, not of confusion, but of resentment; and she replied indignantly,—

"Listeners never hear any good of themselves."

To which Trelawney, after a few moments silently surveying the distortions of passion on perhaps one of the most beautiful faces in the world, with a most unruffled smile, coolly answered,—

"I am sorry, my fair cousin, to perceive that you wear a mask at this moment so unbecoming to your otherwise beautiful features as that of ill temper, which at the same instant also robs you of good manners; however, I shall justify myself from your accusation of having been a listener to your conversation, and beg, in future, that you will not tax me with meanness which I think despicable, and which no one shall ever presume to do with impunity."

"Bless me, how angry you are," cried Lady Glenthorpe, now darting, for the first time, a look of displeasure on Trelawney; "surely Lady Alexina Fitzosbourne need not be so severely reprimanded by Mr. Tanjore Trelawney,—she is certainly authorized to say what she pleases in the house of her father."

"In the house of her father!" exclaimed Trelawney, smiling most indignantly at Lady Glenthorpe: "Lady Glenthorpe, allow me to observe that I do not hold myself responsible to you for

any thing I choose to say to Lady Alexina Fitzosbourne, who, when she departs from good manners, must expect to be told so were she in the house of a stranger, but being in the house of her father she is still more highly reprehensible, as she thereby infringes on the rights of hospitality."

"What a fuss here is about nothing," now drawled out Lady Alexina, who, looking at the watch which was suspended from her bosom, hastily arose from her chair; "thank heaven, it is time to dress," cried she, "and so that puts a finish to your agreeable lecture, Mr. Trelawney."

"Which it is much better for you to receive before matrimony, than to deserve after matrimony," said Trelawney, with so calm and dignified an air, as he rose and quitted the room, that even the offended Lady Alexina could not help whispering to her aunt, when Trelawney was completely out of hearing,—

'The creature is prodigiously handsome though, is he not, aunt?"

To which Lady Glenthorpe replied,—

"Yes, but he must be tamed, positively tamed, my dear, before you marry him, or take my word for it, he will never be tamed afterwards; he has all the pride of the Trelawneys in his veins, with the high spirited blood of the East Indian.'

"I wish I could lead him in chains, as I do my little marmoset," cried Lady Alexina; "it would be so charming to have one's husband under the same command as one has one's monkey,—wouldn't it aunt?"

This piece of wit, at the expense of the absent Trelawney, produced a laugh from Lady Glenthorpe, in whose favor her Ladyship did not at this moment feel highly prejudiced, neither could she meet the deep gaze of his keenly penetrating eyes (for reasons best known to herself) with that perfect serenity of countenance which she beheld portrayed on his.

When they met at dinner, however, there was no pouting on the part of Lady Alexina, though a great deal of affectation, for Lord Fitzosbourne sat at the head of the table; and Lady Glenthorpe was all smiles.

In short, Trelawney felt more respect for the Earl than he did for any part of the family, for blind as he was to the imperfection

of his daughter, he could not shut his eyes wholly on those glaring defects in her education, which rendered her so exposed to the observation of the more discerning, and more so than any in the eyes of her lover; but Trelawney knew how to respect the feelings of a father, and though he pitied that fatal indulgence which had ruined Lady Alexina, by rendering her almost an idiot, he was too generous and amiable a being to pain or wound the heart of an affectionate parent; whenever, therefore, Lady Alexina was detected (as was very frequently the case) in any gross absurdity, in the presence of her father, Trelawney ever made it a point to spare her from the slightest recrimination or exposure. This, however, he could not always do, in any house but her father's, for when invited to any party, where Lady Alexina was also present, he was content to suffer in silence all the animadversions made on her conduct, not choosing to render himself the laughing stock of her Ladyship's very fashionable friends. Thus as he entered the gay lists of fashion, the agreeable buzz of the following sentences not unfrequently met his ear:—

"For heaven's sake, why does not Trelawney improve his pretty idiot?"

And whenever Lady Alexina appeared hanging on his arm, a similar remark has often burst from the lips of a highly-finished Duchess, on purpose to mortify him, because she could not obtain his hand for one of her own daughters:—

"Oh, here comes Trelawney and his beautiful statue."

"I wonder whether it will speak this evening," cried a second.

"I dare say the poor soul is heartily tired of her already," observed the third.

"Well, give me any thing but stupidity," exclaimed a fourth; and so on, till verifying the above observations, Trelawney has actually resigned the hand of Lady Alexina to some happier swain, and sought relief himself at one of the card tables.

But more frequently has he found it necessary to be wholly absent from the crowded parties, by pleading what he really felt, indisposition, and shut himself in close retirement for a whole evening together, in the contemplation of all he held dear on earth—the gift of Mary Bradbury,—the ever-valued gift, so dear to the heart of Trelawney, that as misers count their treasured gold,

hidden and impervious to the light of day, so gazed, so feasted the eyes of Trelawney on the picture of Rosa Clarendale.—And, ah, how expressive was each lovely feature.

Here, indeed, was not the polished beauty of a Lady Alexina Fitzosbourne.—

But here was the celestial sweetness of an angel; here was the animated blush, the rosy freshness of enlivening health, that breathed on the lips of blooming spotless youth, here were eyes too, that from each brightening glance shot forth peculiar graces of the intelligence which reigned within, besides of which a thousand Alexinas would not have supplied one look, one feature.

"Oh, Mary," uttered Trelawney, as he veiled her precious gift from his fond gaze, and deposited it carefully into the case which enclosed it,—

"Oh, Mary, dear, amiable Mary, never shall I forget that it was your hand that procured me this source of inexhaustible pleasure —sweet girl, you shall not go unrewarded, the fortune of your Henry shall ever be my care, and may peace and bliss gild the happy morning of your youthful days."——

A thundering knock, either announcing the return of Lord Fitzosbourne's carriage or the arrival of fresh visitors at Fitzosbourne House, soon put to flight the pleasing meditations of Trelawney; and the appearance of Mungo completely roused him, by informing him that Lord Sidney Belmont had called to make enquiries after his health, and if his visit was not unseasonable wished to see him.

"By all means admit Lord Sydney," cried Trelawney, "and be sure, Mungo, that I am denied to every body else."

Mungo, pleased in the thought that he should now go to bed early, for the first time since his arrival in town, posted down stairs with the greatest alacrity, and in a few minutes Lord Sidney Belmont entered the apartment of Trelawney.

"How kind in your Lordship, thus to bestow a thought on a poor invalid," cried Trelawney, extending his hand towards Lord Sydney, as he seated himself, without ceremony, by the fireside.

"Not seriously ill, I hope, my good fellow," cried Lord Sydney, with a half suppressed smile, "for were that the case I

should not be so singularly fortunate as I now am, in finding you alone."

"And why so?" cried Trelawney.

"Why so! my dear fellow," answered Lord Sydney; "is that question necessary? would you not have a companion in the gentle and consoling attentions of Lady Alexina Fitzosbourne? Could Lady Alexina be absent, if Trelawney were really ill?"

"I will not only admit the possibility," cried Trelawney, "but believe the reality, when I declare, that I am of opinion Lady Alexina Fitzosbourne would not leave the present company with which she is now engaged, for all the Trelawneys in existence; but, pray tell me, how are your fair sisters?" continued Trelawney, and wishing to wave the present subject as much as possible, ..."Lady Honoria has, I hope, perfectly recovered from her late indisposition?"

"Honoria is certainly not well," answered Lord Sydney, "but Frances and Catherine are as provokingly saucy as ever;—by the bye, Trelawney, I suppose you know what is in agitation at Valencia Lodge, and that preparations are already making for a splendid ball, to be given in commemoration of my birth-day; did not Honora tell you? for you know, she generally takes the lead in our family on these occasions."

"It is the first I have heard of it," avswered Trelawney.

"But this is not the whole of my communications," said Lord Sydney, looking wishfully in Trelawney's face; "fortunately I find you alone, and seize the opportunity of informing you, that after my birth-day, I have obtained leave of absence from the Duke, my father, for a period of two years, for the express purpose of making a grand tour, to any part of the world I like best. Now I am not only in want of a friend to direct me, but I am also in want of a companion to accompany me on my travels.

"Would to God, dear Trelawney, that you could be that friend and that companion,—I ask no other; and make the proposal to you as candid as sincere,—answer in one word:—

"Are your present arrangements in the Earl of Fitzosbourne's family such as to preclude the possibility of your leaving England? Report says you are on the point of matrimony with Lady Alexina Fitzosbourne, if so, I wave my pretentions to your society

in favor of the lady, of course; but if report is a false jade, as in these cases it generally is, I shall expect your conclusive reply, certainly."

"Your Lordship has most assuredly taken me by surprise," answered Trelawney, "yet without a moment's hesitation I will answer, that whatever my arrangements are in Lord Fitzosbourne's family, they neither hold my will nor my power so greatly as to preclude the possibility of going wherever I please, or think proper, and that I shall with pleasure accompany you on your travels, for the term of the two years you mention; and with respect to Lady Alexina Fitzosbourne, it would be folly in me were I to deny, that I am bound by a family contract, to become the husband of that lady, when I have attained the age of twenty-five,—report in this point, therefore, has certainly not erred, except in respect to time, which, as I have just stated, is my own for three years to come,—so, Lord Sydney, I am your humble servant."

There was a frank ingenuousness in the manner of Trelawney which commanded respect, and excited mutual confidence and esteem; and never was Lord Sydney so truly delighted with the friendship he had formed with one every way so suited to his taste, and so congenial to his feelings.

"You have made me, Trelawney," cried he, "the happiest fellow in existence; ten thousand thanks for your kind compliance; which will also be highly gratifying to my father and my sisters, —under the auspices of their favorite Trelawney, they will trust their sometimes too incautious Sydney, but I hope always their affectionate brother."

The Daughters of the Duke of Valencia were, certainly, three of the most accomplished and amiable young women that ever graced the fashionable hemisphere, and though not beautiful, they possessed what was far more valuable, and infinitely more lasting —they were superior in their minds and lovely in their dispositions; and Trelawney would have been content to have taken either of them for a wife had his heart felt no other prepossession, and his hand been entirely free. Lady Honoria, however, would have had the preference, for she played and warbled so sweetly, that Trelawney was often fascinated with her charming song,

while he admired the elegance of her superior and highly accomplished mind, and he was often drawn to Valencia Lodge for whole days together, by the attraction he fonnd there in the society of the charming sisters of Lord Sydney. But, alas! for Lady Honoria the society of such a being as Trelawney, was too pleasing. The unconscious maid loved, while yet she thought that friendship only was the sentiment she ever could or ought to feel for the destined husband of another, suffering

> ——" concealment, like a worm i'the bud,
> " To feed on her damask cheek

and mourned, in silence, the unpitying flame which was daily consuming her, and which she dared not reveal

Thus were the youthful days of this amiable and accomplished young woman already clouded by the chilling blast of disappointment, and her fresh form withering in decay, ere yet its blossoms were half disclosed; happily for Trelawney, however, the passion of Lady Honoria remained as yet unknown to him, or he would instantly have desisted from any further visits to Valencia Lodge, at the same moment that it would have occasioned him to feel the most heartfelt concern for the amiable being whose love he could never return, even had he been free from his engagement to Lady Alexina Fitzosbourne.

The altered looks, however, and the too visible change in the health of Lady Honoria, soon became an object of concern in the eyes of her sisters, as also, of their particular observation.

But the secret yet remained unexplored, to all but that searching eye from whom no secrets are hidden, and from whom we cannot hide our most secret thoughts, wishes or intentions.

CHAPTER XI.

Trelawney's determination to make a Two Years' Tour on the Continent, and the consequent chagrin of Lady Glenthorpe and Lady Alexina;—Description of the Duke of Valencia's Family;—Mysterious Visit to Lady Glenthorpe.

TRELAWNEY certainly had no reason to repent of the engagement he had made with Lord Sydney, to accompany him on his projected travels, for the society at Fitzosbourne House had almost become intolerable, from the absolute sway which Lady Glenthorpe had over the mind of her brother, and the dangerous influence which she also possessed with Lady Alexina, whose hours of dissipation were now equal to the first leading lady of the *ton*,—she was rarely ever to be found at home,—and when at home, her employments were of the most frivilous kind, or engaged with a crowd of fashionable visitants, who came for no other purpose than to flatter, laugh at, and secretly despise her.

Some, indeed, made Fitzosbourne House a sort of lounge, where they were always certain of partaking of a sumptuous dinner, at the costly board of its extravagant mistress, the Earl having of late become so abstracted in himself, that excepting his private hours of conversation with Trelawney, he was scarcely ever visible, leaving his sister the complete generalship of the whole establishment of his affairs.

One circumstance, however, served to keep his mind from sinking into a perfect state of inanity, and that was the marriage of his daughter with Trelawney, the long protracted delay of which he could not see the necessity of, nor could he absolutely shut his eyes to a sort of lurking apprehension, that Trelawney was not quite so ardent or impassioned a lover as might naturally be expected, from the transcendant charms of Lady Alexina, the moment he beheld her.

She had failed in attracting the only object he was desirous she should have done, and this at times not only added to his gloomy

disposition, but even rendered him fractious, fretful and uncomfortable; and it was not long before an opportunity presented itself of speaking to Trelawney on the important subject next his heart, by his openly declaring one morning at breakfast, his intention of accompanying Lord Sydney Belmont on his travels. The complexion of Lady Glenthorpe, notwithstanding the deep mask of fine Parisian rouge with which her Ladyship's cheeks were well covered, changed to the palest hue, at hearing intelligence she so little expected or wished for, and having for a considerable length of time kept her brother in a continual ferment, to insist on the nuptials of his daughter being solemnized, they both broke out at the same instant with the following sentences:—

"Going abroad, Tanjore," exclaimed the Earl.

"Most decidedly, my Lord," answered Trelawney, with a calm and dignified composure; "I avow, it is my intention."

"And for two years," retorted the Earl; "I must confess you perfectly amaze me."

"And he absolutely horrifies me," vociferated Lady Glenthorpe, darting at Trelawney a look full of the fiercest irony; "it is the first instance I ever heard of, of the most shocking indecorum in regard to your engagement with Lady Alexina Fitzesbourne, but whom it is presumed you intend honoring with your hand before such an arrangement takes place, which I think is as preposterous on your side as it is presumptuous on that of the stripling Lord Sydney Belmont; were I the Duke, instead of permitting him to travel, I should more properly put a rod in his hand——"

"To exercise it on offenders, does your Ladyship mean to insinuate?" said Trelawney, "because in that case your Ladyship would not have the possibility to escape whipping."

"But pray, Mr. Trelawney," cried Lady Glenthorpe, not regarding the merited retort she had received, "have you consulted with my niece on the propriety of your proposed expedition?"

"I have consulted on the propriety of being my own master in this instance, as I expect to be in every other that regards my personal happiness," answered Trelawney, "which has received no small interruption from your Ladyship's persecuting and unnecessary interference. It is painful to my feelings to say what I am now obliged to utter in the presence of a father, but you have

forced unpleasant truths from lips which otherwise would have been closed in silence. You cannot suppose that I am blind to the faults of my beautiful cousin, or that I shall ever permit her conduct to be such as it now is when she is my wife: were I to marry her in the present state, she would compel me to adopt measures that would occasion a perpetual war between us, and were I to indulge her in all the propensities of her nature, she would drive me to desperation; under which circumstances I conceive my absence to be necessary, she will be two years older when I return, and I trust many years older in discretion." Lady Glenthorpe was now silent from compulsion, but her eyes expressed the most malignant fury.

While Lord Fitzosbourne, in the foregoing speech of Trelawney's had wrought himself up to a state of the highest irritability, and in a voice almost choked with emotion, he uttered,—

"Had your father lived, Tanjore, you would never have been permitted thus to pain and goad my feelings."

To which Trelawney, greatly affected, replied,—

"Heaven forbid, my Lord, that I should be so base, so unmanly, as to do either;—but had my father lived, my engagement, which binds me in honor and in duty to his commands, had by his own consent, now been dissolved."

"And why so, Trelawney?" enquired the Earl, now in an agitation almost indescribable.

"Because," answered Trelawney, "that father was too just, too affectionate a parent to have compelled his son to marry that woman whose conduct he could not himself approve. Do you imagine, my Lord, that had my matchless and incomparable aunt been living, (and heaven grant that she were,) she would ever have permitted her daughter to have rioted thus early in thoughtless dissipation? Would she not more reasonably have made her an amiable and domestic companion? It is not two hours since, that Lady Alexina has only returned home from a midnight rout;—were she my wife at the present moment, think you that I would tolerate such conduct? would I permit her thus to fade the beauties of her lovely form, which otherwise might bless the domestic circle of her family, cheer the drooping spirits of an indulgent father, and give endearing blessings to her husband? Then would Trelawney

be proud to aspire to her hand, court her smiles, and eagerly claim her for his bride, nor blush to pay his vows to that shrine he could then adore,—but the bride of Tanjore Trelawney must not, shall not come to his arms a votary of dissipation."

"Then you renounce the will of your father," uttered Lady Glenthorpe, now imagining that she had started a point from which she was well aware Trelawney would not shrink; but to which he did not at the present moment choose to hazard a reply.

"Silence, I command you, Louisa," cried the Earl, to whose heart the words of Trelawney came with tenfold conviction, and extending one hand towards him, while with the other he attempted to hide his emotions, he added,–

"Tanjore, dear Tanjore, forgive me; I know it is not in your nature willingly to offend me, nor can I disown the propriety of your arguments, yet, I beseech you, in pity spare the feelings of a too fond and doating father, who, forgetful of all but the tender pledge left in the only offspring of an angelic and adored woman, has permitted her an unlimited indulgence, which has taught her to stray a little beyond the bounds of circumspection, which habit and powerful example have too fatally encouraged, but which I will now endeavor to controvert as speedily as possible.

"Louisa, I now charge you to be more careful of your niece; I will positively in future, whether you like it or not, prohibit the dangerous society to which my thoughtless and inexperienced child has been exposed; I will have no more midnight revels at Fitzosbourne House, remember that. Alexina shall in future be content to accompany me; I will have no parties made without my knowledge, and no invitations given without my immediate concurrence."

A silence of a few minutes now prevailed,—but Lady Glenthorpe, neither able to suppress her rage, nor yet to vent it on the object she most wished, burst into an hysterical flood of tears, while she arose in a theatrical attitude, and waving her hand, most emphatically, as she moved rapidly towards the door, exclaimed,—

"Yes, brother, I will go and prepare the poor girl for a nunnery, for that I think is the fittest place she can resort to, in the absence of her most conscientious lord; there, you know, she can be

permitted to count her beads, in 'holy silence seal'd,' till he returns to claim her for his bride; or read Young's Night Thoughts, till the all-conquering hero comes to make her endure fresh probation."

Having uttered these words, Lady Glenthorpe, casting at Trelawney a look of the most ineffable disdain, quitted the room.

But it was scarcely possible for the Earl to resist a smile, and Trelawney laughed heartily, for which indulgence he solicited the Earl's pardon.

"Oh, I cannot expect you will pardon the absurdities of an old woman," cried the Earl, "if you cannot forgive the follies of a young one."

"These are no follies but what time may cure, and reason correct," observed Trelawney, "and whatever may be the follies of the one, or the absurdities of the other, believe me, my Lord, I shall never forget that Lady Alexina is your daughter, and Lady Glenthorpe your sister."

"May I then venture fondly to anticipate," cried the Earl, now softened, calmed and even cheered by the consoling manners and soothing conversation of Trelawney, "the period when hearts uniting with hands shall blend their destiny together, when my Alexina, safe in the arms of a protected husband, shall find the only friend who can correct her faults and guide her youthful days to happiness and peace. Oh, Trelawney, were that hope once realized, that blessing once consummated, this unquiet heart would rest from all its panting doubts and fears: then should I steal on to the silent grave without a sigh or a murmur; for, oh, Tanjore, never shall this heart cease to mourn for my Alexina,—in her all my hopes, my wishes were concentrated, and without her nothing has a charm to please. Oh, did you but know her matchless virtues, her endearing disposition, her angel form, long would you not delay the wished for union with her child; she loved you, Tanjore, dearly loved you, when a boy, hung enraptured on your artless accents, caught you to her bosom with maternal love, and wished that heaven might give her such another."

Trelawney was unable to speak, for the emotions which now wrung his soul wholly overpowered him.

A full length portrait of the Countess at that moment glared full

upon him, and as he gazed on the sweet lineaments of his lovely aunt, so fondly idolized by his father, he felt the full force of that will which still remained unratified, and bursting into tears, which greatly relieved the anguish of his heart, he exclaimed, looking on the portrait of the Countess,—

"Oh, why does not your daughter but resemble you?'

"I see, Tanjore," cried the Earl, deeply affected by the apostrophe made to his beloved wife, "in vain you attempt to hide it, but it is too palpable, you do not love Alexina Fitzosbourne."

"Why, my Lord, do you probe me thus deeply?" uttered Trelawney, in the most-heart-rending accents; "by that angel lip, there so sweetly portrayed in native truth and innocence, I never can nor will dissemble. Better this moment I were to die beneath the pain of your displeasure, than stand arraigned in that court where hypocrisy is a crime, and deception sinful. I do not love Alexina Fitzosbourne,—our affections are not in our power, and I cannot love her; but, by that immortal and immaculate power which now rules my destiny, I will obey the will of my father, and ratify the wishes of my beloved aunt. I will marry Lady Alexina, but not before the period precisely expressed in the contract. And though I do not love Alexina, in all that renders the performance of kind actions, honorable conduct and just proceedings, I will endeavour to make her happy, or stake the forfeit of my life on my allegiance. In the mean time, I would persuade my gentle cousin to adopt habits more congenial to my own, and which will consequently be more subservient to her's.—My Lord, I trust that I have said all that is sufficient for any honest and just man to believe,—my heart is open to you, and I do not tremble at your investigation."

"I am satisfied," cried the Earl; "noble, excellent boy, and though I lament your want of affection for my daughter, I can never doubt your honor."

Trelawney and the Earl now separated, and the subject of this conversation was never afterwards resumed. The Earl, though pained, and even mortified that Alexina could not inspire the passion of love in the heart of Trelawney, did not divulge a secret which was but too perceptible to every other person; and Lady Alexina, too great an idol of herself to feel deeply the impressions

either of love or friendship, was indifferent whether she possessed his heart or not;—well aware that his hand, and consequently his fortune, must be hers at no distant period, she was insensible to all other attraction, treating him at times with the most haughty and repellant disdain, and at others with a silly childishness. On these occasions, Trelawney would often lead her to contemplate her mother's picture."

"Surely," cried he, "you cannot look with insensibility on those features; you must feel, Lady Alexina, that such a woman was your mother."

At which her Ladyship, hastily withdrawing her eyes from the beautiful resemblance, would peevishly reply,—"How teazing you are, Trelawney, thus to be perpetually putting me in mind of my mother. I declare you give me the vapours, and are exactly like papa; he is always fidgetting me with something about mamma and her picture, whom I never saw, you know; how then can you expect me to be always thinking of her?"

Lady Alexina would then immediately contrive to steal to some other part of the room, leaving Trelawney with the impression far more likely to disunite hands than to blend hearts together.

Nor was the conduct of her Ladyship likely to undergo a very sudden change,—less company were invited to Fizosbourne House, it was certain, but the hours of Lady Alexina were still dissipated, and her amusements abroad still the same; in short, she was unmanageable by her fond father, at whom she laughed, and had only to cry whenever he refused to comply with any of her whims.

"I wont be married at all, if I don't choose," cried she one day when he positively rejected the idea of her going in character to a masquerade; "you cannot make me, and I don't care for Trelawney's lectures one bit,—with his, How can you do this? and, How can you do that? he is the most tormenting creature, and if he was not so handsome and so rich I should positively hate him."

In this manner was Lord Fitzbourne entertained whenever he suggested the idea of impropriety to his daughter, in which she was always seconded by Lady Glenthorpe, whose antipathy to Trelawney became every day more intensily fixed; obliged, however, to keep her resentment within bounds, she only evinced it towards him, when he could neither hear nor see to her, and that

was in the dressing-room of Lady Alexina Fitzosbourne, in which a private party, of particular friends, was always engaged in retailing every scandalous report that happened to be in circulation.

Lord Sydney Belmont, when he quitted Trelawney on the evening he so unexpectedly obtained his consent to accompany him on his travels, no sooner reached Valencia Lodge, than he flew to his sisters, and communicated the pleasing intelligence; at which the changing countenance of Lady Honoria expressed itself in a variety of emotions, which not only rivetted the attention of her brother, but equally alarmed her sisters.

"Surely, Honoria," cried Lady Frances, "you cannot be under very serious apprehensions on Sydney's account, when he will have such a companion as Trelawney—a perfect Mentor in the seducing form of a Telemachus."

"Oh, I was not thinking of Sydney, just then," cried Lady Honoria, with cheeks of a blush far deeper than the rose.

"Then pray, my dear sister, who was the subject of your immediate meditations," exclaimed Lord Sydney, giving a sly and significant glance towards Lady Frances.

"Lady Alexina Fitzosbourne unquestionably," answered Lady Honoria.

"Who is on the point of matrimony with Trelawney," uttered Lord Sydney, not a little surprised and pained at the still deeper blushes of his beloved sister, "at least so report says, but the rumor's false."

"False!" exclaimed Lady Honoria, and pulling a beautiful rose to pieces, which hung at her bosom, "I always imagined, that the engagements of Trelawney with the Fizosbourne family were of so imperious a nature that they could not be set aside, and yet he is going to leave this country for a period of two years,—you have indeed amazed me."

"Why two years is a long time to wait for a husband, I grant you," said Lord Sydney, "but amazement should cease, when you reflect on the qualifications of Lady Alexina, and that this contracted marriage is entirely a forced one on the part of Trelawney, in compliance, it appears, to the will of his father; and surely it is reasonable to suppose so, for who on earth would ever ima-

gine Lady Alexina Fitzosbourne calculated to be the bride of such a being as Trelawney."

"Did I not tell you so, Honoria?" cried Lady Frances, "did I not always say that the inspired Alexina was unworthy of such a heart as Trelawney's, and how utterly impossible it would be that she should ever possess his affections?—For heaven's sake, Sydney, out of tender compassion to your amiable friend, take him abroad, and keep him there as long as you can. Poor Trelawney, how I pity him."

"And I, most sincerely," exclaimed Lady Honoria, who had began to demolish a second rose, quite unconscious that the eyes of her brother followed her in every direction.

"Take care, my gentle sisters," uttered he, "beware of pity, when excited by such a being as Trelawney."

"Oh, you need not fear me, my sage brother," cried Lady Frances, "for like Rosalind in the play, I could even say to this bewitching Orlando,

"I pray you do not fall in love with me,
For I am falser than vows made in wine."

And as to Honoria, you know, there is little danger of her giving her heart away to the husband of Lady Alexina Fitzosbourne."

Lady Honoria, to hide emotions she could not conceal, now sat down to her harp, accompanying her melodious voice to the admired air of Eleanor's Song in Glenarvon,

"And canst thou bid my heart forget."

but she had scarcely finished the first stanza, before a gentle tap at the door announced the presence of Trelawney, who stealing gently at the back of the fair songstress, begged that he might not be any interruption to what he considered the "feast of reason and the flow of soul."

"You are particularly fond of music, I think, Mr. Trelawney," cried Lady Frances, wishing to abstract his attention from her agitated sister; for whom she now felt most sensibly, fearing, what almost she could scarcely doubt, that she had unfortunately cherished a passion for the too amiable Trelawney, which could only be productive of misery and disappointment.

"How unnecessary, Lady Frances," cried Trelawney, now turning over the leaves of Lady Honoria's music-book, "to ask that question of one so passionately fond of the science, that it possesses a charm even to soothe me in my most melancholy hours. There is one song of Lady Honoria's, for instance, the most effective I ever heard, it creates a pleasure the most unbounded, and I would almost (had I the power,) immortalize the poet, for having written the words, and the composer for having combined the music, both of which are so congenial to my feelings."

"Then of all things, pray let us have this so highly favored song.—Honoria, will you oblige us, in order that we may be honored with the peculiar taste of Mr. Trelawney? though, now you talk of poets, was there ever such poetry as Lord Byron's? and as to composers, give me Braham in preference to all the world," said Lady Frances.

"Oh, do not let me hear prejudice from lips so fair," exclaimed Trelawney, "but while I hold myself a most enthusiastic admirer of Lord Byron, in either of his Lordship's productions, as prose or poetry, I cannot blind my eyes to the merits of those not equally fortunate, but equally favored by the muses, who pining in obscurity, and even perishing in neglected penury, have not the same opportunity of being noticed by the great world. And as to your favorite Braham, he certainly is indebted to popularity for his very brilliant success.—Can Lady Frances forget Mozart, Mazzinghi, Storace, or even a Bishop, to which last gentleman we are indebted for some of the most beautiful productions of the present day."

"Heavens! Mr. Trelawney," cried Lady Frances, "how unmercifully severe you are; but positively, I must plead the cause of my favorites, amongst which Lord Byron is the first, and Braham the second, for I read the productions of the one with enthusiasm, and listen to the songs of the other with delight and admiration. And now, Honoria, for Mr. Trelawney's song, whenever you please."

Lady Honoria was not one of those affected young ladies who, conscious that they can sing, require the utmost persuasion, till at length it becomes quite fatiguing to solicit a favor which otherwise would be received with double the pleasure; but producing the

admired song, immediately sat down, and accompanied it in a voice of the most enchanting sweetness, the words of which were the following:—

"Go, breeze that sweeps the orange grove,
And breathe a sigh to him I love,
But whose, oh! do not tell:
Limpid river, let him know,
Tears with your murmuring waters flow,
But not from whom they fell.
For should you once my name repeat,
Say, would his heart responsive beat,
And echo back to thine?
Ah! no, some other fair, more blest,
Lives in the mansion of that breast,
Which never can be mine."*

There was a peculiar softness in the voice of Lady Honoria, as she sung the concluding words of the last stanza, too obvious not to be perceived, and which, for the first time, rivetted the eyes of Trelawney on her now blushing and expressive countenance, but he hastily withdrew them, pained, embarrassed and disconcerted: he admired, respected, and, it is certain, could have loved such a woman as Lady Honoria, had there not existed one only whom he did love, in preference to all others. The very possibility, therefore, of having inspired more than a sentiment of friendship in so gentle and amiable a being, which would never meet with return, produced a sensation of the most poignant regret, and he rejoiced more than ever in the fixed and determined resolution he had made, to be the companion of Lord Sydney, on his long intended tour,—absence being imagined as the only cure for love. Lady Frances, at the conclusion of Lady Honoria's song, kindly supplied her place, and taking her station at the piano-forte, soon dispelled the present sombre sensations, which seemed to pervade the spirit of the whole party, by introducing some of the most lively airs that her good humor and vivacity could suggest, in

* The words of the above song were written by the Author at a very early period of her life, and presented to Mr. Dignum, by whom it was composed. Many posthumous copies of which have been given to the public, but none are original except only those in the possession of Mr. D.

which she was presently joined by Lady Catherine, and they sang duets for the remainder of the evening, concluding it, as they always did, in social harmony and peace.

"And so you are going to leave us, Mr. Trelawney," said Lady Catherine; "my brother has just been telling me, that you are actually going to tear yourself away from Lady Alexina Fitzosbourne.'

"When our inclination is voluntary, I presume there can be no compulsion," said Trelawney; "I therefore, am not going to tear myself away, but really by choice, and that only; I promise myself the pleasure of accompanying your brother abroad."

"Oh, how I should like to wander through the sunny scenes of Italy," exclaimed Lady Catherine, "and contemplate the mountains of science which there surround you:—where Horace tuned his living lyre, and Tully charmed the listening throng; where Ovid too, in lonely exile, soothed the sorrows of his soul, and Petrarch wooed his much loved Laura."

"And where Tasso also made history and Jerusalem immortal," exclaimed Lord Sydney, "and philosophers shed the splendor of their high gifted imaginations on the greatness of their country. Oh, Trelawney, it is there, indeed, that we must wing our flight,—enchanting Italy must be our field of action."

"But, like birds of Paradise, you will soon return and seek your native dwelling," said Lady Frances, laughing.

"The attraction of such birds as Lady Frances," cried Trelawney, "would certainly send a wanderer home, from all the scenes that Italy could ever inspire or imagination ever paint."

"Hush, Mr. Trelawney, be not so profuse of your compliments, I pray," said Lady Frances.

"Or we may be inclined to doubt the sincerity of them," said Lady Catherine, with an arch smile.

"Did Lady Catherine ever find Trelawney insincere in his professions of friendship?" said Trelawney.

"Why really I cannot exactly tell," replied Lady Catherine, "but we women are taught to believe, that all professions from your sex, whether of love or friendship, are deceptive; for the one, we are told, is but a name, and the other only found

'To warm the nest of turtle doves.'

However, that is a question on which we must determine when you and Sydney return from Italy."

The Duke of Valencia now came in, and joined the party, which on this evening was so perfectly quiet and domestic, that there was only one object absent to remind Trelawney he was not sitting by the pastor's fire-side in the White Cottage, at Kenilworth,—the daughters of the Duke were so systematically opposite to those of any great personages he had seen since his arrival in town:—for sometimes when he had popt in upon them unawares, he had actually caught Lady Honoria and Lady Frances busily employed with their needle, Lady Catherine reading to her father, and that father listening to her with the most profound attention; and at another time he would find these very unfashionable young women deeply engaged in the most elegant researches of literature.

Thus directing their lively, intelligent, and well-informed minds to the ornamental as well as the useful, which only can render women a blessing to society, and why the one should not be always blended with the other would appear as a paradox, were it not generally admitted, that women fond of literature, are incapable of being good managers of domestic employments. This, however, is the very height of prejudice, to say nothing worse of such contracted and illiberal opinions. Women can unite, whenever they please, both the useful and the ornamental, and when they do not, it either proceeds from indolence, want of feeling, or force of prejudice.

Trelawney partook of an early supper at the Duke's hospitable mansion, after an evening spent in the most delightful intercourse with beings whose dispositions, minds, manners and feelings were so entirely congenial with his own.

On his nearer approach, however, to the vicinity of Grosvenor Square, his thoughts assumed a different turn, and when he came in sight of Fitzosbourne House, a sudden pang assailed him, of a presentiment of his future destiny.

Here no congenial heart throbbed to meet his.—Here was an aching void, a cheerless solitary gloom, and he entered the splendid mansion of Lord Fitzosbourne with a pensive sigh, slowly measuring his footsteps to the drawing room, where to his sur-

prise, every chair was vacant; on an enquiry of Mungo, however, he was informed, that the Earl, somewhat indisposed, had retired at an unusual early hour to his chamber; that Lady Alexina was out to a late party, in which she was not even accompanied by Lady Glenthorpe, who had been all the evening engaged with a strange person, who had come to her on business; a piece of intelligence highly satisfactory to Trelawney, as it afforded him an opportunity of escaping to his own apartment, unseen and unheard by that dangerous, artful and insidious woman.

Trelawney, in his way to his own dressing-room, recollected that he had to pass Lady Glenthorpe's, in doing which he stepped so lightly as to make it impossible, if her ladyship was there, that she should hear him. The door, however, was now half open, and the following singular sentence, uttered in a voice almost choked with rage, arrested his attention:—

"Beware, Lady Glenthorpe, lest you urge an unfortunate and desperate man to revenge,—spare then this invective and abuse,—be *silent*, it is your best remedy."

"And give you five hundred pounds for your presumptuous insolence," vociferated her Ladyship.

"No, in justice to the outraged feelings of an unhappy son, whom you have taught to curse the memory of his father," pronounced the stranger; "but the Earl of Fitzosbourne *shall no longer——I will instantly——*"

"Oh, silence, I implore you, for mercy's sake," exclaimed Lady Glenthorpe;—"take the sum you require, and be gone."

"I obey your bidding this once,—*only to return, if you provoke me to further vengeance!*" uttered the stranger.

Lady Glenthorpe answered not a word, not a murmur escaped her lips,—but profoundly silent, she reluctantly followed the departing footsteps of her companion, till Trelawney distinctly heard the creaking hinges of the door close on the mysterious visitor.

CHAPTER XII.

Trelawney's Reflections on the mysterious visit to Lady Glenthorpe;—More urgent Reasons for Trelawney's making his intended Tour

The sensations of Trelawney on reaching his apartment, were those of abhorrence for the character of Lady Glenthorpe, and commiseration for the unknown stranger, from whose short and abstracted sentences there appeared to be an unfortunate link, but of what nature he could not possibly conjecture, that bound him unwillingly in some mysterious affair in the service of Lady Glenthorpe, whom he had accused of being the author of ruin to himself and father.

But, who that father was, or who this extraordinary personage, possessing such strong influence over the mind and feelings of her Ladyship, as to intimidate, even for a moment, her haughty and rebellious spirit, occasioned Trelawney to experience an astonishment so sudden and so unexpected, that he was kept awake nearly the whole of the night in vain conjectures and surmises, which only involved his already tortured mind in a labyrinth of painful doubts and perplexities; and that there was yet a dreadful mystery interwoven with the destiny of the Fitzosbourne family, and perhaps, intimately connected with his own, he did not doubt;—or, why the name of the Earl so forcibly mentioned by the unfortunate stranger?

And that Lady Glenthorpe was the most artful and invidious of her sex, was the concluding reflection of Trelawney, as he arose from his sleepless pillow, under the influence also of some little share of displeasure to find that no persuasions, though of the gentlest kind, and no argument, however reasonable or prevailing, had yet the power of weaning Lady Alexina from those late and dissipated hours, to which he was so greatly averse; nor did there appear a human probability that her disposition, even though it

night be under the severest restrictions, would ever change; to discover that she had gone to a late party wholly unattended, either by her father or her aunt, appeared so gross and glaring a want of propriety to the delicate mind of Trelawney, that he determined on going down stairs to remind her of it.

And though naturally mirthful and good tempered, to say the truth, he was not in the most pleasant humor when he entered on this morning the gay and splendidly elegant saloon of Lord Fitzosbourne, and found the Earl and Lady Glenthorpe only visible at the breakfast table.

Her Ladyship had no traces either of chagrin or despondency perceptible on a countenance which possessed the superior art of self-command beyond every other; and she saluted Trelawney, when he came in, with a complacency of apparent kindness, which he never felt so little able to return: good breeding, however, in which he was never deficient, taught him to respect the feelings of a woman,—though that woman was most avowedly the object of his aversion; and he politely yet coldly answered her Ladyship's enquiries after his health. He then entered into general conversation with the Earl until the entrance of Lady Alexina made her the exclusive object of attention, for her Ladyship's beautiful complexion was certainly undergoing a very material alteration, from a healthy to a sickly hue, in consequenee of her frequent late and dissipated hours, and it now caught the too partial eye of her fond father, who gently reproving her, ventured to ask Trelawney if he did not think Lady Alexina was losing the freshness of her colour? To which Trelawney replied, not without asperity,—

"You cannot expect roses to preserve their naturally blooming sweetness, or primitive colour, when they are long exposed to the contagion of foul air, they will both fade and perish under the baneful influence."

"Are you serious, Tanjore?" exclaimed the Earl, looking at Trelawny with amazement, not unmixed with displeasure.

"Perfectly, my Lord," answered Trelawney, with great composure, "you cannot expect your daughter's health to be otherwise than declining, when in the heat of a perpetual hot-house, to which she is continually exposed, even at midnight hours, in the intolerably crowded apartments of her gay associates. Besides,

Lady Alexina is also deprived of sleep, nature's grand restorative, —behold those languid eyes, and tell me when they have been closed till long after the hour of midnight, for successive weeks. Tell me, fair cousin, is not this the truth, which I am now stating to your father?"

Lady Alexina had never received from Trelawney so severe a rebuke, and insensible as she was, she felt its severity so much that she could now scarcely repress her tears, and casting her beautiful eyes down, with extreme mortification, poutingly answered, while she redened with vexation,—

"I don't choose to tell you any thing at all about it."

"I must beg the favor of an explanation from one of you," cried the Earl, turning to Trelawney and Lady Glenthorpe alternately, with a passion almost infuriate.

"I positively am not in the cabinet secrets of Mr. Trelawney," said her Ladyship, with a disdainful smile.

"I presume not," retorted Trelawney, "and perhaps it were better if none were in those of your Ladyship's. What I have uttered, my Lord, I yet maintain, that I am of opinion the health of Lady Alexina will not only suffer, as it evidently now does, from late hours, but her reputation be endangered, by the unlimited indulgence which you still so fatally give her."

"The reputation of my child suffer by my indulgence," cried the Earl now raising his voice to the most exalted pitch, and looking fiercely at Trelawney. But Trelawney preserved a calm and dignified composure, while he instantly replied,—

"Yes, my Lord, Lady Alexina's reputation must necessarily suffer, when she is permitted to go from her father's house at a late hour to a midnight rout, wholly unattended by that father, and unaccompanied by any female relation. Heaven and earth! my Lord Fitzosbourne, if you are blind to your daughter's indiscretion, do you expect that the world will long remain so? Will not Lady Alexina be talked of? Will not you be censured? Shall we not all be considered amenable for her faults?"

"Alexina," cried the Earl, turning to the now really alarmed and beautiful culprit, "I cannot doubt the assertion of Tanjore Trelawney; you were really then guilty of so much folly as to go last night, notwithstanding my positive injunctions, which forbade you, to the rout of Lady Renegarde's."

"Well suppose I did, papa," cried Lady Alexina, "I cannot see where the harm was,—when all the world was there, how could I stay away? And pray why did not Trelawney himself accompany me?"

Lady Glenthorpe, almost biting her lip in two, with stifled rage, now burst out:—

"A very just and seasonable question for you to ask, my sweet love," cried she; "pray why was not Mr. Trelawney your companion and even your protector on such an occasion?"

"If," said Trelawney, "Lady Alexina had condescended to apprize me of her intention, I certainly should not have permitted the impropriety of her going alone, though, I confess, Lady Renegarde is a woman to whose society I have an utter repugnance, yet for your sake, my gentle cousin, I could have entered her profane court of licentiousness, were it only to have kept at distance the presuming coxcombs and contemptuous puppies, by which you were surrounded."

Perhaps this was altogether the most kind and gallant sentence which had ever dropt from the lips of Trelawney to Lady Alexina Fitzosbourne, and, being unexpected, it was received with pleasure by her, for it gratified her vanity, while it was hailed with rapture by her father, and even the highly offended Lady Glenthorpe condescended to smile again.

Lady Alexina declared she would not go out for a month to come,—"For it would be shocking, you know, Trelawney," said she, now resuming her silly childishness, "to loose one's complexion."

"Better to loose that, my fair cousin," uttered Trelawney, "than what is infinitely more necessary to your own happiness, and consequently, that of your friends—your good name."

At this precise moment, Lord Sydney Belmont was announced, and Lady Frances and Lady Catherine Belmont, and were immediately admitted, a calm having succeeded to the storm which had been gathering round the brow of the Earl, lowering on that of Lady Glenthorpe, and ruffling the no very placid features of Lady Alexina; Lady Frances apologized, that Lady Honoria, from a slight indisposition, could not pay her personal respects that morning to the ladies;—"For do you know," cried Lady Fran-

ces, "that we are so extremely unfashionable as always to invite our friends and neighbors without a pack of cards; I always go round myself, or one of my sisters, at the desire of my father, from whom I now come, requesting that he may be favored, on the anniversary of my brother's birthday, which is this day week, with your company, Lord Fitzosbourne, and your family, at Valencia Lodge."

"Why positively I cannot refuse so fair an ambassador," said the Earl, "though to say the truth I have long given up all gay parties, my dear Lady Frances."

"From whence you don't mean to infer, that they have given up you, my Lord," answered Lady Frances, with a smile of the most engaging sweetness; "Come, I will not allow you to be sombre in my presence; but I assure you, that we shall not be intensely gay,—there is that foolish brother of mine going to leave us, you know, and Mr. Trelawney too, he is going, and I don't know what we shall do without either of them: for the one torments us—that's you, Sydney, and the other amuses us—that's you, Mr. Trelawney."

"I am very glad your Ladyship does not find me altogether an idler," cried Trelawney; "but pray, Lady Catherine, have you been at the foot of Parnassus this morning? What temple of learning have you been visiting?"

"I have been at neither, Mr. Trelawney," answered Lady Catherine, producing the book which she had under her scarf, "it is merely a subscription book from a poor author, annexed to a volume of poems, and for whom I am attempting to canvass for a few subscribers."

"Oh, heavens, Lady Catherine Be mont," cried Lady Glenthorpe, "how could you think of so perilous an undertaking. Canvassing subscribers for a poor author,—oh, perfectly tremendous."

"I do not mind perils, your Ladyship, when it is to assist the meritorious and the unfortunate," answered Lady Catherine.

"Well, that is certainly very kind of you, my love," said Lady Glenthorpe, "but I fear your endeavors will be fruitless with the many, and only laughed at by the few; for who, my dear, cares any thing at all about poor authors; when they are rich, indeed,

it is no matter what they write, for they are then objects of enquiry; any thing goes down, for you know, we must read their works, because they have a name, but without this it is intolerable to have their books crammed upon one's notice."

"And is this your Ladyship's opinion on works of literature," said Lord Sydney, with a look of severe reprehension at such ill-grounded and gross prejudice.

"Is it not the opinion of the world in general?" demanded Lady Glenthorpe, "did you ever hear of a fashionable work, no matter what, read with half the avidity, though it conveyed the richest fund of ornamental learning, if the author was nobody knows who, as when the volumes came from the pen of distinguished personages?"

"I do not see the necessity of subscribing to the opinion of a world so base and vitiated," cried Lord Sydney, reddening with the glow of animated enthusiasm, "as to forget that all literature, written in the cause of general utility, is entitled to praise, whether the author be humble or exalted, and merits a gratitude the most sincere, as it also demands a liberality the most unbounded. But permit me to give your Ladyship an instance of the manner in which the really unfortunate and meritorious sons and daughters of the muses are treated, in this very liberal, enlightened and charitable country, who encourage every thing, from an Italian opera dancer down to a French cook, while literature is alone neglected, and left to wither like a desert flower upon its stem, and to perish without aid. A few months since, I went into the shop of a bookseller, who was cavilling with a female of a most respectable appearance, but whose looks denoted 'pale, haggar'd want,' about the price of a manuscript she had offered for sale;—her exhorbitant demand was one guinea,—his liberal tender for the work five shillings; which was of course proudly rejected by the poor author. On which the noble vender of books shrugged up his shoulders, and wondered at the impudence of writers.'*

"And is not this a case in point," exclaimed Lady Glenthorpe, "of what I have been saying! it is most probable that he would have paid the woman double the price had she not required his assistance;—however, my dear Lady Catherine, as this person

* An authentic fact.

age is a *protege* of yours, you may pop my name down in the subscription, if you have no objection."

"The Right Honorable Lady Glenthorpe, six copies," exclaimed Lord Sydney; "give me the book, Catherine, and I will instantly set down this very noble act of her Ladyship's munificence."

So saying, Lord Sydney, taking the book from the hands of his sister, actually wrote Lady Glenthorpe's name to her infinite and extreme mortification, as she did not wish this noble act of generosity to have extended to more than one single copy of the work, which she predetermined never to pay for.

"You may put my name next to my aunt's, if you have a mind, Lord Sydney," exclaimed Lady Alexina, seeing there was no chance of getting off this unnecessary piece of charity, but she blushed deeply when Lord Sydney exclaimed,—

"A good precedent cannot be too well followed, nor does beauty ever look so fair as when it goes hand in hand with heavenly charity."

The Earl now, uncalled upon or solicited, begged that his name might also be attached to the list, for a dozen copies; and Lord Sydney, highly gratified, closed the book, and returned it to the patroness, who, smiling at the surprised look of Trelawney, nodded as she rose to depart, uttering,—

"I shall call upon you, Mr. Trelawney, some other time."

"And why not the time present, my fair lady?" demanded Trelawney, "why exclude me now from that little tablet you hold there of beneficence, which is rendered a thousand times more precious to the grateful heart by being the gift of such a donor. Come, Lady Catherine, you shall not escape me,—down with the name of Tanjore Trelawney, or I shall demand a gentle fine out of retaliation."

"Make her sit down again, Trelawney," cried Lord Sydney, gently forcing his sister back from the door, to which she was advancing. Trelawney now gracefully approaching her, begged that he might be entered in the list of the subscribers, and instantly Lady Catherine placed the book in his hands, while she added with a gentle smile,—

"You always give too much, and I cannot bear to encroach on your generosity."

"Indeed," said Trelawney, slipping between the leaves, though not unperceived by Lady Catherine, a bank note, "then this time I positively will give you nothing but the book, in which my fair reprover, I will not even allow you to put down my name."

Lady Catherine now once more arose, and softly whispering in the ear of Trelawney, as he conducted them to the carriage,—"You are the best, the most generous of human beings," she seated herself beside of Lady Frances, and both amiable sisters, in their ride to Valencia Lodge, experienced the full force of that pleasing sensation, that they should shortly have an opportunity of relieving the distresses and contributing to the necessities of a suffering fellow-creature.

As Lord Sydney remained long after the hour that his sisters had left, Lady Glenthorpe could find no opportunity of exercising her wit at the expense of the Duke's homebred and unsophisticated daughters, as she called them, but the moment she was alone with Lady Alexina, she began,—

"What a tax people are obliged to pay for the society of the Duke's family," cried she; "I protest, Alexina, those girls are no better than duns; they are perpetually foistering their tales of pity and distress for some unknown interesting personage or another —always pleading for some cottage orphan—eternally cramming one's ears with some poor beggar girl, soldier's widow, or lame petitioner,—next they will add to their list a blind fiddler, and then their whole paraphernalia will be complete."

"Oh, it is quite shocking to be so tormented," exclaimed the compassionate beauty, "but, poor creatures, I don't wonder at their wishing to do something that is very remarkable to be talked of, so I suppose they have hit upon this plan of charity; for you know, aunt, they are so excessively plain as to be almost perfectly hideous. Lady Frances, with her gray eyes and wide mouth, and Lady Catherine, though not quite so plain, must not pretend to beauty."

"And yet you will absolutely hear Trelawney talk of the girls as if they had all the charms of a Medician Venus," said Lady Glenthorpe, "he is perpetually ringing in one's ears the accomplishments of Lady Honoria, who, by the bye, is the most tolera-

ble of the three. And so they are going to give us a treat at last; something quite in the cottage style, I suppose; well, you shall go, my love, in your usual dashing manner, a perfect glitter of diamonds."

"So I will, aunt," cried Lady Alexina, enchanted with the suggestion, "no cottage style for me; let us send for Madame Duplace to-morrow, and see what sort of a dress she will fancy for me."

The kind, accommodating aunt, now promised that she would, and thus ended the conversation of this amiable pair, in which the one ought to have blushed for her illiberality and want of feeling, and the other for her encouragement of it.

Lord Sydney Belmont staid to dinner at Fitzosbourne House, at the pressing invitation of the Earl, who looked upon this highly elegant and accomplished young man as an ornament to his illustrious family, and a blessing to society; for Lord Sydney was not only enriched by talents of the most promising order, but his disposition was also excellent, and his warm heart floated in the milk of human kindness.

There was a natural chord of sympathy, therefore, that bound him to Trelawney, whose unfortunate destiny with Lady Alexina Fitzosbourne he more than ever commiserated; for what can be more dreadful to human imagination than an unequal marriage, the miseries of which can never terminate but with death.

These were the reflections of Lord Sydney when he pressed the hand of Trelawney, on quitting Fitzosbourne House; for never had Lady Alexina betrayed a mind of such disgusting frivolity, a heart so insensible, or manners so childish, as she did on this evening in the presence of Lord Sydney, which no personal loveliness, however great, could charm away, and which no advantages of the most exalted rank or fortune could ever render acceptable.

A silent observer only, however, he felt most poignantly for the situation of his friend, hoping that some unforseen event might intervene to render such a sacrifice unnecessary.

But that hope was not to be expected by Trelawney,—he had resigned himself to his fate, and prepared his mind to meet the worst, in his marriage with Lady Alexina, and as far as human

nature could extend its little scale of philosophy and reason he had adopted it, to chase from his mind the enchanting and blissful hours he had passed beneath the roof of the White Cottage, at Kenilworth; and imperious honor now demanded, that Rosa Clarendale must only be remembered as the daughter of the respected friend of his father,—she could only be viewed as the bright meteor, which passing in a cloudless sky, illumines the eye but for a moment, and is gone for ever.

Even that precious gift, given by the hand of Mary Bradbury, must shortly be removed from his delighted gaze. All this Trelawney was convinced must be done at no very distant period, yet still he loved, still he adored Rosa. But the letters of the excellent pastor, from whom he had received many since his arrival in town, glanced but slightly at his daughters: they had hitherto been filled with grateful acknowledgements for the service he had rendered to his son, now rapidly advancing to that exaltation he had so long anticipated and prayed for; they breathed the most heartfelt blessings for the happiness and repose of the generous Trelawney, but the pastor had never once said in his letters, "my daughters join me in love," or "my daughters present a remembrance of their regard;" nor had the name of Rosa ever once been written.

This was prudent in the pastor, but Trelawney thought it was not kind. Why should he not hear of the happiness of Rosa and Rebecca, in whom he was so deeply interested? What would he not do for the lovely sisters of Henry Clarendale?

But Henry was silent too on this subject, he had never once mentioned his sisters, though he constantly spoke of the Bradbury family, taking care, however, that Mary's name should be the last (though certainly not the least loved,) expressed in his letters.

For this extraordinary omission, both in father and in son, Trelawney could not possibly account, and his own sensations would not permit him to make enquiries which might awaken any delicate alarm in the mind of the worthy pastor. In the course of a few days, however, he received the following letter, communicating intelligence which rejoiced, but did not surprise him; it was written in apparent haste, and not without agitation, from the pen of Henry:—

"My father has doubtless, my dear Sir, acquainted you with the summons I have received to repair to Kenilworth, for the purpose of being present at my sister Rebecca's marriage, with my friend Philip Bradbury, to whom she is to be united on the 11th instant.

"Wish me joy, my dear friend and benefactor, for this is an event which occasions me to experience sensations of the most unbounded happiness; this marriage of my beloved sister will be one of the blessed unions which love makes holy, 'because the consummation is divine." Rebecca's choice was made even in childhood, and Philip loved Rebecca since his artless accents could stammer out her name.

"Ah, this is love, Mr. Trelawney, they could never in heart and soul have been divided—the ocean might have rolled between them—mountains reared their lofty heads to have obstructed them, perils have surrounded them—all this might have happened with Philip and Rebecca, but death only could have disunited them.'

Henry, in a concluding passage of his letter, delicately hinted, that the presence of his benefactor, on this important occasion, would be no small addition to the happiness of the bridal party, but he did not once say, that his father expected or even wished Trelawney to be there: nor would Trelawney himself have wished it.

Not for worlds could he have stood before the bridal altar in the presence of Rosa, without one wish springing spontaneously from his heart,—that Rosa was the bride of Trelawney. With a pensive sigh, therefore he closed the kind letter of Henry Clarendale, breathing a fervent prayer for the permanent felicity of two amiable beings, about to enter into that state which may be termed superior happiness, or if otherwise, must ultimately be productive of superior misery.

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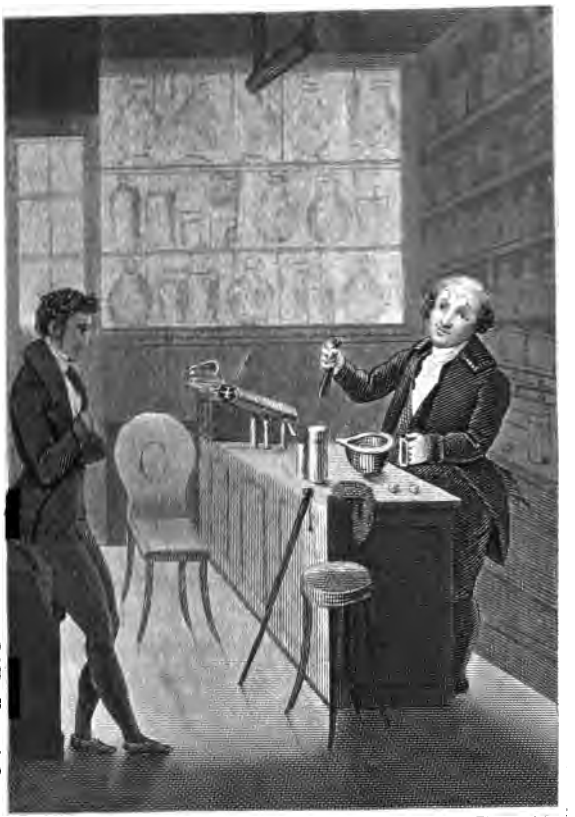

Dr. Bradbury & his Son Philip

CHAPTER XIII.

A peep at the amiable Families at Kenilworth and Elm Grove, and the happy occasion of Henry's visiting his Father.

THE well-tried fidelity, constant affection, and faithful attachment of Philip Bradbury towards the object of his tenderest regard, awakened a sentiment in the bosom of Rebecca Clarendale, —a tender return of mutual confidence and esteem, founded on the exemplary virtues of her lover, and sanctioned with the approbation of her parents.

There was no occasion for disguise in the choice which her heart proudly selected for her bosom's lord.

Nor had words ever been necessary to whisper in her ear,— "Rebecca, I love you;" for long had Rebecca known no other object reigned in the heart of her faithful, constant and devoted lover, save herself alone.

Never, however, had Philip yet sought an opportunity of declaring himself to the idol of his affections, though constantly urged so to do by his impatient father: in short, the doctor longed for the day and even the hour, when he should witness the union of his son with the only woman he thought worthy of him, and whom he imagined could ever make him happy; and when another twelvemonth had insensibly rolled away, without beholding the consummation of all his wishes completed, the doctor began to be out of all patience, and one morning, finding himself alone with Philip, he attacked him somewhat roughly on the subject, in his usual whimsical manner.

"Why do you stand shilly shallying with the girl of your heart in this sort of way?" cried the doctor, thumping the pestle and mortar, into which he was pouring some medicine, rather harder than usual, "why don't you go and ask the girl to marry you at once? I dare say she will have no objection; most girls at her time of life want a husband, and you want a wife,—what is the reason then you don't put the question to her at once, as I did to your

mother, two and twenty years ago,—'Kate,' said I, 'I believe you have pretty strong reasons for supposing that I love you as honestly as man can do, so here is the ring, and to morrow I will get a parson, as soon as you please;' this did the business. Zounds! a woman don't like to wait long, when her mind is once made up on the score of matrimony; you must take her just when she happens to be in the humor, or not at all."

"But, Sir," said Philip, "will not Rebecca think this extraordinary haste somewhat premature, since I have actually never once told her that I loved her?"

"The deuce you have not!" cried the doctor; "by Jove, this is worse and worse; why what an idle puppy she must take you for,—five years dangling after the girl of your heart, and never once popt the question!—but go along, Sir, and have a care, or I shall be before hand with you, you may depend upon it;—I shall go and make love to Beckey myself, in spite of your teeth;—she shall be your wife to-morrow morning."

"Rebecca my wife to-morrow morning?" exclaimed Philip, now in the utmost agitation and alarm, lest the doctor should actually put his resolution in full force, by going over to the White Cottage, and making the family acquainted with his intentions; and gently laying his hand on the doctor's shoulder, he uttered,—"My dear Sir, for heaven's sake, pray consider——that Rebecca——"

"Consider a fiddle-de-dee," said the doctor, laughing heartily at the now trembling and abashed Philip, "have you not been considering for five years?—By Jove, I will instantly go and pop the question myself, and you shall be married by proxy."

Before Philip had time to argue with his father on a point so material, a customer of the doctor's fortunately dropped in, and put an end for the present to the debate, and he luckily escaped that day and the day following, from further importunities; but the doctor, who delighted in nothing better than what he called a good joke, and anxiously wishing to bring matters to a speedy conclusion with Rebecca and his son, as well as precisely to learn the exact statement of her affections towards him, took a sly opportunity of ascertaining the fact; and stealing a march on Philip, presented himself in the little oak parlor one morning

when the pastor and his amiable family were all assembled at breakfast.

"Why I protest here is Doctor Bradbury," cried Mrs. Clarendale.

"No, I protest there is but one half of me," said the doctor, seating himself unceremoniously in a chair next to Rebecca, "for I have left my other half in bed, while I come on purpose to apprize you of what is going on at Elm Grove; I dare say you will never guess what part of my family is going to enter into that happy state called matrimony?"

"I am sure if it was Mary or Elizabeth, they would have told us," said Rosa, with an arch smile, but not daring to venture a glance at Rebecca, whose pure and eloquent blood had now mounted to her cheeks, and at this moment shone through her fair transparent skin, and whose mild blue eyes were cast down, in the most timid confusion, at encountering the keen and scrutinizing looks of the doctor, who continued to enjoy his humor by replying to Rosa:—

"And so, Miss Rosa, you are of opinion that women cannot keep secrets; well, I believe you are pretty tolerably correct in that respect, for I don't think they can myself. But what will you say of Mr. Philip Bradbury, cannot he keep a secret too?——eh, Miss Rosa."

"Oh, yes, I am sure that he can," answered Rosa; "to my certain knowledge he has kept one secret a long time,—has he not, Rebecca?"

This was just what the doctor wanted, and he now laughed most immoderately, for poor Rebecca was fairly caught, and she blushed deeply, while in a voice not perfectly free from agitation, she replied,—

"How can I tell, Rosa, what secrets Mr. Philip Bradbury may choose to keep?—you cannot suppose, that I would take the liberty of enquiring into any." And Rebecca, now raising from her chair, would gladly have escaped from the attacks of the doctor's raillery, had he not with a more serious air than was usual with him, requested the favor of her company for a few moments on a very particular and pressing occasion, with which having complied, he addressed her in the following words:

"My dear young lady, I am now an old fellow, passed the age of paying compliments, though in the presence of so much youth and beauty, as I now see before me, but when I was a young one, I was nearly the same with respect to candor and sincerity; and where is the use of compliments between you and I?—You are the daughter of the best man and woman living, but if you were not, I don't know but what I should like you much the same as I do now. In one word, are you perfectly agreeable to this said marriage of my son Philip? if you will answer this question to the point, I will say you are the most sensible girl living:—Does this marriage meet your wishes, as I am well assured it does his, at the present moment?"

"Why really, Doctor Bradbury," cried Rebecca, now recovering her composure, and with a blush full of modest ingenuousness, "this is a most extraordinary question, but since I feel compelled to answer it with sincerity, may I presume first to enquire, to *whom* your son is going to be united?"

"Yourself, Madam," answered the doctor so suddenly and so abruptly that Mr. and Mrs. Clarendale looked with some astonishment and surprise. But the doctor very soon explained the nature of his sentiments.

"You will say," continued he, "that I have chosen a very singular method of addressing you on a subject which I own has for a considerable length of time been nearest to my heart, and uppermost in my thoughts;—my boy loves you most truly and sincerely, and I have a shrewd guess, Miss Rebecca Clarendale, that you don't dislike him."

"No, that she don't, Doctor Bradbury," cried the animated and now delighted Rosa, "I will be answerable for that;—remember your carnations, Rebecca, when you said, that now Philip Bradbury had taken them to nurse for you that you fancied they looked lovelier, and smelled a thousand times sweeter than they did when old Potts the gardener had them under his care."

"Oh fie, Rosa, you little tell-tale!" said Mrs. Clarendale; "I am positively quite ashamed of you."

"Not when she speaks the truth, my good Madam," cried the doctor; "and I dare say, that old Potts the gardener was very glad to give up his employment to one who was so much happier to supply his place;—what say you, Miss Rebecca?"

Rebecca was now silent, but not unmoved; and as her father turned towards her with unutterable affection, a tear glittered, but did not fall from her eyes, that now shone bright with genuine sweetness and sensibility.

"Come, my dear child," said the pastor, "do not let us keep the worthy doctor in suspense, for well I know, that affectation does not belong to your character, though I confess he has taken us a little by surprise this morning; but——"

"It is a way that I have," cried the doctor, now laughing; "I like to take people by surprise, when I take them at all; that's what I do with my patients,—I ask them if they don't find themselves better, for fear they should tell me they find themselves worse, and that's the way I get them round again; and now, Beckey, my angel, may Philip Bradbury, the son of old Arthur Bradbury, the queer little doctor, have the unspeakable happiness of coming this very evening, to pop the question to you?—a question I have not the least doubt you guess at."

It may naturally be imagined, that the answers which Miss Clarendale now made to Doctor Bradbury, were not only satisfactory to her fond parents, but so much so to him, that he instantly started from his chair, put on his hat, and snatching a kiss from the rosy lips which had inspired him with such pleasure, danced, not walked, every step of the way to Elm Grove, and marching up to Mrs. Bradbury, with an air truly theatrical, he sung aloud,—

"See the conquering hero comes,"

to her infinite amusement, and the delight of the animated and sprightly Mary, who, laughing, demanded the cause of his extraordinary spirits.

He instantly informed them of the success of his embassy to the White Cottage, after which he capered about the room, till a summons in the shop required his attendance, Mary declaring that whenever she wanted a husband, she would send her father to pop the question for her; and in a few days from the above mentioned period, matters were soon brought to bear at the White Cottage. Philip Bradbury was not long in declaring his passion for his loved Rebecca,—nor Rebecca slow to confess, that her bosom glowed with mutual ardor; and their marriage was fixed at

an early day in the ensuing week, the bans being publicly announced in the village church at Kenilworth, at the express desire of the pastor, with whom Philip pleaded so strongly, that his friend Henry might be present at his union, that the pastor could not, on so pressing an occasion, refuse his solicitations, to which were added, the soft and affectionate entreaties of Rebecca herself. Henry was accordingly written to by the pastor, but the name of Trelawney was certainly not mentioned in the pastor's letter to his son, not from his being unmindful of his young and amiable benefactor; not because his presence at the White Cottage would not have afforded him a gratification superior to all others, but from prudential motives wholly, with which the happiness of Trelawney was not only intimately connected, but the happiness also of another subject, whom it was his duty to protect and to shelter, like the eagle on the rock his tender nestling, from immediate danger and temptation,—and that object was his young and blooming Rosa, in whom the pastor, on the evening of Trelawney's departure, had discovered, what her artless bosom in vain attempted to hide, an ardent passion for the too amiable benefactor of her father's family; for unable to disguise her feelings, the susceptible Rosa, for a considerable length of time after he had quitted the White Cottage, yielded herself up to grief and despondency, and became languid and spiritless; she would sit whole evenings together, in abstracted silence, nor could all the efforts of the kind and affectionate Rebecca rouse her from apathy,—nothing had power to cheer or console her.

The lively Mary Bradbury was frequently invited, and staid whole days together, from Elm Grove, to endeavor to animate the dejected Rosa, but in vain,—the beauties of her lovely form drooped insensibly. At length the pastor became panic-struck, and the fond mother was alarmed for the situation of her darling child, who now appeared to delight in nothing but the letters of her brother Henry, in which the name of Trelawney was ever mentioned with delight and grateful enthusiasm, and when the period arrived, that he was to depart for college under the avowed patronage of the Earl of Fitzosbourne, in addition to the kind efforts of his amiable benefactor, Henry thus expressed himself, in speaking of his Lordship's family,—

"I am much beholden in gratitude to the Earl of Fitzosbourne, and have experienced much kindness under his hospitable roof; but do not expect me to give you a very adequate description of fashionable life or manners, to which, though in the splendid mansion of Lord Fitzosbourne, I am almost a stranger.

"Devoted to my studies, I do not permit myself an unlimited indulgence of those pleasures, nor accustom myself to those pursuits which are not intimately connected with my happiness, and with which I shall shortly have but little concern. I pass most of my time in the dressing-room of my benefactor, and, oh, how kind is his every word and action;—he anticipates my very thoughts and wishes."

Henry then concluded his letter by adding,—"Let not my dear sisters imagine me blind to the ladies, only two of which compose the whole of his Lordship's family:—Lady Glenthorpe, his sister, and Lady Alexina, his daughter. Of the former I can only say, that she is an extremely beautiful woman, but there is a boldness of expression in her language, and a sort of disgusting levity in her manners, which, however fashion may sanction, or polished society endure, is yet highly repellant to the feelings of those who move in the quiet, domestic paths of humble life; and of Lady Alexina Fitzosbourne you will expect me to say something, but I had much rather decline saying any thing, since, believe me, though lovely, she strongly resembles her aunt; with this difference only, that her manners are more unformed, and even childish, for when she speaks there is seldom any meaning in what she utters; ah! how very far inferior to the mental endowment, of our dear and amiable friend. She may be the destined bride of Trelawney by a coincidence of circumstance, but that she ever was selected by him, as the partner of his choice, I never can possibly believe; nor do I hear that the nuptials will very speedily take place."

From the very moment that the pastor had read aloud the contents of this letter, Rosa recovered her spirits, and with them, all her former vivacity. She no longer drooped in silence, nor pined in solitude, but her mind gained fresh strength and vigor, her health, which had visibly declined, now returned again in roseate hues on her fair cheek, to the no small transport of her fond fa-

ther and mother; and Doctor Bradbury no longer visited her as a patient; he recommended, however, as soon as an opportunity would permit, change of air and change of scenes for a short time; on which it was determined, on the marriage of Rebecca, that she should accompany her sister and Philip to London, where they intended to pass a few weeks with a relative of the doctor's, and then to settle in the neighborhood of Coventry, were the doctor had purchased for his son a small but delightful residence, that he might occasionally assist him in his professional duties, to the whole of which it was shortly expected that young Bradbury would succeed, the business having become of late too extensive for a man of the doctor's advanced years, and having now made a sufficient fortune, it was his wish to retire, and pass the residue of his days in peaceful retirement.

But the doctor, with his usual oddities of disposition, had never once hinted this to his son, on the contrary, he declared that his *book of bad debts* was greater than ever, and that if things did not turn out better, Mrs. Bradbury must shortly cry matches, and Mary and Betty, as he always called his eldest daughter, must sing ballads, to get an honest livelihood.

But Mrs. Bradbury had told another tale to her daughters, and hinted the same to her son Philip, which assured them there was an ample provision for them all, in due time, and they only laughed at the doctor, whenever he happened to be in one of his jesting humors; on which occasion Mary would generally begin to chaunt forth, in the true gypsey style, one of the doctor's favorite ballads, while she uttered in a voice o the most natural sweetness,—

"There, father, give me a penny, one penny for your poor little ballad singer." At which the doctor, laughing all the while, would search his pockets, and at length exclaim,—"Give you a penny!—I shall not do any such thing, I promise you; pennies are not so plentiful; Phil and I work very hard for a penny, don't we, Phil? But I'll tell you what I will do, I will give you something out of my sly purse, you slut you, because the song pleases me."

This something which the doctor produced from the sly purse, was not unfrequently a pound note or a guinea, to purchase a new gown or new bonnet for Miss Mary.

Elizabeth too did not go without her penny, though not so great a favorite with her father as the little songstress; yet Elizabeth had her good qualities, nor was she without her admirers.

A young man by the name of Mildmay, the son of an opulent miller, who resided in Warwick, had already declared himself her lover, and the doctor had given a sort of promise to the love-stricken swain, that he should not be rejected, always observing to Elizabeth, when he conversed on the subject of young Mildmay's addresses,—

"Have the miller, Betty,—the miller by all means," cried he, "here is my consent, and here is your mother's, and now you have only to get your own.—Zounds, if you marry the miller you will never want bread.

"But if you knew, papa, what the gypsey told me," said Elizabeth, while a blush betrayed the flattering tale was not unpleasing to her ear.

"The gypsey told you a fiddle-de-dee," cried the doctor; "if she told you any thing but the truth, I'll have her soused in the fish-pond whenever she comes again."

"And she told Mary the first letter of ——" said Elizabeth, "of——"

"I wish, Elizabeth, you would amuse my father with something else," cried Mary, now hastily rising from her chair, and gently placing her finger on Elizabeth's lip, with a blush that would have mocked the deeply blushing rose. At which the doctor only laughed, and leaving them together, brushed out of the room, humming to himself,—

"There was a jolly Miller &c."

No sooner was the doctor out of hearing, however, than Mary gently chided Elizabeth, for having told her father that they had admitted the gypsey to tell their fortunes.

"How absurd of you, Elizabeth," said Mary, "and you were actually going to tell him——"

"Henry was the prettiest name of the world," cried Elizabeth, now laughing at the tell-tale eyes of poor Mary.—But what were the emotions of both sisters when a well-known voice, in a soft

responding whisper, saluted their ear, on the outside of the door, which the doctor had left unclosed, with,—

"I am very glad you like my name so well, Miss Bradbury;" —and Henry Clarendale stood before them. Neither of them knew that he had been invited down; and Mary absolutely shrieked with joyful surprise, while Elizabeth was motionless with astonishment.

"Henry!" exclaimed Mary, extending her hand towards him, which was presently devoured with kisses.

"Mary!" answered Henry, "dear Mary, forgive my sudden surprise, and you too, Elizabeth; it is scarce an hour since I arrived at my father's, but I could not rest till I had journeyed to Elm Grove; I flew, like lightning, over the fields, and never stopped till I came to the style where we parted, Mary."

"But I presume you did not stay long there," cried Mary, laughing, and sitting down by the side of Henry; "well, Henry, you are much grown, and I am heartily glad to see you, that's the truth of it;—but I have such news to tell you:—Betty's going to be married, as well as Beckey,—you remember the miller's son, Henry?"

Elizabeth, at these words, ran out of the room as fast as she could, and Henry, now turning towards Mary, with a look of impassioned tenderness, fondly uttered,—

"You bid me remember every thing that is past, but I forget every thing when you are present. Oh, Mary, how I have panted to behold you again, to see you smile, to hear your voice, to dwell on every happy hour we have passed together, here and at my father's; and let me hope that Henry has not altogether been absent from your thoughts."

"Oh, Henry, and could you once think you could be forgotten," cried Mary, "in my memory, while memory is mine!" in a voice of such melodious sweetness, and with a look so eloquently feeling, that Henry felt himself the most transported of human beings, and Mary was the happiest; when in a few moments they were joined by the doctor and Mrs. Bradbury

"Henry, my dear boy, a thousand welcomes to Elm Grove again," said Mrs. Bradbury, returning Henry's respectful salute; but the doctor, whisking him round by the arm, exclaimed, with his accustomed jocularity.—

"No, he is not welcome, the dog is not welcome, till he has paid his respects to me, who am the master of the family. Well, but how are you, Harry, after all?—Come, let me know how they behave to you at college?—how you liked your journey to London?—but above all, what you think of a Lord?"

The doctor now took full possession of Henry for the remainder of the time he staid,—nobody else could edge in one word; the doctor declaring that he had grown one of the finest young fellows in the world, and when Henry reluctantly arose to depart, the doctor posted away with him to the White Cottage, determined, he said, to have a good comfortable chat over a bottle of the pastor's brown stout.

"For you know, Harry," said he, "that all next week there will be no time for any thing.—Gad zooks! I don't think I shall make up a single pill, lotion, potion, or bolus. I shall send round to all my patients to tell them, that matrimony requires all my attendance, and that it is much better to take a draught of that pleasant mixture, than all the medicines in a doctor's laboratory."

CHAPTER XIV.

Marriage of Philip Bradbury and Rebecca Clarendale;—their Visit to London, accompanied by Rosa Clarendale and Mary Bradbury.

It was not only the improved looks of Henry which gave unbounded pleasure to the eyes of his adoring parents, but the pastor discovered the mind had expanded with the ripening manliness of his person, it had acquired a tone of energy, with a profundity of knowledge, far beyond his years, which, added to a heart glowing with enthusiasm and feeling, promised a rich harvest of fruition, when he should be called into a professional exercise of those sacred duties, on which not only depended his own happiness, but would intimately be connected with the happiness of his fellow-creatures, and that this was in part the work of Trelawney, awakened sensations of the most lively gratitude in the breast of the

pastor, and as Mrs. Clarendale rested her eyes with inexpressible delight on the graceful form of her blooming Henry, at the same instant her gentle bosom heaved with an involuntary prayer for the peace and happiness of the absent Trelawney, which was not unmixed with an apprehension, that happiness was farther than ever distant from the prospects of their generous benefactor.

The description already given by Henry, in his letters, of Lady Alexina Fitzosbourne, and the short but impressive sentences he had inadvertently dropped, respecting her, but too perfectly decided her opinion on the approaching nuptials of poor Trelawney.

Nor was Henry altogether blind to the altered looks of his sister Rosa, nor the deep reddening blush which alternately crimsoned and faded on her complexion at the most distant mention of Trelawney; too well versed himself in love's language, he soon read the tell-tale passion in his sister, and read it with sensations most painful and poignant, since hopeless indeed must be her passion for Trelawney; and Henry, as he pondered over these reflections, on the first night of his arrival at home, again thought of the secret entrusted by Trelawney to his beloved Mary, for that Trelawney loved most powerfully he was aware, and that Lady Alexina was not the object of that passion he was also well convinced, —whom then could it be? surely not his sister Rosa! Mary Bradbury could easily resolve this question, but on this subject he dared not importune her again; Henry was therefore imperiously compelled to silence, and endeavoring to dismiss all unpleasant thoughts while in the presence of Mary he resigned himself to the mirth of the hymenial festivities, which were shortly approaching, and his hours were alternately shared between the inhabitants of the White Cottage and of Elm Grove; in short, the doctor had kept them alive, not only at his own house, but at the pastor's, and had shut up his shop almost the whole of the week preceding the day of the marriage, nor would the doctor open it but to very particular customers, who were not in his *book of bad debts.*

At length the happy day arrived, which was ushered in by a morning of the most transcendant beauty,—the bridal morning of the lovely and virtuous Rebecca Clarendale, at that smiling season of the year when all nature opens upon us, not in the full blaze of meridian beauty, but leaving sullen winter's dreary confines far

behind, gives to our delighted eyes the tender firstlings of the blooming spring—the pale but beauteous primrose, and the purple scented violet, all in retiring sweetness dressed, and peeping forth their modest heads from beneath the white blossomed thorn.

And never was a season more congenial to the minds, dispositions, and mild temperature of the two happy and innocent beings, who on this morning were to resign the felicity of their whole lives into each other's hands; of whom might be said, in the words of that sublime poet, THOMPSON,—

> "But happy they! the happiest of their kind!
> Whom gentle stars unite, and in one fate,
> Their hearts, their fortunes, and their beings blend!"

And it was expressly so with Philip Bradbury and Rebecca Clarendale.

There is no pleasure, however, which is not in some degrees alloyed with pain.—The gentle bosom of Rebecca could scarce sustain a parting with her mother, from whose tender care she had never been separated since the hour of her birth, and though happy, she was not mirthful, when Rosa tript into her chamber, with the lightness of a sylph, to inform her, that the Bradburys were all come, and sitting round the breakfast-table in the oak parlor.

"And there is poor Philip," cried Rosa, laughing archly, "cooling his heels at the very bottom of the stairs, and waiting most impatiently for the presence of the bride; and here are you, Rebecca, without so much as having unpapered your hair.—And, my gracious! there's a face,—why, you have been crying!—What nonsense, Beckey, when you are going to be married to one who loves you so dearly, and whom you love so dearly too!—ah, if it was poor Rosa"—Here Rosa made a full stop at certain reflections in which she dared not permit herself a momentary indulgence.

In the mean time Rebecca had just made shift to arrange her luxuriant and beautiful light flaxen hair, under a white gipsy bonnet, which partially concealed a face, the angelic expression of which, at this moment, had the look of a seraph. The delicate fairness of Rebecca's complexion, naturally transparent, had this

morning no addition of the tinge of the rose; but when completely arrayed in her bridal dress, which was a plain robe of white muslin, fastened round her slender waist with a simple bow of white ribbons, never looked a being more perfectly the emblem of innocence and chaste beauty than Rebecca Clarendale.

"There, Rosa, I am now quite ready," uttered she in a soft and somewhat faltering voice, as she leaned on the arm of her sister, who almost carried her down stairs to Philip.

"Here she is, Phil," cried Rosa, "but, I do believe, if I had not stepped up stairs, and told her you was at the bottom of them, you would have waited another day for a wife.'

Rebecca did not venture to trust her voice to answer the tender enquiries made by her transported lover, but with a modest curtsey, entered the presence of the wedding guests, and, afraid to glance her eyes towards her dear mother, who sat on her chair a little agitated, she paid her respects to the doctor and Mrs. Bradbury.

"What, my lily of the valley, and my mountain rose," cried the doctor, and without further ceremony he imprinted a kiss on the lips of each lovely sister, for to say which now looked the most lovely would have been a hard point to determine.

Rosa, however, had the advantage of a fine roseate bloom, which was greatly heightened by the doctor's observing, that her turn would come next, "and Betty's and Molly's too, I suppose," cried he, now glancing a sly look at the blushing countenance of his daughter Mary, to whom Henry had just presented a nosegay of fresh violets. Elizabeth too came in for her share of her father's raillery, as young Mildmay was actually coming the ensuing week to Elm Grove, at the express commands of her father, to offer proposals to the doctor for the fair hand of Elizabeth.

"Betty and Molly," exclaimed Mrs. Bradbury, "my dear, pray do not vulgarize the poor girl's names so shockingly."

"That is the very reason why I like to do it, Mrs. Bradbury," answered the doctor; "I never was fond of long names in my life, any more than long pedigrees.—Another dish of tea, if you please, Miss Rosa, and then, hey for matrimony. Come, girls, where's your bonnets and your fal-lals, get ready, for Mr. Etheridge, I dare say, is now waiting at the church gate."

"Dear me, Doctor Bradbury, what a hurry you are always in," cried Rosa, now assisting the trembling Rebecca to tie on her bonnet; and in a few moments two post chaises, which were ordered from the Turnpike-house, with white ribbon knots tied on the horses' heads, and white cockades in the hats of each of the postillions, drove up to the door, to convey the bridal party to the church, amidst numerous crowds of happy villagers, who instantly surrounded the carriages with loud huzzas, and other demonstrations of joy, in compliment to their excellent pastor and the worthy doctor, both of whom had, by kind and benevolent actions, implanted into the hearts of the poor a spirit of inherent gratitude, which was manifested on the present occasion, with the most lively and unaffected joy.—Twelve girls and boys, dressed in their holiday clothes, preceded the carriages to the church gate, carrying large nosegays of the most choice flowers of the spring, and these were followed by both the old and the young, of males and females, all eager to offer their congratulations and heartfelt prayers for the happiness of a young couple so deservedly beloved and respected. The Rev. Mr. Etheridge was waiting to receive them, (at the particular request of the pastor, who wished him to perform the marriage ceremony) and the church doors being closed upon the bridal party, he commenced in the most impressive manner, those rites so sacred, so momentous, in which it is evident that our happiness not only here but hereafter is materially connected.

Rebecca, now firm and collected, pronounced most audibly those responses which she was called upon to answer; while her father presented her hand to the future guardian of her happiness, and protector of her days; and Mr. Etheridge, having most faithfully and impressively discharged his duty, saluted the fair bride as *Mrs. Philip Bradbury.* No sooner, however, was the marriage ceremony over, than the merry bells sent forth their cheerful and enlivening sound with redoubled peals, and the church gates were now completely thronged on every side with spectators;—that boys and girls were then permitted to approach the bride and bridegroom, and throw at their feet their humble, but no less welcome, offerings of gratitude.

After which, a dinner was provided at the charity school, of

roast beef, to be distributed to the poor in the village of Kenilworth, and a sum of money given to the sick, the aged and infirm, whose afflictions prevented their attendance on the joyful occasion, out of the joint and private purse of the Pastor and Doctor Bradbury.

The bridal party then partook of an elegant repast, prepared at Elm Grove, where a few select friends were invited by the doctor, to celebrate the wedding, and the next morning Mrs. Clarendale and Rosa accompanied the happy pair to their new residence, (called Woodlands) which had been purchased by the doctor, and completely furnished with every necessary appendage, by the pastor. It was within five miles of the White Cottage at Kenilworth, a circumstance which created unbounded happiness to the affectionate heart of Rebecca, who, in the space of an hour or two's walk, could behold her dear father and mother, to whom she might still be useful, and from whose endearing society she was thankful that she should not be separated; while on the other hand, Mrs. Clarendale felt gratified at the prospects of happiness and permanent felicity now dawning on her beloved child, whose filial affection and exemplary conduct so justly entitled her to all the blessings which surrounded her.

Mrs. Bradbury was delighted with the taste displayed in the furniture of Rebecca's house to whom she presented some mementos of her regard; and Henry Clarendale, having visited his sister at the Woodlands twice, with the Bradbury family, during the week he had to remain at his father's, felt himself now most unwillingly compelled to leave the happy group, and return to college, and taking once more a tender farewell of his beloved Mary, from whom he now ventured to solicit a regular correspondence, sanctioned with the pastor's consent, and the approbation of Doctor Bradbury;—he bade an affectionate adieu to his dear mother and Rosa, whom he called to take leave of at his sister's house, and set off at an early hour, in the ensuing morning, in the mail from Coventry. And in one fortnight from this period, Rosa Clarendale accompanied the new married pair to London, Mary also having obtained permission of her father for a similar indulgence; both young ladies, however, now under the protection of Mr. Philip Bradbury, were to stay no longer than the limited

time, which was to expire precisely at the end of one fortnight, when they were to return to Woodlands with Rebecca.

Mary's vivacity would have received no small additional zest had a certain person, now absent, been of the party; but the spirits of Rosa could scarcely be kept in bounds.

Philip Bradbury, however, had privately received his instructions from the pastor, who had charged him with a letter to Trelawney, to be cautious in never permitting Rosa to be alone with him, in case he should call on him at his relation's, and particularly requested, that no messages might be carried on his account to the Earl of Fitzosbourne's, to whose family he was almost an entire stranger, with all of which Philip felt it his duty implicitly to comply. Not that Rosa had ever once mentioned the name of Trelawney, perfectly aware that the prudence of her sister, now a wife, would be more circumspect than ever over her conduct with respect to Trelawney.

Mary Bradbury, however, did not see the necessity of burying that man's name in silence, who had been so general a benefactor, and in the course of the journey to town, with that lively good nature for which she was so remarkable, suddenly exclaimed,—

"How I should like to see our kind and generous friend Trelawney, and who knows but we may; Phil, you are going to Lord Fitzosbourne's, how perfectly droll it would be if you were to take me with you."

"I think it would be perfectly ridiculous, Mary," cried Philip.

"And I think it would be very natural," retorted Mary, "would it not, Rosa?"

"I do not think any thing at all about it, Mary Bradbury," replied Rosa, her complexion at that moment denying the assertion.

"I dare say that we may all have the pleasure of seeing Mr. Trelawney," said Rebecca, and I am certain that it will afford me a great deal of pleasure, for he is one of the most amiable of beings."

"Yet, poor fellow, I fear he will be one of the most miserable," cried Mary, "Henry says, that Lady Alexina Fitzosbourne, though excessively handsome, is half an idiot;—well, deuce take me if I'd marry her Ladyship for all the fathers in christendom.—

If I was Trelawney, she might cry whoop for a husband, for me."

"Nonsense, Mary," said Rebecca, 'you know he must marry her. But pray let us drop the subject, and talk of something else, since we cannot change the destiny of our amiable friend."

The eyes of poor Rosa were now almost filled with tears, but the lively Mary soon found the means of diverting her from all melancholy reflections, by whispering, unheard by Philip or Rebecca, that there was no doubt but they should see their old friend Trelawney, at some of the public places to which they were to go before they returned to Kenilworth.

This assurance of the kind-hearted Mary very soon restored the receding roses to her friend's complexion; and the dazzling lights which on all sides met their eyes, on their nearer approach to the metropolis, arrested their attention to every passing object, as the chaise rolled rapidly along, and in less than an hour the fair travelers alighted at the Spread Eagle in Grace-church street, where Dr. Stanton and his son were awaiting their arrival to conduct them to his own residence in Pall Mall, and the first introduction and congratulations being over, the doctor dispatched the porter for two coaches, one for the trunks and baggage belonging to the ladies, which he sent on before with his servant, and the other conveyed the party to the doctor's house; in the course of their ride, the old gentleman, who was much such another as Doctor Bradbury, could not help remarking the uncommon beauty of the pastor's fair daughters, and equally charmed with the sprightliness of the fascinating Mary Bradbury, he exclaimed aloud to his son,—

"Why, Theodore, gad zooks! we shall have no occasion to go as far as Covent Garden for lilies and roses, when we shall have so fine and beautiful a collection from the garden of Kenilworth, in our own drawing-room in Pall Mall." The doctor then turned towards the blushing Rosa, on whom his son was also gazing with evident looks of admiration,—"Upon my word, Miss Clarendale, the air of your native village has given additional lustre to your charms."

The coach now arrived at Pall Mall, and the travelers alighted at the house of Doctor Stanton, and he immediately conducted

them to the presence of his sister, (for the doctor was a widower,) and this lady, his only and unmarried sister, had resided with him ever since the death of his wife, and was the complete manager of his domestic concerns.

Miss Stanton arose to receive her guests, who also were in part her relations, with a most welcome smile, and after saluting the bride and bridegroom, presented her hand to the two younger ladies, Rosa and Mary, with the most perfect cordiality, entreating them to consider themselves at home during their stay in town; "we shall find sufficient amusements for you, I dare say, young ladies;" said she, "there is my brother you know, you must not mind him, for he will be running after his patients; and you must not mind me, who am obliged to stay at home to make puddings and pies; but there is my nephew quite at your service; are you not, Theodore?" cried Miss Stanton, turning round to young Stanton, who was altogether one of the finest young men that could be seen at the age of nineteen, nor had his education been neglected by the fondest of fathers; he was an only child, and the property of Doctor Stanton was considerable, not alone from the high eminence in which he ranked in his professional practice, but from a more fortunate circumstance than generally falls to the lot of men of genius,—namely, Doctor Stanton's father had made his fortune before he was born.

To the remark of Miss Stanton, Theodore bowed gracefully, declaring, that he should feel proud to attend the ladies whenever they should honor him with their commands."

"Upon my word, sister Arabella, you have settled this business extremely pleasantly for Master Theodore," said Doctor Stanton, "but dont you imagine, because I am an old man, that I am to be excluded from attending these lovely girls,—no indeed, I shall be a downright rebel all the time they grace with their presence my house:—I will attend them one night to the theatre, the next night to the opera, the next night to a ball,—gad zooks, do you think I will be an idler, when beauty leads the way?"

Miss Stanton, whose sole delight and study was to please and humor her brother, now laughed heartily, while she added,—

"And if you attend the ladies to a ball, brother, I hope you will

provide yourself with a partner, for dance you must of course;—who ever goes to a ball to sit still?"—

"Why nobody in their senses," cried the doctor, "dancing creates a fine circulation in the blood, and keeps it from torpor; but as to providing myself with a partner, here is one already, whom I should select from a million;" (and the gallant doctor tapped the blooming cheek of Rosa,) "will you, fair Miss Clarendale," said he, "condescend to honor with your hand a veteran, without betraying a blush in an assembly room?"

To which Rosa modestly replied, "The condescension, Sir, would be on your part, and gratitude on mine, were you to honor me so highly." Never did Rosa appear to such advantage, as she gracefully uttered these words, and the doctor, highly flattered, turned round to Rebecca, and in a loud whisper, declared she was the sweetest young creature he had ever beheld since he first went a courting to Mrs. Stanton.

Not that Mary Bradbury was in the least neglected, she was receiving the most polite and delicate attentions from the young and handsome Theodore: and Rebecca being a married lady, became the exclusive object of Miss Stanton's conversation.

Tea and coffee were now served up, and the remainder of the evening spent in the most agreeable and social intercourse, with beings to whom nature had been bountifully kind, and fortune by no means niggardly.

Philip Bradbury found in Theodore Stanton no unpleasing substitute for his friend Henry Clarendale, and Doctor Stanton was almost the counterpart of his father, nor was his gentle Rebecca less pleased with the amiable manners of Miss Stanton, who gave the most evident proofs of being a highly accomplished and finished gentlewoman, which it is not easy to mistake for upstart pride and affected consequence.

But if the new married couple were gratified from the attentions they were receiving beneath Doctor Stanton's hospitable roof, Mary and Rosa were delighted beyond expression, and when they retired to the chamber which had been prepared for them, on the first night of their arrival in town, Rosa, while undressing, communicated her sentiments to Mary, in the following manner:

"Well I protest, Mary, that Doctor Stanton is, with the exception of your father, the most agreeable old man I ever beheld."

To which Mary instantly replied,—"And I protest, Rosa, that Mr. Theodore Stanton is, with the exception of your brother, the most agreeable young man I ever beheld."

"But he is so very young," said Rosa. "Well, my dear, that is a fault he will soon get rid of," answered Mary, and with one of her most arch smiles, Mary, now they were alone, ventured to add, —"To be sure Mr. Theodore Stanton is not quite so old as Mr. Tanjore Trelawney."

"Oh, fie, Mary Bradbury," said Rosa, "how could you think of——

"How could I think of what?" cried Mary; "really, Rosa, both you and Beckey are perfectly ridiculous;—poor Trelawney, —it is then a crime even to mention his name; but I cannot endure such affectation; I mention Trelawney, because I can never think of him without recollecting his kindness to my father, and you, Rosa, ought to remember him for the self same reason."

"I have not forgotten Mr. Trelawney, Miss Bradbury," now answered Rosa, betraying at once the warmth of her temper, and at the same time a sentiment which she had once cherished against poor Mary.

Mary Bradbury, however, was a young woman of too superior a mind to be petulant for trifles, with those whom she loved, and she really loved Rosa Clarendale, not only because she was the sister of her Henry, but exclusively for having been attached to her since the earliest days of her infancy.

Instead, therefore, of retorting on the petulant Rosa, Mary only burst into an immoderate fit of laughter, and "Well, Miss Clarendale," cried she, "I am very glad to hear you have not forgotten the excellent Trelawney, because I am pretty certain that he has not forgotten you."

Rosa now, ashamed of her petulance, and more than ever convinced how groundless were her suspicions against her amiable friend, threw her arms round the neck of Mary Bradbury, and bursting into tears exclaimed, "Oh, Mary Bradbury, dear Mary, can you forgive me?"

"I don't know whether I shall or no," said Mary, taking care

however, to return Rosa's salute most affectionately, "you are a very naughty girl.—There is one thing I have to tell you, that Trelawney does not love Lady Alexina Fitzosbourne."

"Oh, Mary, then whom does he love?" eagerly demanded Rosa, an uneasy sensation again taking possession of her now agitated bosom.

"Not me, upon my honor and credit," answered Mary. "No, Rosa, I solemnly protest, that *I* am not the object of Trelawney's affections, but I know *who is*, though I am forbid any further disclosure or communication on the subject; remember that your dear brother, whose good opinion I prize dearer than all the world, once entertained suspicions against me and Trelawney, which were as unfounded as they were ridiculous, in which he was encouraged by you and Rebecca; you cannot conceive how such conduct pained and grieved me. Trelawney honored me with his confidence, nay more, he repeated the name of his soul's idol in my hearing, and I have never betrayed it—no not even to Henry; it is now as necessary to hold it sacred as then, and I will never reveal it, till by his own consent I am released from the necessity of concealing it from his fair mistress."

Rosa now, in an extacy she could scarcely conceal, exclaimed,—

"Oh, heavens, Mary Bradbury, you are then acquainted with her,—she is no stranger to you."

"She certainly is not," said Mary; "and now, if you please, here let the subject rest for ever;—ask me no more questions, as I will not answer them."

Rosa was now silent, but not so her fluttering heart.

Mary Bradbury had said sufficient to prove that she herself was the object of Trelawney's love:—his looks, his words, his actions, had a thousand times whispered that she was before; yet it was strange that Mary should have been the chosen object to whom he should entrust the secrets of his soul,—secrets that he had never once imparted to her, and perhaps never would.

Perplexed, bewildered, yet pleased and gratified with Mary's communication, and more than ever placing implicit confidence in her ingenuous and amiable friend, Rosa at length yielded to the gentle influence of balmy sleep, and obtained that repose which is

The Earl of Fitzosbornes Family going to a Ball.

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always the companion of innocence, and the sweetest reward of an approving conscience.

CHAPTER XV.

Description of the Ball at Valencia Lodge;—Trelawney's Reflections there;—a Tale of Scandal.

While the hymenial festivities had been quietly proceeding in the humble and happy village of Kenilworth, with uninterrupted joy and peaceful harmony, in the united families of Clarendale and Bradbury, a very different scene was taking place in the splendid mansion of Lord Fitzosbourne, and while the excellent pastor and the warm-hearted doctor were dispensing blessings to all around them, in their charitable donations to the poor, the needy, and the unfortunate, Lady Alexina and Lady Glenthorpe were squandering large sums of money in preparation for the ball-night at the Duke of Valencia's, which had taken place on the very day of Rebecca's marriage, a circumstance which would have occupied the most serious reflections in the mind of Trelawney, had he not been kept in continual agitation by the events of the evening, in which he was equally disgusted at the manners of Lady Glenthorpe as with the appearance of Lady Alexina, who had selected a dress much fitter to display the figure of an highly finished courtezan, than appropriate to a young gentlewoman of rank and fashion, being composed of one entire piece of transparent lace drapery, festooned with full blowing roses, so short as to display somewhat higher than her Ladyship's ankles, and an equal proportion of her bosom, on which glittered a necklace of diamonds, of immense value, the bracelets on her arms corresponding with the same, and her dark and luxuriant hair sparkled with ornaments of the most dazzling description. No art, no decoration, had been spared to set off her truly beautiful person, intending to rival all others at the Duke's party, which was composed of nearly three hundred personages of illustrious rank and fashion. Nor was Lady Glenthorpe less magnificently adorned:—she

wore a dress similar to that of her niece, with the difference only that her's was of satin instead of lace, the formation of which was more calculated to exhibit than to conceal, and equally lavish of ornaments, she shone, like Lady Alexina, in a profusion of diamonds, which she had been presented with as gift offerings from the unbounded munificence of that purse which extended its liberality to no one else—the extravagant bounty of Lady Alexina Fitzosbourne.

When both ladies were completely adorned from the highly finished hands employed on so important an occasion, Lady Glenthorpe, first taking a survey of her own person, with which she had always been on the most excellent terms, glanced her admiring eyes on Lady Alexina, and exclaimed,—"My dearest creature, you are a perfect divinity,—never did I see my Alexina look so transcendantly lovely!—how beautifully those full-blown roses correspond with the delicacy of your complexion, my love."

To which the already too vain and conscious beauty replied,—"But will not that formal, precise lover of mine think my petticoats too short? I protest I am almost afraid to encounter his observations, he is so particular, you know, and so very nice,"

"Nonsense, child," cried Lady Glenthorpe, "a woman of fashion is privileged to dress as she likes, without being afraid of any observations at all."

With this consoling assurance from her dear aunt, Lady Alexina, in the full blaze of all her charms, and confident that she should strike her cold and insensate lover, (if such Trelawney could be called,) dumb with admiration: and strike him she certainly did with any thing else but admiration, for she suddenly burst into the room where he was sitting with her father, who had been waiting nearly two hours for the ladies, and, out of all patience, the Earl exclaimed,—

"For heaven's sake, Alexina, what has kept you and your aunt so long, it is nearly half-past nine o'clock; I will thank you to order coffee for Trelawney and myself, immediately, as I may naturally conclude you and Louisa have taken yours."

"No, indeed, we have not, papa," cried Lady Alexina, and bidding Trelawney ring the bell, at the instant that Lady Glenthorpe whisked into the room; without further delay coffee was instantly brought in

Trelawney, in a plain, neat, and elegant attire, looked, what he really was, the perfect gentleman, without one atom of the puppy about him.

His fine, animated, clear and healthy complexion, and his beautifully proportioned and manly figure, required no addition of art to embellish it, and even if it had, he would have disdained its assistance.

He was more observant, however, of the ladies, and the very moment he cast his eyes on Lady Alexina, he withdrew them again in silence, for he felt an abhorrent disgust at the indelicacy of her appearance; but to find fault with a lady's dress at the very moment she is going into a ball-room, he conceived to be both ill-timed and unreasonable; but he determined to acquaint her with his sentiments at a convenient opportunity, when he hoped she would be more open to conviction, and sensible of her folly.

Never, however, had Lady Alexina a more passionate admirer of her beauty than the Earl himself, in whom perhaps it was the more excusable than in any other person, and as he gazed on her uncommonly beautiful form, the fond father had entirely forgot that he had been kept waiting for his coffee nearly two hours later than usual.

To have offered any remark, therefore, on Lady Alexina, at the present moment, would both have pained and mortified the too blind and indulgent parent, and the Earl's carriage being now ready, Trelawney, with a pensive sigh, took the passive hand which was held out to him with an inviting smile, and conducted her Ladyship to the carriage.

The insensible, too sufficient beauty, attributed the silent and serious looks of Trelawney to extreme and sudden involuntary admiration of her charms. But Lady Alexina Fitzosbourne was unconscious that those charms had lost their principal beauty in the eyes of Trelawney, and were beheld by him not only with indifference, but with a sentiment almost bordering on disgust.

Lady Glenthorpe, however, was determined that Trelawney should not preserve his provoking taciturnity long, for she had scarcely seated herself in the carriage, before she suddenly turned round to Trelawney, and in a sort of wheedling tone, which she could at any time call forth, with smiles of the most resistless fas-

cination, demanded to know which he was admiring most, her dress or Lady Alexina's. "For I know you must admire both," said she, "but on my honor, Trelawney, I shall forgive you this once if you will favor me with your decided opinion?"

Trelawney perceived the finesse of her Ladyship, and not relaxing from his gravity, coldly replied,—"Indeed! then I am excessively sorry to disappoint your Ladyship of any expectation you have formed of my taste, which they say is a bad one, for I have only one opinion, and that certainly is a decided one, respecting the costume of an English gentlewoman's dress.

"Oh, pray let us be favored with it," cried her Ladyship, "before we go into the Duke's crowded rooms, that's a good creature; it will be so vastly important if we should have happened to have hit precisely on your taste, which I begin to suspect is in the Elizabeth style;—the Queen you know, was partial to ruffs."

"Because she was crooked, and had high shoulders, I suppose," said Lady Alexina, delighted at the opportunity which Lady Glenthorpe had now afforded her of offering some ill-natured remark.

"Oh, most undoubtedly, it was to conceal some natural defect," observed her Ladyship, with still more pointed sarcasm.

"There I must beg leave to differ with your Ladyship's charitable inference," said Trelawney, "for I should rather suppose, that this regard to decency proceeded from that innate modesty which every female naturally consults, if she has any modesty at all, and without which all loveliness must appear only as deformity; and if historical report has represented Queen Elizabeth as a vain woman, it has never informed us that she was an indelicate one."

"Was her Majesty's extreme and violent passion for the Earl of Essex so extremely delicate?" enquired Lady Glenthorpe.

"That," said Trelawney, "is another affair; we were talking of her Majesty's dress, and not of the private virtues or failings of her character."

And at this precise moment the carriage stopped at the gates of Valencia Lodge, to the now most seasonable relief of all parties, and none more so than to the Earl, who in one moment had perceived the drift of Lady Glenthorpe's conversation addressed to

Trelawney, and now, for the first time, cast his eyes on the dress of Lady Alexina, as she descended from the carriage, and was at no loss to guess at what the pointed allusions of Trelawney had aimed; for never had he beheld his daughter in a dress so grossly indelicate: to Lady Glenthorpe, however, he attributed the whole of the impropriety, who had permitted it, for which there was now no immediate remedy, but to bear in silence the remarks which he was apprehensive would be made on it.

These remarks he felt he could sustain much better than the severe and just reproaches of the highly displeased Trelawney.

With the most uncomfortable and dissatisfied air, the Earl now entered the drawing-room of the Duke, where he was no sooner distinguished than greeted with the most flattering and marked attentions, not only from the host himself, but by numerous families of the most exalted rank and fashion; from being so seldom seen, the Earl was most eagerly sought after, and each appeared anxious to obtain his notice.

It has already been observed, that the three daughters of the Duke were not particularly handsome; but had Lady Alexina Fitzosbourne possessed but one half of their attraction, produced by the amiability of their temper, the elegance of their manners, and the accomplishments of their richly cultivated minds, her personal loveliness might then have shone with resplendent lustre. But, ah! how little did she appear in the polished circle of the well-chosen few on this evening assembled at the Duke of Valencia's.

And how did Trelawney blush as he led Lady Alexina into the room, the singularity of whose dress instinctively attracted every eye towards her,—which formed a striking contrast, indeed, with the neat simplicity of those which veiled the modest forms of Lady Honoria, Lady Frances and Lady Catherine; in whose light auburn tresses, a simple wreath of white roses was the only ornament.

Every person present was acquainted with the amiable character of Trelawney, and every body respected him;—but it was morally impossible, either to place a bandage over the eyes of people, or to silence the tongues of those to whom scandal was a continual feast. And it was probably owing to the well-timed interfer-

ence of Lord Sydney Belmont, and the good nature of his sisters, that Lady Alexina escaped from the too justly merited censures she had ridiculously drawn upon herself and friends.

Lady Renegarde, however, who delighted in mischief, and in making every body around her as uncomfortable as she could, contrived to make her observations so loud that every body could hear her, and by fixing her eyes in every direction exclusively on the object of her raillery, Lady Alexina, as she swam through the soft mazes of the sportive dance a second time, attracted the attention of all present.

Lady Renegarde had two motives for her malicious conduct; for being a young widow, with a tolerably pretty face and a dashing figure, she detested Trelawney because he had ever been insensible to her charms; and she had another reason, more potent than the first, for her increased antipathy towards him,—it was by his interference, and owing to his influence, that the Fitzosbourne family no longer attended her gay parties, and that she herself was excluded in the list of visitants at Fitzosbourne House.

To have exercised her wit or her spleen against Trelawney she knew would have been unavailing, for the majority of the admirers of the character of Trelawney would instantly have overpowered her weak and ineffectual efforts; she therefore determined to wreak her vengeance on Lady Alexina; for which purpose she had thrust herself an uninvited guest at Valencia Lodge, and when once she had gained admittance into the rooms, she was well assured that such was the well-known hospitality of this amiable family, that no one would presume to say she was not welcome; of course, she remained uninterrupted, and like a greedy hawk, ready to dart her talons on her helpless prey, for whom she watched with considerable anxiety.

At length the wished-for moment arrived, and the appearance of Lady Alexina, almost in a state of nudity, delighted her most sanguine expectations. Swifter than the herald Mercury she flew round to all corners of the room, demanding to know what they now thought of Trelawney's beautiful statue, in the opera girl's dress? "Or, more properly speaking," added her Ladyship, "what do you think of the brazen Venus? for of no other possible composition can she be made, who could come into such an assemblage as the present respectable company in such a dress."

"And is that young woman, with the exposed neck and uncovered shoulders, the daughter of Lord Fitzosbourne?" demanded the venerable Dowager Duchess of L——, in a tone somewhat of concern rather than severity; for the Dutchess was a woman of the most mild and engaging manners, and of an amiable character, and was aunt to the present Duke of Valencia.

"Most assuredly she is," cried Lady Renegarde; "yes, your Grace, that young lady, with the short petticoats and the naked bosom, is not only the daughter of Lord Fitzosbourne, but the destined and chosen bride of Trelawney,—the prudent, delicate, conscientious Tanjore Trelawney."

These words were uttered with the most bitter irony, and the last sentence in so loud a key as to reach the ear of Lord Sydney Belmont, who, on the name of his friend being pronounced so audibly, turned to see from whose lips it had proceeded, and was much surprised to find the Duchess in conversation with such a person as Lady Renegarde.—What on earth has that woman to do with Tanjore Trelawney? thought Lord Sydney, approaching his venerable relation, and seating himself next to her.

"I have no doubt of your Ladyship's veracity," said the Duchess, in answer to something that Lady Renegarde had been advancing respecting the Fitzosbourne family, "but I confess that I am perfectly astonished both at the imprudence of the one and the indiscretion of the other. Good heavens! if the silly girl did not know better, her father, the Earl, and Lady Glenthorpe, her aunt, ought not to have encouraged her in such folly."

"But is not your Grace of opinion that her prudent and delicate lover is equally blameable?" cried the malicious and artful Lady Renegarde. "How shockingly indecorous would it be to see a young and married wife setting forth in her attire such vile examples to the young and unmarried ones in the numerous circles of her acquaintance. I protest, I feel for the dear creatures, your Grace's amiable relatives. I am sure they have more than once blushed at the shameful indelicacy of Lady Alexina Fitzosbourne. I vow it would be perfect charity if Lady Honoria herself was, out of regard to the feelings of her younger sisters, to tell the vain creature, who is a prodigal of her charms, to put a handkerchief on her bosom."

"As your Ladyship is so complete a pattern of charity yourself, why do you not spare Lady Honoria that trouble?" cried a voice immediately behind her Ladyship, and instantly turning round, she beheld the fine, manly and expressive features of Trelawney, to her mortification and confusion; for Trelawney having heard every syllable of her Ladyship's charitable discourse, which she had been addressing to the Duchess of L——, regarded her with an expression of such superior contempt, that she shrank abashed, and even trembled beneath his firm, steady and collected gaze; after which, Trelawney in a low voice, for he did not wish to expose her in the respectable house of his friends, thus addressed her:—

"Woman, do not vainly attempt to conceal your own defects, which your malevolent intention has too glaringly exposed—by giving a portraiture of the faults of another, who you seem to have forgot is like yourself, a female,—who, however silly and ridiculous she may appear, (and I do not aver that she is not so,) is, notwithstanding, at this very precise moment the object of your envy! who should be the object of your compassion; and if Lady Alexina is reprehensible, in being guilty of such folly as you have been execrating, you are a thousand times more blameable, who have made her the object of your Ladyship's imitation: look at your own uncovered bosom, and your bare neck and shoulders, Lady Renegarde, and when you have numbered up the many years you are older than Lady Alexina Fitzosbourne, see if you cannot find a blush for yourself, instead of bestowing one so liberally on her who would not thank you for it."

On saying these words, uttered in so low a key that they were only heard by the person to whom they were addressed, Trelawney quitted the ball-room for a few moments, to overcome the perturbed state of his mind, which had been tortured by the presence of Lady Renegarde, and shocked by her malicious observations on the conduct of one from whom he was now determined to fly, and to fly immediately; and in order to hasten the departure of Lord Sydney Belmont, he proposed calling at an early hour the ensuing morning at Valencia Lodge, for the purpose of making arrangements for their speedy departure.

These were the silent meditations of Trelawney on his retiring

to one of the smaller rooms set apart for the refreshments which had been provided for the company, and with his arm leaning on one of the marble slabs, he reclined for a few moments in the most pensive and thoughtful attitude, till a voice full of melodious sweetness, and not unmixed with tender solicitude, saluted his ear in the following words,—

"I hope, Trelawney, you have not retired from the gay and festive scenes because you are disgusted with their vanity?"

"Would not fatigued have been a more appropriate term, my dear Lady Honoria?" (for the voice was her's,) cried Trelawney, "for disgusted I could never be while the presence of such beings as you inhabited it."

"Oh, from compliments spare, I beseech you," cried Lady Honoria, deeply blushing, "I cannot listen to such as your's, without suspecting that there is more flattery than sincerity attached to them."

"Then would you, Lady Honoria, do me the most positive injustice," answered Trelawney, remarking with the most poignant concern the deep blush which still rested its sometimes soft and at other times crimsoned hues on the cheek of the too sensitive and conscious maid; "I never had a thought towards you that was not dictated by sincerity and the most sacred esteem; believe me, amiable Honoria, I must ever respect those virtues, so feminine, so dear to the heart of man;—such virtues as I behold in Lady Honoria Belmont who could not admire? But while I do this, may I not be permitted to tell you so without being taxed with flattery, and secretly wish you would transplant some of those virtues to the bosom that is destitute even of one? Oh, did Lady Alexina Fitzosbourne but resemble you, from what tortures would the wretched and miserable Trelawney have this evening been spared. Oh, Lady Honoria, is there aught so painful, in the whole space of human existence, as the soul, heart-rending, harrowing reflection of being bound in ties at which we feel compelled suddenly to revolt, and shrink with abhorrence?"

"Oh, Trelawney, do not ask me!" cried Lady Honoria, whose soft blue eyes now swam in tears, "indeed I dare not answer such a question, fearful that I might forget——"

"What, amiable Honoria?" cried Trelawney.

"The ties which bind you in the most solemn engagements to Lady Alexina Fitzosbourne," uttered Lady Honoria, in such timid confusion, and with so faltering a voice, that Trelawney needed no further conviction of the unhappy passion he had so unfortunately inspired in the breast of this amiable and highly interesting young woman, and now more deeply concerned than ever for the happiness of that innocent being whose peace he had unconsciously molested; he respectfully held her passive hand to his lips, while he uttered, not without deep emotion,—

"Dear Lady Honoria, I consider myself the most unfortunate of human beings, in having called forth a trial of such tender and delicate sensibility as yours; but this is the last time I will ever put it to so severe a test. Permit me, however, Lady Honoria, to thank you for the kind interest you have taken in my fate, and to assure you, that I shall, whether married or single, ever regard you as a dear and tender sister, for whose repose, (and may your's be that of angels,) I shall feel as solicitous as if I were indeed your brother."

At this moment, a hoarse and croaking voice, calling loudly for her carriage, which was followed by the immediate presence of the lady, who was no other than Lady Renegarde, who popped her head suddenly into the room where Lady Honoria and Trelawney were sitting, now called off their attention, and finally put an end to a conversation, which, on both sides, was beginning to produce embarrassment and agitation.

For such was the candour, the sincerity and the honor of the generous Trelawney, he would not have deceived Lady Honoria in a supposition that had he been released from his engagements to Lady Alexina, he would have offered her a suitable return of the regard with which she so greatly honored him. Not for created worlds would Trelawney have done this;—to have inflicted still sharper pangs than those of hopeless love in the bosom of this inestimable young creature, would have been the conduct only of a base and unprincipled seducer, and Trelawney was none; and and though it is the pride of some men, void of all natural feeling and honor, so to do, from that innate propensity to wound where they cannot heal, that love of variety, which they cannot forego even though the peace and the honor of a helpless woman is at

take,—yet Trelawney would have perished first. And truly loving one, with that pure and tender flame which burns only on the altar of constancy, he regarded, for her dear sake wholly, the peace and happiness of every other individual of her sex.

Lady Renegarde just had a glimpse of who was conversing with Trelawney, just saw the fair hand which he had carried to his lips was the hand of Lady Honoria Belmont, and that was sufficient; no newspaper report was now necessary to convey the invidious, false and scandalous rumor,—that an apostate to the vows he had made to one lady, he was now offering worship at the shrine of a second.

The industrious Lady Renegarde had circulated the fabulous tale at half a dozen houses, till in a few days it became a town's talk,—that the delicacy of the *white rose* had entirely superseded the charms of the *red rose*. Which, in consequence of her Ladyship's innocent prattle, became of more serious import than was imagined, the two young ladies ever afterwards receiving the nominal titles of the white rose and the red rose.

But as these roses were planted by the hand of Lady Renegarde, it is no wonder that the blossoms perished; there never was a genial sun ever yet smiled on the pernicious soil which gives birth to slander, and only engenders envy, a rank and poisonous weed, never found in the healthful botanic gardens of native benevolence or Christian philanthropy.

CHAPTER XVI.

Philip Bradbury's Visit to Trelawney at Lord Fitzosbourne's, and their interesting Conversation;—Rosa's Generosity

Lord Fitzosbourne, soon after his arrival at the Duke's, remained but a short time in these crowded rooms which were most exposed to the exhibition of company, for dreading the appearance of his daughter, and the consequent effects it would produce on the mind and feelings of Trelawney, the Earl contrived to steal

into one of the card-rooms, where, in company with a select party of noblemen of his acquaintance; who, like himself, had lost all relish for the pleasures of the "light fantastic toe," he sat himself down, to a snug party of whist, and remained thus engaged during the whole of the evening, much to his own satisfaction, as he was not only a considerable winner, but he could neither see nor hear of any of the passing scenes which were going forwards in the assembly-rooms, which he augured were not of the most pleasing or flattering kind to the feelings of Trelawney.

Meanwhile Lady Glenthorpe was playing her cards with her usual skill and dexterity, and attended by the smiles of good fortune, she had never once rose from the card-table since her entrance into the rooms, and it was nearly half-past four, and the carriages of the nobility were beginning to throng around the gates of Valencia Lodge. Lady Alexina having passed, as her Ladyship termed it, a complete rantipoly night, by no means confining herself to the exclusive attentions of her lover, for there was scarce a young man of fashion in the rooms whom she had not honored with her fair hand; but now finding herself fatigued, she ran in search of Lady Glenthorpe, who, just having concluded a successful rubber, now arose, in good humor, from her seat, and the Earl soon afterwards making his appearance, the carriage was instantly ordered to convey them to Grosvenor Square, Lady Alexina being now as ridiculously wrapped up in furs and large warm cloaks, as she was before imprudently exposed, without any covering but the thin texture of a lace veil.

Not a word was exchanged by either of the party.—After Lord Sydney Belmont had pressed the hand of Trelawney, at the door of the carriage, having said, in a low voice, some few words, to which Trelawney instantly replied,—

"Rely on my punctuality in calling precisely at the hour you mention, for though fatigued, believe me, Lord Sydney, I am by no means inclined to sleep."

Lord Sydney then respectfully bidding the Earl good night, or rather good morning, and bowing to the ladies, the carriage proceeded to Grosvenor Square, with an uninterrupted silence, except by Lady Alexina complaining that she was monstrously tired.

"We must nurse you for a day or two, my love," said Lady

Glenthorpe; "positively, I will not hear of your going out these two days."

"Oh, yes, to-morrow evening; you forget that we have an indispensible engagement, aunt; we must go, because it is with the Belmonts, and they are so particular," cried Lady Alexina.

"Oh, to the theatre," answered Lady Glenthorpe; "true, I had forgot that the charming O'Neil is to play Evadney, in the Statue. You are right, my love, we must go, for all the world will be there."

"Then who would stay away?" said Trelawney, with a sarcastic smile, which was not much relished by her Ladyship; but the carriage at this moment stopped at the door of Fitzosbourne House, and fortunately put an end to any further discussion, for no sooner had the ladies alighted, than they immediately retired, as did the Earl and Trelawney, to their respective chambers.

And the ensuing morning afforded Trelawney no opportunity of speaking to Lady Alexina on the impropriety of her dress, for she was not visible for many days, having taken, or pretended to have taken, a severe cold at the Duke of Valencia's. But it is certain that she was a little apprehensive of encountering the lectures of Trelawney, which it appears had been very liberally bestowed upon the Earl, and Lady Glenthorpe, who was now suffering a very severe penance from her brother's displeasure, which so highly incensed her Ladyship against Trelawney, that she eagerly panted for the hour of his departure from Fitzosbourne House, where his presence was so considerably an interruption to her pleasures, and his influence over the mind of the Earl so dangerous to her own exclusive interests. Not that she entertained the slightest apprehension that he would ever possess any power over the disposition of Lady Alexina:—she was well aware they were two beings never formed for each other, and that Lady Alexina would despise Trelawney in a still greater degree than what she now did, when she should become his wife; but his magnificent and princely dowry was too alluring to her ambitious views and mercenary plans, to breathe a wish that Alexina should not be his wife; for this had been the aim of Lady Glenthorpe long before that hour destined for Lady Alexina to behold the light,—this was

the ground-work of her ambition, in which the happiness of a thousand Alexinas was not to be put in competition.

The fair invalid, however, was soon sufficiently recovered to attend the Belmont family to several places of public resort, previous to the departure of Lord Sydney; and as a very visible alteration had now taken place in the formation of her Ladyship's dress, which, by the peremptory commands of the Earl, now wore a delicate appearance over her bosom and the rest of her shape, Trelawney did not object to attend the ladies, either in evening parties to Valencia Lodge, or sometimes to the Earl's private-box at the theatres; and the favorite play of Evadney being repeated at Covent Garden Theatre, he consented to accompany the Belmont family, with Lady Alexina Fitzosbourne and Lady Glenthorpe, to its representation, on the very evening of that day which was to suprise him with a visit from Mr. Philip Bradbury. Trelawney was sitting alone in his dressing room, when Mungo suddenly burst into the presence of his master, demonstrating by the most lively symptoms of joy, that he had something of a pleasing nature to communicate, which he did in the following manner:—

"Mungo quite happy tell massa who wait for see him below,—young Massa Bradbury, him say him want see massa."

"Mr. Philip Bradbury!" exclaimed Trelawney, a fine flush of animated joy instantly overspreading his features, "fly, Mungo, go instantly and bring him up."

Mungo was not long in executing his commission; and in a few minutes Philip Bradbury appeared before the now agitated Trelawney.

"Dear Mr. Trelawney!" uttered Philip; and "Ten thousand welcomes, dear Philip!" were the words immediately exchanged between them; but it was some moments before Trelawney found himself sufficiently composed to utter another sentence. At length seating himself beside Philip, he ventured to enquire after his old friends, offering him the most sincere congratulations on the happy event which had taken place in the family.

Philip then produced the pastor's letter, offering his apology that he had not delivered it on the evening they arrived in town. "Which I certainly should have done, Mr. Trelawney," continued Philip, "but for the ladies, whom I was obliged to accompa-

ny is the house of Doctor Stanton, of whom we are the guests.—*Mary*, indeed, would not let me rest."

"Mary!" exclaimed Trelawney, "have you then brought Mary Bradbury up to town with you?"

"Yes, and Rosa too!" uttered Philip, in some confusion, perceiving that this last intelligence so agitated Trelawney that he had no power of concealing it; "Yes, I assure you, Mr. Trelawney, that Rebecca and I have now a great charge committed to our care, for both these saucy girls are under our immediate protection during our visit to London, which we dare not extend beyond the expiration of a fortnight."

"Rosa in town!" exclaimed Trelawney, rising from his chair, and pacing the room, in an agitation which perfectly astonished and confounded Philip Bradbury; "Rosa in town for a fortnight."

"Is there any thing so very extraordinary, my dear Sir, for Rosa, who is the sister of my wife, to be the companion of our journey to London?" enquired Philip, in some degree of embarrassment, and even alarm, at the pale countenance of Trelawney, who now endeavored to tranquilize his feelings into a sort of forced composure, which he was very far from feeling, while he added,—

"No, my dear fellow, not very extraordinary; did I say extraordinary? well, no matter, I intended to say that I was rather surprised, that my worthy friend Mr. Clarendale did not apprise me of this extraordinary——

"Extraordinary again," said Philip, and smiled.

"Well," answered Trelawney, "extraordinary, call it what you please, for to tell you plainly, Mr. Philip Bradbury, your extraordinary news has put me into a very extraordinary humour; I am rejoiced to see you, my dear fellow, and I shall rejoice to see your wife, and the amiable Mary, I shall rejoice to see her too——"

Here Trelawney made a long pause, which was filled by Philip Bradbury, now bursting into a violent fit of laughter, while he archly replied,—

"Then poor Rosa, I find, will be the only unpleasing companion we have brought with us,—you will not rejoice in seeing her."

"No, on my soul, the sight of Rosa Clarendale will be more than I shall be able to endure," cried Trelawney; "it will drive me to madness."

"Surely you are not compelled to see her," answered Philip; and now recollecting most forcibly the injunctions of the pastor, he added, "and, indeed, permit to say, that I think, under present circumstances, it is much better to be avoided."

"You speak like one, Mr. Philip Bradbury," cried Trelawney, "who now, in possession of all you love, have nothing to fear from a separation; but there was a time when I offered you such counsel, and you may remember how proudly you rejected it:—'Not see Rebecca,' you cried, 'oh, Mr. Trelawney, if you loved Rebecca like me, (and thank heaven you do not,) not all the world would keep you from Rebecca!'—were not these your words, Mr. Bradbury, when you and I were last at Elm Grove, conversing alone in your father's plantations?"

"I acknowledge that they were so, my dear Sir," answered Philip, now compassionating, most truly, the feelings of Trelawney, "and should despise myself could I utter one sentence either to pain or offend you. But I am obliged to confess to you, what, perhaps, I should not otherwise do, were I not the husband of Rebecca, and now so near a relative of Mr. Clarendale's family, well assured that you have too much honor and principle to take any advantage of my communication respecting Rosa Clarendale."

"All that respects her is sacred as my honor and life," said Trelawney.

"In that supposition, then," answered Philip, "I will now venture to disclose to you the fears, the tender apprehensions of her father,—you will excuse the fears of a father?"

"I could excuse Mr. Clarendale if he was not a father," said Trelawney; "but what has his fears to do with me?"

"In one word, then, Trelawney," cried Philip, now in the utmost confusion, "Mr. Clarendale fears for his child,—and greatly fears, that her heart has too long cherished a regard for you, Trelawney,—nay, he not only fears, but, I believe, it amounts to conviction, that the long illness which attended Rosa, soon after your departure from Kenilworth, arose wholly from her unhappy attachment for one whom reason informed her could never requite it with a proper return."

"Oh, Heavens! and was the dear Rosa suffering illness on my account, without my ever having been made acquainted with it?" cried Trelawney.

"And to what purpose, my dear Sir," said Philip, "to what earthly purpose, but to render you miserable, were you to have been informed of a circumstance so painful?"

"I am now able to account for the silence which has been pursued even by Henry, in all his letters," said Trelawney, without attending to this last remark of Philip's, "who, like his father, has never once mentioned the name of Rosa. And does Mr. Clarendale suppose, that I would take advantage of this weakness in his angelic daughter,—does he imagine, that I would ever betray the knowledge of this dearly bought secret, purchased at the risk of the dear angel's health? No, Philip, sooner would I part with the vital stream that warms the pulses of this beating heart, on which her sweet image is engraven,—fixed unalterably: yes, Philip Bradbury, I doat on Rosa Clarendale, with passion's first ecstatic glow!—I loved her the moment I beheld her: alarmed, and even terrified at the discovery of my too conscious heart, I sedulously avoided the most distant attentions that could be converted into any sentiment but respect for the daughter of my friend; I struggled with the sweet infant passion, till then unknown to my youthful bosom,—struggled and conquered the weakness of revealing it to the maid I adored; never has Rosa heard from my lips one vow —never from my heart one sigh—never from my eyes one glance, which could tell her aught of love; and she never shall. In a few days I shall be far distant from the shores of England, to which the despairing, heart-broken Trelawney is destined only to become the husband of Lady Alexina Fitzosbourne, by the will of that father so revered, that his unhappy son is ready to make a willing sacrifice of all he holds dear in life, sooner than renounce the sacred promise given to his father."

"Oh, Trelawney, most amiable of human beings, how does every fibre of my heart bleed for you," cried Philip, much affected at the serious, calm, yet dignified tone in which these words were uttered by Trelawney; "yet surely you are not going to leave England thus suddenly;—and for what length of time?"

"Precisely for the term of two years," answered Trelawney,

"but not suddenly, my resolution has been made for some time: Lord Sydney Belmont, who is a particular friend of mine, will be the companion of my travels. But while I thus compel myself to a voluntary exile, to smother feelings too painful to dwell on in this country, do not imagine, that Trelawney can ever forget his friends; nor that Henry Clarendale will be neglected, he has wanted hitherto no aid within the utmost limits of my power to afford him, he has likewise the interests of Lord Fitzosburne, and the period is not very far distant, when I shall see him in possession of a comfortable living, and an income adequate to his merits, with what delight shall I then lead him once more to his happy home. How will Trelawney's eyes be feasted by the sight of his dear mother, shedding tears of joy over the darling of her heart: how will every hope of the fond father be realized; and how will a certain little heart, that is placed in a certain little bosom that I know of, beat to the sound of the merry bells that will proclaim at last her the wife of her constant Henry. These are joys which the utmost malice of fortune cannot deprive me of partaking,—these are pleasures at which, in solitary exile, I must still brood over with the most pleasing retrospection, and though wretched myself, my heart will still bound with transport, when returning once more to England, I shall behold my friends at the White Cottage and Elm Grove completely happy."

Trelawney, now more composed, read over the contents of the pastor's letter, which now for the first time made a slight mention of his daughter Rosa being the companion of her sister and Mary Bradbury, in their visit to London.

The rest of the letter contained the most grateful acknowledgements of the kindness bestowed on Henry, of the pleasure they received in beholding his improvements, breathing the most fervent prayers for the continued happiness of their amiable and generous benefactor: and lastly, concluded with a very affecting and particular account of Rebecca's marriage with Philip Bradbury. After which, Trelawney again conversed with Philip, prevailing on him to take some refreshments, which being brought in by Mungo, a very kind inquiry was made for his old friends Nanny Jones and honest Peter.

"Both hearty and well, thank you, Mungo," said Philip; "and how do you like London, Mungo?"

To which Mungo, without a moment's hesitation, replied,—"Massa no here Mungo no likee Lunnun,—no sleep, Massa Bradbury, like me did at White Cottage—noise, noise, all night long Mungo wish massa no stay one day in Lunnun—no worth one yam—no worth one plantain.'

"This is no flattery," cried Philip Bradbury, and smiled as he now arose to depart, with a promise from Trelawney, that he would call and see the ladies the ensuing morning at Doctor Stanton's, hoping that he would present his respectful and kind regards to Mrs. Philip Bradbury, Miss Clarendale, and the lively and good tempered Mary.

As the lips of Trelawney pronounced Miss Clarendale they faultered and trembled, but he swallowed it down, and Philip departed from the splendid house of Lord Fitzosbourne, to meet the more retired and comfortable residence of Doctor Stanton, where he found the ladies just returned from the important business of shopping; Rebecca having made many handsome purchases with the sum of money which had been given to her by her father on her wedding-day.

Among which was a new gown for Nanny Jones, and a silver watch for Peter, which were carefully laid in a box by themselves; for Rebecca had too good a heart to forget the faithful servants who had been kind to her in her infancy, who possessed a double claim on her bounty, because they were poor and friendless. Mary Bradbury had but a sort of generalship with her father, in singing some of his old favorite ballads in the character of the little gypsey, so won on his affections, that on the very morning she came away, a ten pound note was produced out of his sly purse, as he termed it, to be laid out in finery when she went to London, on condition that she was to bring Betty a new gown, and her mother whatever she liked: and Rosa too, had not gone without her little present, for the same purpose, from the pastor.

Miss Stanton, therefore, found sufficient employment in conducting her young and lovely guests to the most fashionable shops, to lay out their money to the best advantage.

Never, however, had Mrs. Clarendale allowed her daughters to dress in that ridiculous and absurd style, for which some young ladies in the village were remarkable; what they wore was ex-

tremely simple, plain and neat, but though plain it was good, and the taste of the Miss Clarendales was always considered superior to any other, because they truly exemplified Thompson's beautiful ideas of female attire, that

> ——————"Loveliness
> Needs not the foreign aid of ornament,
> But is when unadorn'd adorn'd the most,

Rebecca, however, could not but express her surprise, that Rosa, when she came from her shopping, had purchased scarce an article for herself, while at the same time she exhibited an empty purse.

"Mary Bradbury," cried the curious Rebecca, "can you possibly guess what Rosa has done with all the money she had in her purse; she has scarce a shilling left, and I see none of her purchases, except the white muslin dress and the wreath of flowers she is going to wear at the play to night?"

"If I tell you, Beckey, you will tell again," answered Mary archly, "therefore you may guess.'

"How ill-natured, Mary," said Rebecca.

"And how inquisitive, Mrs. Philip Bradbury, you are grown since you are married," retorted Mary; "what is it to you, what Rosa has done with her money? it was given her to spend, was it not? and if she chooses to get rid of it, that is no business of your's or mine. I protest you married women are so curious that we single ones have no chance of keeping any thing to ourselves; however, make yourself easy, my good woman, I shall not satisfy your curiosity, you may depend upon it."

"It was not curiosity, that prompted me to ask," said Rebecca, very gravely, "but as neither Rosa nor you esteem me worthy of your confidence, be assured you will be spared from my making any further enquiries."

In answer to this grave speech, the tormenting Mary indulged herself with an immoderate fit of laughter.

"Why, my dear Beckey," cried she, so soon as she could recover herself, "I never saw you angry before; I declare it is quite an improvement to your complexion; look, my love, what a charming color you have got—the perfect bloom of roses."

"Indeed, Mary, I am not angry," cried the mild and gentle Rebecca, "I am only hurt at your accusing me of impertinent curiosity."

"Accuse you of a fiddle-de-dee! as my father says," cried Mary; "cannot you take a harmless joke, my lily of the valley? But come, the plain matter of fact is this, and betray me if you dare to Phil or Rosa:—Did not you hear of the misfortune which has happened to Jessy Brown, her lover, you know, has deserted her."

"Poor Jessy!" cried Rebecca, "she was one of the most virtuous, lovely young maidens in our village, before that base young man made her the most unfortunate. Well, Mary, go on, I am most anxious to hear."

"Well, but that is not the worst of it," cried Mary; "he has deserted his child too! and left the poor baby to perish with its unhappy mother;—he quitted poor Jessy at the time she most wanted assistance.—You know what a warm-hearted little soul Rosa is."

"Oh yes," cried Rebecca, with tears now starting from her yes, "I am fully sensible of my dear sisters excellent heart,"

"You may well say so," said Mary, "for what do you think the foolish little thing has been doing?"

"I cannot precisely say," answered Rebecca, "though I have a pretty near guess."

"Whip me, if she has not laid out all her money in purchasing clothes for Jessy's little brat; besides some tea and sugar, and other necessaries, to give her, on her return to Kenilworth.—What do you think of Rosa's empty purse now, Mrs. Philip Bradbury?"

"My kind, my dear, my amiable sister!" cried Rebecca, now bursting into tears, which she could no longer suppress; and Philip at that moment coming in, surprised the two ladies in a situation for which he could not account.

"In tears, my Rebecca," cried Philip, "for heaven's sake my dearest love, what occasions them?"

"Ask Mary," cried Rebecca, now smiling, and throwing herself into the arms of her husband, "for without Mary's permission I must remain silent, though I am longing to tell you."

"There, I knew how it would be," cried Mary, "when you

came in; tell a married woman a secret, and popit goes to her lord and master, the very moment she can find an opportunity, without leave or license, judge or jury."

"And pray, Miss Mary, will it not one day be your own case," cried Philip, "wont you tell Harry all your secrets as soon as you are married?"

"Harry!" repeated Mary, "Harry who?"

"Now don't be so affected, Mary Bradbury, I beg of you," cried her brother; and partly with coaxing, and partly with tormenting her, at last prevailed on Mary to repeat what she had been telling to Rebecca, of her sister Rosa; and it was finally settled between Rebecca and her husband, that Mary should contrive to steal Rosa's empty purse, which they were determined to replenish, at the risk even of the sweet girl's displeasure.

Her entrance, however, silenced all further discussion at the present moment; and soon after an early dinner, the ladies retired to dress for the theatre, to which they were going in the expectation of seeing an uncommonly crowded house, to the second night's representation of the play of Evadne, in which the inimitable powers of the fair O'Neil were to afford them a rich treat.

And now, for the first time, Rosa, Rebecca, and Mary submitted their beautiful and luxuriant tresses to the hands of a Lodon hairdresser, Miss Stanton declaring that, though the young ladies curled their hair very neat and simple, it wanted the aid of the fashionable costume, which certainly received no small advantage from the taste and polished elegance of Mr. Truefit, who, when he had finished dressing Mrs. Philip Bradbury, never produced a head of superior beauty; for Rebecca's hair was of a bright flaxen, and in such profusion, that the ringlets and bands were disposed of in the most beautiful and fanciful manner, so as to render them extremely becoming to her fair and delicate complexion. A simple wreath of white roses was the only ornament worn by Mrs. Philip Bradbury, correspondent to a white sarsnet dress, trimmed with an edging of lace: white kid gloves and shoes completed the neat and elegant simplicity of her whole appearance.

Rosa wore a dress more suited to her character, as being more youthful than her sister, for it displayed the beauty and delicacy

of a form so light that it resembled that of a sylph's; and her wreath of flowers was composed of rose-buds, half blown, of a bright color, which sweetly contrasted with her glossy dark brown hair and fresh blooming cheeks; and never was their a lovelier creature, for nature had given Rosa Clarendale, what it frequently denies to more perfect and regular beauty, an expression ever varying, and, therefore, ever fascinating. Rosa's tears and Rosa's smiles were often seen together, and the same variety presented itself in her disposition.

She could not cherish anger long, even with her most implacable enemies; and if she thought she herself had been too warm in her resentments, how eagerly would she acknowledge her faults, and solicit forgiveness of the offended.

This ever pleasing, this captivating variety in Rosa, perhaps rendered her at once the most fascinating and engaging creature in existence.

Though Mary Bradbury could not boast of so much beauty as either of the pastor's daughters, yet Mary was very attractive, arch, and pretty, and never looked to greater advantage than she did on this evening, when she entered Doctor Stanton's drawing-room, having on a very becoming dress of pink, with well chosen and appropriate ornaments.

"Gad-zooks!" cried the facetious and gallant doctor, bowing to the three ladies, "I vow and protest, had I that famed apple in my hand, which Paris had to give to the three goddesses who contended for the palm of undivided beauty, I do not know which of you ladies should have the prize."

"Oh, doctor, you forget that I am by," said Philip Bradbury, taking Rebecca's hand to lead her to the coach.

But the Doctor had taken care of Rosa, notwithstanding the evident looks of disappointment which shot from the eyes of Theodore; he seized her hand, and would not relinquish it till the coach stopped at the door of Covent Garden Theatre.

CHAPTER XVII.

Visit to Covent Garden Theatre;—Meeting of the Fitzosbourne Party and Clarendale Family there;—Agitation of Trelawney, Rosa, and young Stanton on the occasion.

To one of the most crowded houses ever yet witnessed, was added one of the most elegant, fashionable, and brilliant assemblages of company that ever graced the walls of a London theatre.

Every private box belonging to the several nobility was even at this very early hour nearly filled, so that when Doctor Stanton's places were called for, the box-lobbies were so uncommonly crowded, (through which they had to pass) that unaccustomed to a scene so novel, Rebecca, Rosa, and Mary Bradbury clung to the arms of their protectors with the most timid apprehensions, nor could they dismiss their fears till they found themselves quietly seated in the box which the doctor had been very solicitous in engaging, two days before, in order that no disappointment might attend on the highly wrought expectations of his lovely guests, in witnessing for the first time in their lives, the exhibition of a new play, performed at a London theatre, the characters in which were to call forth the inimitable powers of such an actress as Miss O'Neil, and the united excellence of Mr. Young and Mr. Macready.

In the front seats the doctor placed Mrs. Philip Bradbury, Mary, and the beautiful Rosa. And the second row was occupied by his sister, Philip Bradbury and himself, leaving poor Theodore still at a greater distance from an object whose charms had made no small impression on his youthful heart; in short, young Stanton found it impossible to resist the fascinations of Rosa Clarendale, whom he already considered—

— "More fair than painting can express,
"Or youthful poet's fancy when they love."

Whether Doctor Stanton, however, had observed this sudden *penchant* in his son, for the lovely Rosa, or whether observing it he at all approved of the growing partiality, remained a point undecided at the present moment.

After a beautiful and appropriate overture, from the finished composition of that singularly and greatly admired master Mozart, the curtain drew up to the first scene of Evadne, and every eye and every heart was attracted by its deep and powerful interest.

At the conclusion of the first act, however, there appeared in the centre of the doctor's box, an attraction even greater than that exhibiting on the stage, for every eye was instinctively drawn towards the magnets there, and were fixed during the remainder of the performance. The beauty of Rebecca and Rosa at length became the object of universal admiration, and was loudly talked of by the surrounding fashionable beaux, who attended the theatres for no other purpose than to endeavor to stare "humble modesty out of countenance;" and he who succeeds best is generally supposed by his fashionable companions to answer the end of his creation.

One of these impudent, daring, and most intrusively obnoxious loungers, had actually stepped out of the box in which he was sitting opposite to that occupied by Doctor Stanton, and thrust his nose in another on the same side, and even next to where the Doctor was, in order that he might have (as he impudently termed it,) a good squint at the girls. This good squint, however, he could not obtain so easily as he imagined, for the doctor darted on him a look much more intelligible than words, the meaning of which this fashionable votary seemed so perfectly to understand, that he instantly withdrew his eyes from the blushing countenance of Rosa, and removed to a more respectful distance.

This being in the interval between the first and second acts, some little bustle ensued, and all eyes were directed in consequence of one of the box-keepers opening a door of one of the private boxes, which had been the only one not occupied during the evening, and vociferating as loud as he was able to bawl, "Lord Fitzesbourne's box;" when a large and uncommonly brilliant party then made their appearance, and took their places, consisting of

the three daughters of the Duke of Valencia, Lady Alexina Fitzosbourne, Lady Glenthorpe, Lord Sydney Belmont, and Tanjore Trelawney.

The appearance of Lady Alexina was, as usual, dashing in the extreme, to the very height of the costume of fashion, but by no means resembling her former dress at the Duke's, and as she sat in front of the box, she was easily distinguished from the ever modest and retiring, yet superior elegance of the Duke's amiable family.

Lady Honoria Belmont sat on the second seat, with her younger sister and Trelawney, whose thoughts, pensive and totally abstracted from the scenes which so deeply engaged the attention of others, though he had his eyes intently fixed on the business of the stage, was yet insensible to its attraction, till roused by his friend Lord Sydney suddenly turning round to him and Lady Honoria, with the following exclamation,—

"Heavens! Trelawney, did you observe that girl nearly opposite to us, what an exquisite lovely creature! Some of the party are strangers in town, I am almost certain, by their appearance."

"She is certainly excessively lovely!" now at the same moment uttered Lady Honoria, directing the attention of Trelawney to Doctor Stanton's box, who in one expressive glance viewed the whole party, and rivetting his eyes on his soul's idol, became pale and motionless as a statue; nor was his agitation unperceived by Lady Honoria and Lord Sydney, though he made every possible and prudent attempt to recover himself. Yet he felt his situation to be one of the most indiscribable torture:—seated beside of a woman to whose ardent and delicate attachment he was a stranger, and in the presence of another to whom he was shortly to be bound for life, he yet beheld, exactly opposite to him, the only one on earth who had inspired his heart with a tender and devoted passion, the only being who had awakened in his bosom the soft embers of that first and early love, which he felt it morally impossible to feel for any other woman.

What was to be done?—He was overlooked by Lady Alexina, watched by Lady Honoria, and seen by Rosa, for that she saw him was pretty evident, from the extreme agitation she had betrayed when Lord Fitzosbourne's name was announced; she trembled

and turned so pale, that had not Rebecca and Mary Bradbury used every precaution, she would have fainted at the entrance of Lady Alexina Fitzosbourne. But pride is always the greatest restorative in that bosom where wounded love smarts under the pangs of disappointment, and pride now supported Rosa. And perhaps there was something in the appearance of Lady Alexina Fitzosbourne that whispered to the fond and conscious heart of Rosa, that she could be no rival, and that had Trelawney's hand been free, that hand would never have been offered to Lady Alexina.

"I would lay a wager, that Trelawney will come over to us presently," cried Mary Bradbury.

"That is not very likely," whispered Rebecca, "but for heaven's sake, Mary, keep your eyes fixed on Rosa; if she should betray any weakness before Trelawney, I shall be be ready to faint."

To which Mary, laughing at the embarrassment of poor Rebecca, who trembled only for the sake of her beloved sister, replied—"Then pray, Mrs. Philip Bradbury, take my bottle of salts, for here comes Trelawney, and little Rosa is as pale as ashes."

Trelawney had indeed quitted Lord Fitzosbourne's box, but he was not missed by any of his party, except Lord Sydney and Lady Honoria.

"The party at whom you are looking, in the opposite box," said he, "are friends of mine,—country friends; the family of Mr. Clarendale, the rector of Kenilworth; and the lady who is so much the object of your admiration is his daughter, lately married to the young gentleman whom you see sitting behind her."

"Has he then but one daughter?" enquired Lord Sydney; but this enquiry was not answered by Trelawney, as certainly there are none so deaf as those who are determined not to hear, and he was either out of hearing of Lord Sydney when he made this enquiry, or for some reason best known to himself, did not choose to answer it satisfactorily.

It required, however, a very short introduction to obtain a seat in Doctor Stanton's box, where he quickly seated himself by the side of his old friend Mary Bradbury, who with that artless and undisguised frankness which ever marked her character, declared how happy she was to see him; and Trelawney assured her, that he was as perfectly rejoiced in seeing her.

Meanwhile, though trembling with excessive agitation, which too visibly exhibited itself on his fine ingenuous countenance, he entered into conversation with Rebecca, which was of the most interesting kind, as it related to many tender and respectful enquiries made after her dear father and mother, and the rest of his friends at the happy village of Kenilworth, at the same moment that he offered his very sincere congratulations on the happy change which had so recently taken place in her situation.

Never, indeed, had Rebecca appeared so interestingly beautiful, for no longer pale, her cheeks was suffused with a glow of animation, which the effect of dressing and appearing for the first time in public as a married woman, had produced.

And, perhaps, Mary Bradbury never derived more personal attraction than she did on this evening, from her well chosen and becoming dress; all this Trelawney could not but acknowledge, as he stole now and then unconscious glances at both of them.

But Rosa was the exclusive object of his more contemplative examination;—Rosa, more beautiful than ever, more exquisitely lovely than even his imagination had painted in absence from him, now irresistably shone in all her native charms of youthful simplicity and innocence; and as he faulteringly addressed her in a short and respectful sentence, over the shoulders of Mary Bradbury, with a tender inquiry after her health, a melancholy impression, that it might be the last time he should behold her in that character, stole over his mind, and that on his return to England, she too might be a married woman, gave his heart such an involuntary pang of utter and hopeless despondency, that so powerfully exhibited its strong expression on his countenance, that Rosa could no longer hide her emotions in the deep interest she took in all his agitated feelings; and had not a timely look from her sister, who had never taken her eyes off her, prevented her, she would instantly have forgot where she was, and as tenderly answered all his enquiries.

Hastily, therefore, averting her too conscious and deeply blushing countenance from his keenly impressive glance, she contented herself with only hearing, and not looking at Trelawney, during the remainder of the short time he afterwards continued in their box.

Philip Bradbury had not omitted to introduce Trelawney, immediately on his entrance, to Doctor Stanton and his son. The former of whom was by no means insensible to either the attractions of superior rank, nor quite indifferent to the liberal gifts of fortune, which gives every man who possesses them an undoubted title to respect and attention, and whether he is worthy or not, is by no means, I believe, a point considered in general by the world. It suffices that he is rich;—and no sooner had Philip Bradbury made the Doctor acquainted with the name, character and condition of the East Indian, than he exclaimed almost involuntarily,—

"What the Mr. Tanjore Trelawney so lately returned from the East; so rich that, report says, one of his estates is alone sufficient to pay the national debt; why you don't say so, bless me how excessively proud I shall be to receive a visit from him, and be honored with his acquaintance; introduce me, my dear boy, introduce me immediately to Mr. Tanjore Trelawney, I beg of you."

This had been no sooner said than done by Philip Bradbury; and Trelawney, as he arose to quit the box, had received a pressing invitation from the Doctor, to honor him with his company at his house in Pall Mall, whenever he should condescend to think it worth his while.

An invitation politely accepted by Trelawney, but by no means as desirable to the son as to the father. For the eyes of Theodore Stanton had not been blind either to the agitation of Trelawney, or the emotion of Rosa Clarendale, on beholding each other.—And though well aware that Trelawney was indispensably engaged in another quarter, yet he could readily perceive that Miss Clarendale alone had the possession of his affections. He could not, therefore, admit the necessity of his being invited to Pall Mall, during the time of the Bradburys being there, and highly displeased with his father, he remained sullen and silent the remainder of the evening, excepting only when he could now and then steal a look, or address a sentence to Rosa.

But if Theodore Stanton felt a repugnance towards Trelawney, Trelawney had conceived no warmer predilection for him. He had seen him cast looks of admiration at Rosa, and he could have hurled him headlong into the pit for this unpardonable crime.—

Yes, Trelawney could have done this had the aggressor been his friend, instead only of his being a stranger, but what right he had to do so can only be answered by a man as deeply in love, and as despairing and hopeless as Trelawney.

It was said of the celebrated Petrarch, that he could not bear any eye to gaze on the beauty of his favorite Laura, but his own. But where the sun is, all eyes must be attracted by its powerful influence, and thus he received the reprimand of his best and earliest friend: "Will you bid us shut our eyes to the glorious sun? Shall we not gaze on the silver orbed moon?"

So might Theodore Stanton have reasonably asked Trelawney this question.

There surely is not, cannot be love without jealousy, or why springs it so spontaneously, even in the faithful bosom that never yet wandered from its sanctuary?

Jealousy does not always proceed from causes,it is rather the effect of excess of adoration to a beloved object, and is more the offering of devoted affection, than what may be generally supposed, the mean offspring of suspicion.

Trelawney never lost sight of propriety, and as he had remained a considerable time from his party, he did not choose that any intrusive remarks might be made by the Fitzosbourne family, well assured in that of the Duke of Valencia's he was secure from any impertinent enquiry being made on the presence of the Clarendale party.

Taking, therefore, a most respectful leave of his amiable friends, with a promise that he should avail himself of the pleasure of calling the ensuing morning in Pall Mall, he again made his appearance in Lord Fitzosbourne's box, just in time to hear the following exclamation burst from the lips of Lady Glenthorpe,—

"I am astonished, my Lord Sydney Belmont, in the present instance at your want of taste."

To which Lord Sydney replied, just as Trelawney was about to resume his place,—

"I think in the present instance, I have given the most unequivocal proof of it.—But here is Trelawney, and he will decide the matter, it is probable, more entirely to your Ladyship's satisfaction.

"What is the argument?" enquired Trelawney.

"Oh, they are friends of Trelawney's,—very particular friends, I should naturally conceive," answered Lady Glenthorpe, with a sarcastic smile, "it would, therefore, be deemed impertinent in me, you know, Lord Sydney, to offer any remarks, while he is present, on such very intimate and dearly valued objects of esteem."

"You cannot make your remarks at a more seasonable opportunity then, I must inform your Ladyship," cried Trelawney, totally disregarding her sneers. "The ladies with whom I have been in conversation, are most decidedly, not only my very particular and intimate friends, but they are equally the objects of esteem, as they are of real and unaffected admiration to all who enjoy the happiness of their society. They are the branches of a most respectable family, all united together in virtuous affection. They are beautiful without art, and have no need of disguise to hide the deformity of vice, from which they are free. This is the character of my friends, including the two daughters of Mr. Clarendale, the daughter of Doctor Bradbury and the son, husband of one of them. The remainder of the party is the family of a Doctor Stanton. Having thus fully satisfied your Ladyship with respect to the particular situation of my several very particular friends, may I now beg to be favored with your Ladyship's particular remarks?"

What effect this speech had on the mortified and disappointed Lady Glenthorpe, may be better conceived than described, for she bit her lips in proud, sullen and disdainful silence till the curtain dropped, finding she would obtain no quarter from Trelawney, and that her intended aim to render the family of the pastor contemptible in the eyes of the Duke's amiable daughters, was totally frustrated by their able and powerful protector, in the person of Trelawney. Her Ladyship's rancorous and malicious dispositions had been called forth the very moment she had been apprised by Lord Sydney that they were the family of Mr. Clarendale; but the uncommon and superior loveliness of the pastor's daughters broke so suddenly and unexpectedly on her, that like a venomous toad, she swelled and was nearly ready to burst with envy, the more as they excited the admiration of the whole house; Lord Sydney declaring they were the most lovely creatures he had ever beheld.

"And do you subscribe to your brother's opinion, Lady Honoria; can you possibly think those vulgar little country rustics have any claim to beauty?" enquired her Ladyship, turning to Lady Honoria, who replied with modest sweetness,—

"I should be very deficient in judgment if I did not, your Ladyship; for I think they are altogether three of the most lovely young women I ever recollect to have seen, either in town or country."

"The youngest is extremely beautiful," said Lady Frances; "she is exactly what Hebe is always represented to be. There is the freshness of youth on her blooming complexion, which is not at all tinctured with vulgarity."

"And her form is that of a perfect ariel," said Lady Catherine Belmont, "so light and so graceful."

"Here's rue for you!" says Ophelia, in the play of Hamlet; and if ever Lady Glenthorpe had rue presented to her, it was this warm eulogium on the beauty of the pastor's daughters, uttered by the mouth of such fashionable and creditable vouchers as the family of the Valencias.

"I wish you would order our carriage, my Lord Sydney, when you are enquiring for your own, as I really shall not stay the entertainment," said Lady Glenthorpe; "there is nothing very tempting in the bill of fare, it is only Three Weeks after Marriage."

The carriage, however, was not ordered till the final conclusion of the pieces, and Lady Alexina Fitzosbourne, as much out of humor with Trelawney as her aunt, suffered him to lead her to the carriage without exchanging one word, and they proceeded to Grosvenor Square with an uninterrupted silence; not so much as condescending to honor him with a good night as they went to their respective chambers, a circumstance, had there been no other, that would not have been sufficient to have chased away sleep from the pillow of Trelawney. But to sleep he did not resign himself, the occurrences of the evening had operated too powerfully over his feelings, the uneasiness of which was in no small degree heightened by the reflection of Rosa being in town, and under the roof of Doctor Stanton, not that he could possibly encourage the idea of Theodore Stanton being received by Rosa as an

accepted lover; at the present time he could not suppose so. But what are suppositions when jealousy combines to torture the mind, along with the certain probability, that we can never in reality possess the object whom we adore?

Theodore Stanton, though young, was excessively handsome and pleasing, and what might not time bring about; what changes might it not produce, during the interval of two years, when he should be absent from England? And even were he present, what could it avail him, that the hand of Rosa was disengaged, or her heart wholly free? His wife she could never be, why then was he tortured, nay horrified, at the bare suggestion which his fancy had alone created, of her being the wife of another?

"Rosa Clarendale another's!" instinctively and almost involuntarily did Trelawney close the case in which her lovely resemblance, (the gift of Mary Bradbury,) was enclosed, as if trembling to behold the features of another man's wife.

"If you should be false, Rosa, as you are lovely," exclaimed he, "there will be no voucher for the innocence and the truth of woman! If you love me, you will never be another's; never give a hand where you cannot give a heart; unless like me you are bound to do so by the will of your father."

Trelawney comforted himself at last, as he sunk into forgetfulness on his pillow, that Rosa would never cease to remember him, and calling to his recollection the conversation, to which he had listened, when she half revealed an acknowledgement of her regard for him to Rebecca in the shrubbery. All doubt, and even the bare suspicion of jealousy, was for a while silenced, turning all his thoughts to rapture, as he reflected on the blameless life of Rosa, her artless tenderness, her pious simplicity, and the modest and engaging purity of her conversation.

And Trelawney felt, that all evils fortitude might in a great degree repel, and hope mitigate; but he also felt that happiness could never be found in self contemplation, it is only perceived when it is reflected from another. He suffered hope, therefore, to dictate what reason did not confute; and though restless, he slept till a late hour the ensuing morning, determined to make no engagements for the remainder of the day, but soon after breakfast to pay his visit at the house of Doctor Stanton.

Meanwhile, peaceful serenity had not entirely been the inmate of the bosoms of the doctor's lovely and amiable guests, Mary Bradbury alone accepted, for Mary was never disposed to part with her charming and enlivening spirits, unless some very extraordinary occasion, either occurring in her own family or that of her friends, called forth her sympathy or tender sensibility; then Mary could feel like others, and perhaps more than others of a more pensive temperature.

"So the secret is out, my love," cried Philip, to his wife, when he had an opportunity of conversing with her alone; "I always told you, that I thought so, my Rebecca, though you would never confess that I was right; did I not always say, that the East Indian had experienced the effects of a much warmer climate in the White Cottage, than he did in the African soil, from which he had just been transplanted? The truth it seems is now out;—our friend the noble and generous Trelawney, is now suffering the sharpest pangs that hopeless love can inflict, from the strong and powerful attachment which is now struggling in his breast for our Rosa."

"For Rosa! heaven forbid answered Rebecca, "I trust and hope, my dear Philip, that you are for this once widely out in your conjecture."

"I wonder, my darling Beckey, you can look me in the face, and pretend to say such a thing," said Philip, now laughing. "I tell you that Trelawney is over head and ears in love with Rosa, he told me so himself, so there is the end of the matter."

"Trelawney told you so; how very imprudent," cried Rebecca, angrily.

"My dear Rebecca, when a man is in love he does not always consult prudence," said Philip.

"Well, I do not see the necessity of their ever being divided," replied Rebecca; "and pray, my dear, how came you to be so deep in the secrets of Trelawney? I thought your sister Mary was the only being selected on those occasions; for instance, remember the blue scarf Trelawney gave to testify his unqualified approbation of her conduct."

"Yes, I believe, he at that time entrusted Mary with the important secret," cried Philip, "and how angry you was, Rebecca, that

Mary would not tell you what had passed between her and Trelawney. I for my part could have punished the little gypsey for her impenetrable silence."

"There is a secret between them still," said Rebecca, "not that I suspect Mary, or ever shall of deception, but I am yet thoroughly convinced, that Trelawney has entrusted Mary with his most secret thoughts."

"Which she keeps like gold in a miser's box," answered Philip, "for even Henry could not wrest it from her. I have seen them quarrel, and make it up, and quarrel again, and all on the account of Trelawney; but Miss Mary stood the siege uncommonly well, and would not surrender, though General Clarendale commanded the head of the garrison."

Philip now imparted to Rebecca the conversation which had passed between him and Trelawney, respecting his attachment for Rosa, with all the generous and honorable sentiments he had expressed, during his short visit at Fitzosbourne House; which could not but awaken in such a heart as the tender and delicate Rebecca's, fresh esteem and veneration for the character of the generous East Indian, whose peculiarly unfortunate destiny, with respect to the will of his father, which alone compelled him to marry Lady Alexina Fitzosbourne, she most truly participated in, and more than ever commiserated.

But, while Rebecca felt for Trelawney, she had more alarming fears for her sister,—that tenderly beloved sister, whose artless and affectionate bosom was now to endure perpetual banishment from the man she loved, and who equally loved her, yet they were to be divided, and for ever; and here fortitude might repel, but hope could never mitigate.

The destiny of Tanjore Trelawney and Rosa Clarendale could only admit of the intervention of Providence.

Nothing earthly could change existing circumstances from what they now were; but, whatever was the cause, Rosa returned from the theatre in high spirits; and when she retired with Mary to their chamber, the two young ladies were at no loss for subjects to converse upon.

Rosa beginning first, in the following words,—

"Well, Mary Bradbury, I am glad its over; I have seen Lady Alexina Fitzosbourne."

"Well, and I don't see much in her after all," cried Mary; "she is a tolerable good figure."

"Tolerable! oh Mary, she is a prodigious fine woman," answered Rosa, "but there is a something in that lusty lady, who sat next to her, I think most shockingly disagreeable; how she stared at us, Mary, with that glass, but I suppose it is the London fashion.

"You are mistaken, you little simpleton," answered Mary Bradbury, "it was London impudence, for that fashion can never be prevailing, which every moment puts humble modesty to the blush, and stares it out of countenance."

"I know not how to account for the repugnance I felt towards this woman," observed Rosa, "but it is certain, every time I beheld her countenance fixed on mine, she made me tremble; and surely, Mary, it must be the very identical Lady Glenthorpe, that my brother Henry mentions so frequently in his letters, as being so fordidding and repellant, as he says, to his feelings."

"There is hardly a doubt of it," replied Mary; "and this Lady Alexina Fitzosbourne differs so little from her, in my opinion, that if the one was not very fat, and the other not very lean, I should positively take them for mother and daughter, the resemblance in features and in expression of countenance is so powerful."

"I did not see Trelawney once look at Lady Alexina, nor address a sentence to her during the whole of the performance," said Rosa, in a voice which by no means indicated any concern at the circumstance she had remarked.

Rosa in uttering this had not disguised her feelings, but spoke with that artless, unaffected manner which so strongly engaged all hearts towards her, and Mary burst out into laughter, exclaiming,—

"And you would make me believe, Miss Rosa, that you are very sorry because he did not."

To which Rosa replied,—

"Not I indeed, Mary, how can you suppose so, but I was rather surprised."

"It is not at all surprising to avoid speaking as much as possible, to those we dislike," answered Mary.

What effect this speech of Mary's had on the feelings of her little susceptible friend, may naturally be concluded, for Rosa went to bed and slept soundly—her dreams being of the most pleasing kind; and when she made her appearance next morning at the breakfast table, she was complimented by the doctor on the freshness of her complexion:—

"I vow and protest, Miss Clarendale," cried he, "those very blooming cheeks of yours would shame all the lilies and roses in Covent Garden."

This observation increased the before heightened bloom of Rosa; and the eyes of Theodore Stanton were fixed in earnest contemplation of her lovely face, when Miss Stanton suddenly exclaimed, turning to Rebecca,

"Oh Mrs. Philip Bradbury, was I twenty years younger, I positively should fall in love with your friend the East Indian gentleman, whom you last night introduced to us; he is, without exception, the most truly elegant creature I ever conversed with, and so handsome, and perfectly unconscious of it."

"You surely would not fall in love with a married man, aunt," cried Theodore, reddening like scarlet, and biting his lips with vexation, for Rosa's bloom had now changed, and partook of the semblance of the palest lily.

"Married, child," cried Miss Stanton, "you are under a mistake, surely. Mrs. Philip Bradbury, is Mr. Trelawney a married man?"

"Not that I know of, Madam, unless the ceremony took place this morning," answered Rebecca, shocked at the evident confusion, agitation and uneasiness which her sister so publicly betrayed; and wishing to change the subject, yet not knowing how, she remained silent, with her eyes fixed on those of her husband, as if imploring his assistance.

But Miss Stanton, though a very amiable woman, had just arrived at that time of life when curiosity becomes a propensity, which they cannot divest themselves of without appearing most highly offensive to the feelings of others; and not having any particular design, much less any particular motive, namely, only a wish for information, she extended it on this morning to an unusual

and extraordinary pitch, by again pursuing her enquiry, to the great annoyance of Rebecca, by adding,—

"Then Mr. Trelawney is not married, he is only going to be married I suppose, Mrs. Philip Bradbury; probably to one of the young ladies who sat in Lord Fitzosbourne's box."

"I really am wholly ignorant of Mr. Trelawney's intentions, Madam," cooly answered Rebecca, now more pained and hurt than she could express, yet feeling herself more awkwardly embarrassed at her being thus personally applied to, on a subject of all others she wished to avoid

Theodore Stanton, however, gratified beyond measure at the opportunity which his aunt had given him, of speaking of one whom he now considered a most formidable rival in the good graces of the lovely Rosa, would not suffer the subject to drop for want of conversation to support it, and immediately brought it again forward:—

"What is the use, aunt," said he, "of asking Mrs. Philip Bradbury a question that every body else already knows?"

"How so, child?" cried the curious Miss Stanton.

"Why there is scarce a newspaper that does not furnish us with the report of Mr. Trelawney's intended nuptials with the daughter of Lord Fitzosbourne," resumed Theodore, with increased spirit, and enjoying the confusion of the now almost fainting Rosa.

"With the beautiful Lady Alexina Fitzosbourne," exclaimed Miss Stanton; "well, I protest it is the first I have heard of it. Brother have you heard?"

"I never hear any thing that does not immediately concern me, and I wish Arabella, that you could in this instance profit by my example," now answered the doctor, darting on his sister a look of displeasure on perceiving the situation of Rosa, and the evidently wounded feelings of Rebecca, for which, though he could not readily account, he began to surmise there was some very extraordinary cause.

After which a total silence ensued, and just as poor Rosa was beginning to recover her composure, a loud knock at Doctor Stanton's door announced the approach of an early visitor, in the presence of Trelawney.

CHAPTER XVIII.

Trelawney's generous Present to Mrs. Philip Bradbury, Rosa and Mary Bradbury;—Further Act of Trelawney's Generosity.

An unexpected visitor would have proved a most seasonable relief to all parties, had that visitor been any other person but Trelawney.

Rosa still betrayed a perturbation she found it difficult to conceal; Rebecca had not recovered from the uneasy and uncomfortable sensations she had experienced; and Miss Stanton was shocked to find that she had unconsciously been guilty of an unintentional offence in wounding the feelings of a lovely and amiable girl, whom she really admired, loved and respected. She had likewise drawn upon herself the displeasure of her brother, and at the entrance of Trelawney, was just beginning to frame excuses for the indiscretion she had so innocently committed.

Mary Bradbury and the doctor, therefore, were the only two persons in the room on whose faces there was not the most visible embarrassment and confusion, for which Trelawney felt it impossible to define a cause; but that something had happened, not only to displease Rosa, but Rebecca, he was well aware, from the expression of their countenances; and that the mild temper of Rebecca was not easily provoked, he was also as thoroughly convinced.

Surely Theodore Stanton had not dared to breathe vows of love to Rosa?—Would Rosa herself have listened to it?

Trelawney could no longer entertain a thought so injurious to the delicate mind of Rosa, in whom he had never yet perceived the slightest species of coquetry, and he dismissed this last conjecture from his mind, which was painful in the extreme, determined at some future opportunity to enquire of Mary Bradbury the mystery, which he could not himself elucidate.

The obsequious manner in which Doctor Stanton rose from his

seat to receive Trelawney, proved that to him at least, he was no unwelcome guest, for he absultely overwhelmed him with his warm eulogiums on East Indian Manners, customs, and the well known generosity and philanthropy of the country.

Surely there is nothing so disgusting as this species of abuse, if we may so term it, of good breeding and hospitality, ever paid at the shrine of Plutus. An unfortunate man, sunk in poverty, is seldom crammed with these sort of compliments, though gifted with talents of the finest order, and to whom a liberal education has not been bestowed in vain.

Trelawney, however, was one of those beings on whom flattery leaves but small impression. He had a mind too noble, a heart too generous to receive incense offered to his pocket and not to his understanding, and he pitied the credulity, and lamented the folly of those who could not exist without these empty, vain and "unsubstantial honors, which fools offer, and wise men know how to return."

"I must beg to apologize for my early visit to you, ladies," said Trelawney, "but my motive in so doing, (which I produce,) will, I hope, readily excuse me."

"Oh Mr. Trelawney, we are excessively proud of your company," said Miss Stanton. "I beg you will make no apology, for it is quite fortunate; had you been an hour later, it is probable, my charming guests would not have been at home to have received you."

"We were going to the exhibition," said Mary Bradbury.

"And to-night you must go to the Opera, if you please," said Trelawney, taking from his pocket tickets of admission, which he presented to Rebecca. "I had this morning an opportunity of procuring admission at an early hour, and I hastened to Pall Mall, to prevent your making other engagements for the evening."

The admissions were sufficient to include the doctor's family, and the doctor was highly gratified and pleased at receiving so flattering a compliment from the rich East Indian.

"In the meanwhile," continued Trelawney, turning to Rosa, with a look of inexpressible kindness, "if you wish to see the exhibition, I beg I may not intrude on your time."

"Mary Bradbury is dying to see it," answered Rosa· "but for

my part," and Rosa blushed deeply, "I cannot say that I feel any particular inclination this morning," Rosa blushed deeper still, for the eyes of Trelawney were rivetted on her artless and ingenuous countenance, "to go there, do you Rebecca?"

"Certainly to-morrow will do quite as well," answered Rebecca, "Unless Mary Bradbury——"

"Are you very impatient, Miss Mary?" said Trelawney.

"Upon my word, my good friends," answered Mary, now laughing, "you seem to make Mary Bradbury an object of great importance in the present business, but after all, I have no doubt you will please yourselves, which, I think, is much the best way, without asking any body; but if I must speak plainly, I would much rather be favored with the company of Mr. Trelawney this morning, and go to the exhibition some other day."

"A fair challenge, by all that's lovely," exclaimed the doctor; "Mr. Trelawney, can you withstand such an invitation?"

"I am not used to withstand any invitation of that young lady's, I assure you, Sir," uttered Trelawney, but with such a look of gratitude to Mary Bradbury, that volumes could not have expressed; "she generally succeeds, whenever she chooses, with all who have the pleasure of her acquaintance."

"Why I really think she does myself," said the doctor, "I begin to feel the effects of her witcheries already who am an old man, what then will she do with the young? I told her last night, that her vivacity and good temper made her handsome, and she positively denied the fact; did not you, my dear Mary?"

"I see, Sir, that you are determined to finish my education, while I remain in London," answered Mary; "I was a tolerably vain creature when I left my father's house, but I shall now return to the country a prodigiously conceated one."

"We shall try that, Miss Mary," said Theodore, who had hitherto borne but a small part in the general conversation which had ensued, "as you know I am to have the unspeakable pleasure of being one of your companions on your journey thither."

"Then, Sir, I hope you will not fail to make a report," said the doctor; and the conversation now became once more general.

But whatever was the motive of Thsodore Stanton in speaking of himself, and we may suppose it did not proceed from the pure ef-

fects of good nature, it produced an instant change in the before finely animated countenance of Trelawney, and greatly tended to depress his spirits, during the remainder of his morning visit, and had not Rosa several times cast looks of silent displeasure at young Stanton, with whom she felt uncommonly disgusted, he would have left the house of Doctor Stanton in a frame of mind by no means enviable; for the idea of young Stanton being the guest of Doctor Bradbury, where he would doubtless have many opportunities of beholding Rosa, was to Trelawney insupportable.

And his dislike to this young man was increased probably owing to this circumstance; not a little ashamed, however, of indulging, even to himself, in sentiments which partook of so prejudiced and illiberal a nature, he made an effort to address some conversation of trifling moment to Theodore, which was returned on his part with affected cordiality, but in which young Stanton by no means acquitted himself with an ill grace:—in short, he exhibited an understanding of no mean order, and very few young men at this time of life had acquired more useful information, which, with a most pleasing exterior, and his being the sole heir of his father, who inherited no inconsiderable property, rendered him in the eyes of Trelawney a dangerous object to offer his hand to Rosa, whom, he had not the smallest doubt, he was passionately fond of; however, that time had not yet arrived, and probably never might arrive, and Trelawney endeavored again to treat Theodore with attention, which gratified the doctor beyond measure, and on Trelawney's arising to take his departure, he solicited him strongly to stay and partake of a family dinner, which though politely declined by Trelawney at the present moment, contained a promise that he would shortly avail himself of the doctor's invitation.

"Shall we not see you again, Mr. Trelawney?" enquired Rebecca, as Trelawney was bidding his adieu to the ladies.

"Oh more than probable that I shall this evening take a peep of you at the Opera," answered Trelawnny, as he turned to the blushing Rosa, with an air of repressed tenderness, "you must tell me how you like the Opera; I know you admire Mozart, and you will to-night be gratified with some of his favorite pieces."

Trelawney now took his leave once more, in that easy and ele-

gant manner, which at all times and in all companies, so remarkably distinguished him. But he was no sooner gone, than a pensive expression stole over the lovely features of Rosa, which Rebecca perceiving, she proposed with Miss Stanton's permission, a short walk before dinner, by way of purchasing a few necessary articles which were highly requisite to be worn for that very evening at the Opera, the doctor having left them to attend to his business, and the two young men being gone for a walk; Miss Stanton having also left the room, to attend to her domestic affairs.

Rosa, now recollecting the smallness of her finances, and that she had almost an empty purse, would have declined accompanying her sister and Mary Bradbury to Bond Street, had not Rebecca positively insisted on her going.

"I do not want any change of dress, I am certain. Rebecca," said she; "Mary do you think it is necessary?"

Mary, who dearly loved to teaze, only to have an opportunity of giving double pleasure to objects she loved, replied with her usual blunt sincerity, laughing, however, all the while,—

"Necessary, certainly; I think it is almost indispensibly necessary for Miss Clarendale to look as well dressed as her neighbors; unless she thinks that pretty face of her's a sufficient apology."

"Mary Bradbury, how can you be so intolerably provoking," cried Rosa; "what is the matter with the dress I wore at the play last night?"

"You have worn it once, and nobody in London wears a dress a second time to public places," answered Mary.

"But I am sure that I shall wear it twice twenty times when I return to Kenilworth: my dear mother has never taught me to be extravagant," replied Rosa, "and it is very foolish of you to talk in this manner, Mary Bradbury, when you know I cannot afford it."

"You can afford it as much as I can," uttered Mary "cannot she, Beckey?" The tormenting Mary then drew out her purse, and pretending to count her money, suddenly asked Rebecca if she could lend her some silver, to which Rebecca made some slight excuse: and the little tormentor turned again to Rosa:—

"But you can, Rosa, there is your purse full of silver, come, lend me a few shillings, that's a dear, to go a shopping with.

"I have not any silver, Mary," now answered Rosa, in evident uneasiness, "if I had, you should be welcome to it, but I really have not a shilling."

Mary could now scarcely preserve her gravity, nor even Rebecca from laughing, while Mary added,

"Well, then, if you cannot lend me a shilling, Miss Clarendale, you must needs extend your generosity to a pound;—I must borrow a pound of you, my dear little mountain rose, which shall be payable again to-morrow."

The confusion now exhibited on the changing countenance of Rosa was extreme, while she replied,—

"Lend you a pound, Mary; what can you want with so much money?"

"It matters little what I want it for," answered Mary, "suffice it to say, that I want it, and you must lend it to me; come, Miss Stanton is waiting for us, and I am waiting, Rosa, for the money, for which I have an earnest and a pressing occasion."

Rosa, after a short pause, but with one of the most ingenuous blushes that ever graced truth and innocence, at length replied, not without experiencing a little mortification, at being compelled to refuse any request of Mary's,—

"If you have so pressing an occasion, Mary, for the money, I am the more pained, when I declare to you, that it is utterly out of my power to render you any assistance."

"Not lend me a pound out of all your money that you brought up to London with you?—Unkind Rosa!"

The tender heart of Rosa could no longer endure the reproaches and severity of Mary Bradbury, severity which she was conscious of not meriting, and bursting into tears, sobbed out,—

"No, Mary, it is you who are unkind and unjust to your friend, for you well know if I was possessed of the sum you require, it is not in my nature to have given you a denial. I have not a pound in the world."

"Not a pound in the world, Rosa?" cried Rebecca, though pained in such a degree to behold the tears of her beloved Rosa, that she now found it no easy task to perform her part in Mary's innocent comedy.

"No, I have not a pound, that I know of at the present moment," resumed Rosa, "but I will convince you, if you disbelieve my assertion, by ocular demonstration," on which the sweet girl feeling for her purse, drew it out of her pocket, but no words could describe her sensations, nor the surprise and astonishment which was depicted on her lovely countenance, when instead of finding her purse empty, it was filled with a number of small bank notes, one pound each.

Mary Bradbury now burst into such a violent fit of laughing, that it was some minutes before she exclaimed,

"Here is ocular demonstration with a witness; what have you to say now, Miss Clarendale?"

"That I am utterly ignorant of the manner in which this money has been conveyed to my purse, which I do not recollect ever to have had out of my pocket," answered the astonished Rosa; "and that I think some one has been playing me this trick; and that I suspect you, Miss Mary Bradbury, to be the principal actress and manager of the whole affair, and the generous donor of this money to be no other than Rebecca."

"You never guessed better in your life, my darling," cried Mary, still laughing, "and you cannot say but that I played my part admirably, and deserve a pound at least, for my trouble."

Rosa now looked at Rebecca, and Rebecca at Rosa, and a silence, most expressive, prevailed for a few moments; both hearts felt the full glow of tender and mutual affection,—both were animated by the same feelings,—the same kind, gentle and affectionate sympathy to each other, and there needed no interpreter to inform us that Rosa and Rebecca were sisters of one dear mother, the sacred name of which had been alone sufficient to have bound them by ties the most lasting and congenial, had there been no other.

"I wish dear mamma could see us now," at length repeated Rosa, shaking off the tears from her lovely eyes, as the sun exhales the dew from opening roses.

"And I wish dear father was at her elbow," said Rebecca.

"Well, I suppose I must have my wish too," cried Mary, "and I wish——"

"That my brother Henry was here, do not you, Mary Bradbu-

ry?" cried Rosa, now laughing in her turn, and enjoying Mary's rosy blush, which she had called up in a moment on her countenance.

Rebecca now threw her arms around the neck of Rosa, and affectionately clasping her to her bosom, tenderly uttered,—

"My dear, amiable, compassionate sister, you must forgive both me and Mary for the trial we have made of your generous feelings, but in no other way could I present a gift to my Rosa. Mary told me that your purse was empty, and you must take it kind of her, for if she had not, I should have been deprived of the exquisite pleasure I now feel in again replenishing it, and in knowing that my dear sister has enriched herself with more than twenty times the value of the sum I have given her in the exercise of humanity to one of her own sex, who stood in need of her compassionate assistance."

"So Mary has told you all, I find," cried Rosa, looking with pretended anger at Mary.

"Well," answered Mary, "suppose I did say, that instead of expending your money to purchase silk dresses, Indian shawls, and French lace, you had thought proper to buy some clothes to wrap poor Jessy's baby in; do you think Miss Clarendale, that I was applauding you for this very extraordinary act of charity?—No, I say it is a very great shame that you should be such an eccentric young woman, and I do not know any one who at all resembles you, but that very extraordinary and eccentric young man, Trelawney."

"Me like Trelawney? oh, heavens!" cried Rosa, now hiding her blushing face on the bosom of her sister, "there is not a human being like Trelawney!"

"Then my dear, if he has no resemblance to a human being, we must suppose him a beast," cried Mary.

But Rebecca, ever prudent and ever thoughtful, had no wish to indulge in any conversation relative to the merits of Trelawney, and reminded Mary and Rosa, that what with walking and shopping, they should have but little time to spare before the hour that Doctor Stanton dined, and that they should then not have more than sufficient on their hands to prepare their dresses for the Opera about which they were in high consultation, when Miss

Stanton gently tapped at the door, and intimating that she had a parcel for Mrs. Philip Bradbury.

"A parcel for me, Madam," cried Rebecca, opening the door.

"Yes, my dear," answered Miss Stanton, "a man just now left this small box, he enquired for you, and it is directed for Mrs. Philip Bradbury, he said there required no further answer, and is this moment gone."

"I cannot possibly guess who has sent it, but probably it is something that Mr. Bradbury has desired to be sent here; he went out for a walk with Mr. Theodore Stanton," said Rebecca, examining the box with great attention.

"Open it, Rebecca, pray do, and let us see what it contains," cried Mary, "who knows but Phil has been drawing his purse strings this morning. I told him last night that I should torment him till he bought me a handsome present, while we remained in town; let us see what it is."

This proposal meeting the concurrence of Rebecca, the box was accordingly opened in the presence of Miss Stanton; at the top was a slip of paper, on which was written, "for Mrs. Philip Bradbury," and the hand-writing was too familiar to be mistaken, for it was that of Trelawney's: curiosity now became predominant in the breasts of all the ladies, and the contents of the box were now carefully examined, which were as follows, containing in three separate papers, a beautiful set of pearl buttons, necklaces, bracelets and ear-rings, of the most finished workmanship, yet so elegantly simple and neat, that the real value of the pearls could not be estimated till they underwent the closest inspection.

The three sets were exactly of the same pattern, and were exquisitely beautiful, though not splendid.

A letter at the bottom of the box, from the generous donor, was addressed to Mrs. Philip Bradbury, and contained the following delicate and respectful testimony of his regard and respect, and the most unequivocal proofs of his honorable friendship for the pastor's family.

"My dear Mrs. Philip Bradbury,

"It has been often said, that gifts are not always made without motives of self-interest, and I will hold the observation to be

strictly true with regard to the trifling presents which I here beg the acceptance of, from yourself, Miss Clarendale, and my little tormenting friend Mary Bradbury.

"I do not present you with these gifts without very considerable motives of interest, believe me; for I expect when I am a stranger in a far distant country, which I shortly intend to be, that they will remind you of your father's friend, Tanjore Trelawney; and in the next place they afford me the superior gratification of bestowing gifts where I know they will not be appreciated according to their value, but in proportion to the esteem in which the donor is considered in the pure bosom of disinterested friendship. With which sentiment I close my letter, amiable Rebecca, which is accompanied by the most ardent and unaffected wishes for your future happiness and continued prosperity, which is doubtless, extended to that also of your amiable relatives, and every branch of your respected family.

"*Tanjore Edward Trelawney.*"

The various emotions which now took possession of each lovely bosom, on receiving such gifts from Trelawney, may better be imagined than accurately described; and as soon as Miss Stanton had finished reading Trelawney's letter, which Rebecca had placed in her hands, she exclaimed in almost rapturous accents,—"Oh, what a sweet, dear, delightful fellow is this Trelawney; oh! Mrs. Bradbury, what a happy woman this Lady—what do you call her?—I mean the Lady he is going to be married to."

To which Rebecca replied,—

"You mean something, Madam, but I am sure I cannot tell what it is."

Miss Stanton now perceived the agitation of the lovely Rosa, and shocked and surprised, now instantly suspended all further conversation on the subject of Trelawney, an idea for the first time crossing her mind, that this sweet and amiable girl cherished an unfortunate passion for this uncommonly too attractive being, the generous East Indian.

Immediately changing her discourse, therefore, she reminded Rebecca, that on account of their evening engagement, the dinner had been ordered an hour earlier, and that it was nearly ready.

"In which case, my sweet girls," said she, "you must postpone your intended walk, unless it is materially necessary."

"We were thinking, Madam, of making some little addition to our dress, but, in consequence of Mr. Trelawney's presents, we shall require no other ornaments," observed Rebecca; "we cannot pay our generous friend a better compliment than by wearing them on the present occasion."

"I perfctly agree with you, my sweet love," said Miss Stanton, but not choosing to pass any further comments on the merits of her favorite, for reasons which she now perceived became highly necessary, she contented herself with only once more admiring his beautiful presents, and then retired to make preparations for the dinner.

And at this moment, her nephew and Philip Bradbury returned from their walk, and meeting Rebecca with the box in her hand, the contents were immediately spread upon the table, and the letter of Trelawney placed in his hand.

"Are they not extremely beautiful, Mr. Theodore Stanton?" demanded Rebecca.

To which young Stanton, never at a loss for a compliment, answered,—

"Why, yes, Madam, but I do not consider them half so beautiful as their wearers."

But what do you think of the generous Trelawney," said Philip Bradbury, after having read is letter in raptures, "by heavens, he is the most noble, disinterested fellow in existence."

To this warm eulogium on his friend, which had sprang spontaneously from his heart, Theodore remained for a moment silent, but there was a sort of sneer, indicative only of sheer envy, when he at length exclaimed,—

"Oh, it is an easy task to appear generous and disinterested where fortune has so liberally bestowed her gifts; I for my part, were I as rich as Mr. Trelawney, should feel abundant pleasure in making handsome presents to the ladies, especially where such lovely objects demand attentions."

Philip made no reply to this double insinuation; not so his wife; Rebecca colored excessively, while she answered, with becoming spirit,—

"Mr. Trelawney Sir, does not appear generous, he is really so, from principles of unerring and unshaken fidelity towards the objects on whom he bestows his beneficence, nor do I imagine that personal advantages have any bias over his generous mind; I have known him extend it to those who possessed no other claim than a consideration of their helplesss age, infirmity and misfortune."

"And does not misfortune give a sufficient claim to demand a generous consideration, Madam?" uttered young Stanton, "but permit me to assure you, Mrs. Philip Bradbury, while I offer this observation, that I have the highest respect for the haracter of Mr. Trelawney, and have no wish of detracting from his merits."

Whether Rebecca gave ample credit to this assertion of Mr. Theodore Stanton, was uncertain, but from the expression of her lovely countenance we believe not.

When Rebecca and Miss Stanton left Rosa and Mary together, the former imparted all her sensations to the confiding bosom of her friend, well knowing that Mary was here firm and unshaken, and true to her post of honor, and bursting into tears exclaimed,—

"Oh Mary! can it be true that Trelawney is going to a far distant country?"

"Well, suppose that he is so," cried Mary, "would you have the poor man always tied to the elbow of Lady Alexina Fitzosbourne; I dare say he is glad enough to get out of her sight."

"But when he is married to her, Mary?" said the trembling Rosa.

"He need not always be plagued with her company, that's all I can say," answered Mary, laughing.

"Well, but when one is married, Mary."

"One must make the best of a bad bargain," replied Mary, who perceiving the depressed spirits of Rosa, alternately endeavored to laugh her into a more cheerful mood, by treating lightly the burden that tended to remind her of the destiny of Trelawney; and Rosa if she was not happy, looked so, when Mary and her received a summons to go down to dinner, where the doctor received them with his usual smiles of good humor and hospitality.

When Trelawney quitted the house of Doctor Stanton, he extended his walk as far as Valencia Lodge, to have an hour's chat

with the amiable daughters of the Duke and also wishing to have some conversation with his friend Lord Sydney Belmont, on the subject of their intended tour; he just made his appearance at the moment that the Duke's carriage drew up to the gates of the Lodge, from whence alighted Lady Frances and Lady Catherine Belmont, who had been that morning on a secret expedition of private benevolence, which they did not choose to have communicated to the whole circle of their acquaintance, merely to be extolled for their charity and good deeds, which so many great and mighty personages love to see enrolled in every newspaper of the day.

A charitable action is seldom performed but at one time or other it meets its reward, however secret the manner in which it is bestowed, and as there is "more joy in heaven over one that repenteth, than ninety-nine persons who need no repentance," which we are taught to believe from the precepts of our holy religion, and which we cannot disbelieve, so does the exercise of compassionate bounty towards a suffering fellow-creature rise, like pure incense, to the throne of our Creator; it is there sufficiently made known, though performed in the secret recesses of our own hearts only.

Trelawney was not one of those light fantastic characters who form violent friendships and take violent antipathies all in one breath, he was no every day acquaintance, to be bore away by a gust of wind,—he was not to be led by the streams of fashion, nor swayed by the adversity or the prosperity of his friends. Not on so light and inconstant a basis were the attachments or friendships of the generous Trelawney formed.

In love, firm and unshaken, and most enthusiastically true, Trelawney could never desert the woman he had adored; the alternative would have been to perish first. Nor, was his fidelity in friendship less constant and sincere; hence did he form that strong attachment to the Clarendale and Bradbury family, which time could never perish or fade; and now lastly, he added that of the Duke of Valencia's.

Lord Sydney was endeared to him by the most social ties of friendly intercourse, and his lovely sisters, by all those elegant combinations of mind and manners, which render woman dear and engaging to the heart of man.

Lady Honoria was seated at work, when Trelawney and her

sisters entered at the same moment, and she received him with her usual sweet and placid smile; though, with much regret, Trelawney perceived a pensive languor in her countenance, which by no means accorded with her Ladyship's assertion, that she was quite well.

"Where is Sydney?" enquired Lady Frances, "I have such a pressing occasion for his services this morning you cannot possibly suppose, Honoria."

"My brother is always most a truant when he is most wanted," cried Lady Catherine; "how provoking, that he should be absent to-day, when we require his assistance so greatly."

"Have you been where you intended to go this morning?" said Lady Honoria.

"That is exactly what we want Sydney for," answered Lady Frances, "we dare not venture there alone."

"Yet in a cause of such humanity, I do not see why we should hesitate," observed Lady Catherine.

"My sweet friends," said Trelawney, "without impertinent curiosity, which I should blush to be thought guilty of, may I venture to enquire if, in the absence of your brother, the friendship or services of Trelawney will render you the assistance you mention, if so, command me without ceremony, I beg of you."

"Ask my sister," cried Lady Frances, looking at Lady Honoria.

"Ask my sister," repeated Lady Catherine, and directing her eyes to the same quarter.

"I perceive then, Lady Honoria, that it remains with you," said Trelawney, "to decide the matter."

To which Lady Honoria, coloring excessively high, addressed her sisters in the following manner,—

"Why have you, Fanny and Catherine, devolved on me alone the task of telling Mr. Trelawney, that his services on this occasion ought to be dispensed with; it is giving him so much trouble, and will be putting his feelings to a painful trial."

"I am satisfied," answered Trelawney, "Lady Honoria can never speak without a meaning in all she says, and I attend to the propriety which she urges, with due submission. Lady Frances and Lady Catherine, I must decline offering my services, as they are improper."

"Why really, Mr. Trelawney," said Lady Frances, "I cannot see any impropriety at all in the case. It is only to visit a poor man in the Fleet prison, who has a wife and six children. He has applied through the medium of his wife, for a little relief;—his children are perishing, and the sooner their wants are supplied the better."

"That is all, Mr. Trelawney," cried Lady Catherine, "but Honoria feared to tell you, because—because—"

"Because what, Lady Catherine?" demanded Trelawney.

"Because it is ungenerous to trespass on the kindness of those whose hearts are so open to relieve the wants of others, and whose bounty has already flowed so freely," answered Lady Catherine.

"But whose purse will never be shut to the miseries of an unfortunate debtor," uttered Trelawney, and taking from his pocket a ten pound note, presented it to Lady Frances, and accompanied her and Lady Catherine in their visit to the unfortunate man.

CHAPTER XIX.

Pretended jealousy of Lady Alexina, and chagrin of Lady Glenthorpe;—Doctor Stanton's Friends visit the Opera House;—Insulting conduct of the Marquis of Montrevoirs, and timely assistance of Trelawney,

Lady Glenthorpe, in the absence of Trelawney, had not failed to make the most unfavorable reports to the Earl of Fitzosbourne, of his supposed neglect towards his daughter on the night they had visited Covent Garden Theatre, on which she expatiated so largely, that it in part succeeded so well as to raise a commotion in the mind of the Earl as to render his always purturbed feelings infinitely more so, particularly as Lady Alexina herself now thought proper to subscribe to every syllable that her aunt had been advancing, to which both ladies added embellishments,

which contained every thing but truth, to support their argu ments.

"Indeed, papa, it is positively the fact," cried Lady Alexina, pretending to pout and to appear what she really was not, mortified at the indifference of her lover, "he left our box the moment he discovered, from an opposite one, a parcel of low-bred country girls, whom I think he called his very particular friends, and remained there during the whole of the performance, talking to those *mop-squeezers*."

Lady Glenthorpe now burst into an immoderate laugh, at this very elegant phrase of Lady Alexina's, which however, the Earl was by no means inclined to encourage in his daughter, but now endeavored to repress:—

"*Mop-squeezers*, my dear child!" uttered he, "why, Alexina, for heaven's sake, beware how you apply such an improper mode of expression in the presence of Trelawney."

"Who cares a fig for his presence? I'm sure I don t, a good for nothing creature," cried Lady Alexina.

"That's right, my love," retorted Lady Glenthorpe, "call him what you please, for he never considered your presence the least drawback, when he left you to go in search of the parson's daugh ters."

"No that's what he did not, aunt, and I am determined to let him see that I can shew a proper spirit," cried the pouting and offended beauty, "he shan't treat me like a fool, for parson's daughters."

"Parson's daughters!" exclaimed the now astonished Lord Fitzosbourne, at the same moment that he cast a look of strong displeasure at his sister; "you surely cannot be alluding to the daughters of Mr. Clarendale, who Trelawney informed me this morning, are in town, and on a visit to Doctor Stanton, in consequence of the elder Miss Clarendale being lately married in the Bradbury family, if so, I am really ashamed of you, Louisa, as Trelawney has himself apprised me of the ladies being at the theatre. Alexina, I am extremely angry with you indeed, and I beg I may never again hear the term you have just applied to the daughters of that very worthy and respectable man, Mr. Clarendale, who I have the strongest reason for supposing are most amiable and praiseworthy young women; you, Louisa, ought at

all events to have recollected that Henry Clarendale is their brother."

"And so you would tamely have me put up with an insult offered to my niece, merely on that consideration," cried the now enraged Lady Glenthorpe; "The young fellow is himself tolerable enough,—the Young Henry that Trelawney is going to make such a wonderful great man, but as for his sisters, the gothic rustics, what have I to do with them? Is Lady Alexina Fitzosbourne to be thrown in the back ground for the sisters of Mr. Henry Clarendale?"

"I cannot admit the probability that Tanjore Trelawney could intentionally have offered any insult to my child," said the Earl, very calmly.

"No, truly; Tanjore Trelawney is a paragon of perfection," cried Lady Glenthorpe, with fresh fury darting from her eyes, perceiving that so far from gaining ground she was losing in the opinion of her brother, to excite his displeasure against Trelawney, "he can do nothing wrong in your Lordship's estimation."

"No, papa is always excusing him, if he is ever so much to blame," said Lady Alexina, still pouting.

'I confess that my confidence in Tanjore Trelawney is not easily to be shaken," cried the Earl more warmly, "and that I would much rather hear an explanation from himself on this subject, than from any other quarter: and here he is, most opportunely, to answer for himself."

Trelawney at that moment just made his appearance in the hearing of the last sentence of the Earl, and with an air of smiling good humour, took his station by the side of Lady Alexina, while he uttered, addressing himself to Lord Fitzosbourne,—

"And I hope, my Lord, you have ever found Trelawney ready to answer for himself."

Lady Glenthorpe would have preferred at this precise moment a seat in her own dressing-room, than now to have encountered the keenly penetrating glance of Trelawney, and was beginning to frame excuses for her and Lady Alexina to leave the room, but this her brother would not permit, and turning towards her, with some asperity he exclaimed,—

"No, Louisa, you shall not depart quite so easily as you may

imagine. Alexina and you have both preferred a complaint against Trelawney, and have made me very unconfortable, and I insist upon having an explanation in his presence. Tanjore, Lady Glenthorpe tells me of some supposed neglect, I say supposed, because I cannot think it would be intentional, offered to my daughter, at Covent Garden Theatre."

"But of which, as I am yet an utter stranger," said Trelawney, "I must beg to be favored with an explanation from her Ladyship."

"Why, really, Mr. Trelawney," cried Lady Glenthorpe, coloring deeply, and exhibiting the confusion of a guilty culprit, "in consequence of the mortification which Lady Alexina received from your too obvious inattention to her the other evening, and my own wounded feelings, in seeing the dear girl so excessively pained and hurt, I did just now, rather somewhat too warmly I own, gently hint to my brother, that I felt a little surprised at your extraordinary conduct."

Trelawney, now surveying the dismayed countenance of Lady Glenthorpe, with the most superlative contempt, answered her with an air of such conscious dignity, yet so perfectly consistent with good breeding, that there would have remained no further testimony of his never having merited her accusation in the opinion of the Earl, had there been no other,—

"My conduct, Lady Glenthorpe," said Trelawney, "will, I hope, stand the test of not only your Ladyship's minutest investigation, but of that also of the most impartial observer; at the same moment, I beg to say, it is not to be dictated to by Lady Glenthorpe, or any other person; nor can I at present guess at what your Ladyship may please to allude; I must, therefore, apply to Lady Alexina, having received this very striking and extraordinary neglect on my part, she is the properest person to resent it."

"And I shall resent it if I please," cried Lady Alexina, now busily engaged in combing the ears of a little favorite pug dog, with a gold ornament she had taken from her own hair. "You had no business to talk to any body when I was by; and as I am to be married to you in spite of all you can say or do, though I don't much like it for all that, it was a very great shame to leave

our box to go to those young women, one of whom may be a sweet heart of your's, for any thing I can tell. There, now, I have spoke my mind, and I don't care a fig for you."

It was now almost morally impossible to preserve an appearance of gravity, and Trelawney, first looking at the Earl with sensations of pity and commisseration, glanced one of proud disdain at Lady Glenthorpe, as much as to say,—"Have you inspired this beautiful idiot only to render her more contemptible, by allowing her an opportunity of displaying more folly?"—At length, however, after giving way in some degree to risibility, he turned with a graver air to Lord Fitzosbourne, while he uttered,—

"I believe, my Lord, there is little for me to say on the present subject, as I conceive myself greatly indebted to Lady Glenthorpe's malicious and unfavourable report to your Lordship, it appears, that I have been guilty of a most unpardonable offence, in presuming to quit your Lordship's box only for a few moments, to speak to the family of Mr. Clarendale, whom I had already informed you were in town; and I add, that in doing this I did not think any apology necessary to Lady Alexina, or any other person; or that in paying a tribute to friendship, I could possibly offer any insult to your daughter."

"By no means, Tanjore," exclaimed the Earl; "by no means, —you cannot suppose that I should credit any such thing. My daughter is a simpleton, and my sister no better to encourage any supposition of the kind. Clarendale was your father's old and intimate friend, and I have often heard him declare, that he was one of the worthiest fellows in existence:—apropos, have you heard from the young man lately, the young Henry?"

Trelawney having replied in the affirmative, the Earl continued,—

"Then I can inform you, that I have, through the medium of Clarges, the chaplain of ——, he has lately visited the University, and had then an opportunity of conversing with young Clarendale, of whom his report is so favourable, that I shall shortly undertake something serious to serve him, in doing which I shall feel great pleasure, I assure you, Tanjore; he is, without exception, the most promising young candidate I have ever seen."

The naturally bright eye of the warm and generous East In-

dian now looked yet brighter, and the animated glow of pleasure, arising from pure and benevolent feelings, mounted in rich colouring on his rosy cheeks.

"How kind and noble in you, my Lord," cried he, "thus to exercise the power you are gifted with in bestowing it on praiseworthy objects! And I cannot but acknowledge, that I feel sensibly grateful towards you for any favours which your Lordship may please to confer on Henry Clarendale.

"Lord Sidney Belmont, who was here this morning," said the Earl, "has been telling me that the daughters of Mr. Clarendale are excessively handsome—one of whom you say is married, Tanjore?"

"Yes, my Lord," answered Trelawney, in a perturbation he now found it difficult to conceal: "Miss Rebecca Clarendale is now the wife of Mr. Philip Bradbury, the only son of the worthy Doctor Bradbury, of Kenilworth; and the young couple are now come to pay a bridal visit to their relation, Doctor Stanton, of whom your Lordship has most probably heard."

"What, Stanton? he is the cleverest fellow in London," said the Earl. "Well, I believe I shall now take a stroll before dinner, after which I shall make myself scarce for the evening; in the meantime, Tanjore, I would have you make your peace with Alexina."

"I hope that is already made, my Lord," cried Trelawney, advancing a little forward towards the indignant beauty—"What say you, my fair cousin, when I tell you without disguise, that I may perhaps trespass again in the same way, and that I expect we shall be friends still?"

"There, I have broke my little beautiful repeater," (at length holding out her snowy hand to meet that of Trelawney's,) exclaimed Lady Alexina, but without betraying one spark of tenderness or sensibility, at the gentle pressure he gave it.

"I will repair the accident with a new one, if your Ladyship will permit me," uttered Trelawney.

Lord Fitzosbourne was now in extacies; Trelawney had never before made a present to his daughter; and both father and daughter laboured under different conjectures with respect to the generosity of Trelawney's gift. Lord Fitzosbourne vainly cherished

the fond and flattering idea, that the charms of Lady Alexina had, at last, softened the heart of Trelawney; and Lady Alexina received the gift as she would have done from any other person, conceiving it only as a just homage paid to her beautiful person, of which she was already too vain. But the motives of the generous-minded Trelawney were the following: he could not bear that any one should be mortified on his account; and he pitied, more than he condemned, the character of Lady Alexina, whose faults were more those of a spoiled child, than a mind naturally or intentionally depraved. But Lady Glenthorpe he could not conquer his aversion to, though a woman. She had given so many proofs of a bad heart; the more dangerous, as it was combined with an understanding of no mean order, and with beauty sufficient to allure and then destroy.

And there were times when a sort of innate shuddering seized the whole frame of Trelawney, when examining minutely the countenance of Lady Glenthorpe, for which he felt it difficult to account, unless when his ideas associated with the recollection of the mysterious stranger, who had visited her at Fitzosbourne House, on which Trelawney had often reflected, till he found himself lost and bewildered in perplexity.

That this unfortunate personage (whoever he might be) had not only a great connection with her Ladyship, but was also intimately acquainted with her character, he had not the smallest doubt; but of the apparent mystery which existed between them, he was left in total darkness; and even if he had known it, honour would not have permitted him to divulge it to mortal, under existing circumstances. Much as he despised Lady Glenthorpe, he felt he had yet no generous right to invade the privacy of another, which, with honourable characters, should ever remain sacred.

As Trelawney arose to leave the room, her Ladyship, in some degree of embarrassment, uttered, "We do not part as enemies, I hope, Tanjore Trelawney."

"Lady Glenthorpe is the sister of Lord Fitzosbourne," answered Trelawney; "such a question therefore from your Ladyship is unnecessary.'

With these words uttered by Trelawney, in accents at once

kind and respectful, he retired to dress, in a state of mind by no means enviable, being now thoroughly persuaded, that in his union with such a woman as Lady Alexina Fitzosbourne, he should be the most miserable of men: her follies increasing every hour as she advanced more intimately on his acquaintance, while his aversion to the character of Lady Glenthorpe was too strong ever to be eradicated; but for which there was no possible alternative, unless by his renouncing the will of his father, and retracting the promise he had given him on his dying bed. And this Trelawney felt, and religiously felt he could not do, while his heart beat with the warm pulse of life.

Reconciled, therefore, in part, to the painful conflict of his feelings, and not daring to glance a thought towards Rosa, he submitted himself to the hands of his faithful Mungo, whose affectionate attentions served to calm the present inquietude of his harrassed mind.

Massa no well," cried Mungo, " me sure massa no well, cause he no happy; and when massa no well and no happy, Mungo no happy! Mungo no eat, no drink all day long, for think of massa; big tear him come in Mungo eye, when massa no happy."

Trelawney felt himself sensibly affected at this grateful attachment of his faithful black; and he determined more than ever, to render his life comfortable in his service, which was not to be guided by any change in his situation whatever.

" Poor fellow!" thought Trelawney, as he watched, as he had expressed himself, the big tear fast rolling down his cheek, " Poor fellow! thou too hast thy sensibilities and thy feelings; thou hast a heart, Mungo, beneath thy dusky skin that pants as nobly in the cause of virtue as any of thy fellow-creatures. The God of nature and benevolence has not made thee in vain.

With this reflection, Mungo was honoured with many kind words from his master, during the time he was assisting him in dressing, with the further assurance of his being both well and happy. But Mungo was by no means satisfied with this assurance; he had watched too attentively the countenance of his beloved master, and for many a day had seen it clouded by sorrow; all which mungo attributed to leaving the White Cottage, and pretty Miss Rosa, in which supposition Mungo was not mistaken.—

So different indeed were the inhabitants of Fitzosbourne House to the lovely inmates of the White Cottage, that Mungo, during his residence in town, had not failed to draw comparisons not much in favour of Mrs. Flounce (Lady Alexina's woman) and Mr. Frill (the Earl's gentleman) both of whom attempted to be what they really were not, by the airs and graces they exhibited, rendering themselves still more contemptible and ludicrous, even in the eyes of Mungo, who wanted not discernment to perceive that they were vainly endeavouring to copy their master and their mistress; an error of which many of these conceited personages are extremely guilty. They were all, however, particularly civil to Mungo, in consequence of the vast riches of his master, and the peculiar and distinguished rank he held in Lord Fitzosbourne's family.

One day, notwithstanding this degree of respect shown to Mungo, these ladies and gentlemen of the second table, after regaling themselves after dinner with a bottle of the most excellent wine in the Earl's cellar, (furnished by Mr. Brag, the butler,) a little difference arose on the part of Mrs. Flounce, which dissented from the avowed opinion of Mungo, by the following conversation of the parties.

"I dare say, Mr. Mungo," cried Mrs. Flounce, as she peeled a delicate apple with a silver knife, in a sort of manner that would have given you an idea that she was peeling a potatoe, "I dare say you will be excessively proud when your master is married to mistress Lady Alexina Fitzbourne."

To which Mungo somewhat quaintly replied,—

"Why me proud when massa marry?—me no want massa marry—why me proud?"

"You don't want your master to marry!" retorted Mrs. Flounce with an air of curious enquiry, "that is excessively strange, Mr. Mungo; for I have no doubt you will agree with me in saying, that you never saw a lady so handsome in all your born days as my mistress; she is reckoned the greatest beauty in the world."

Mungo, by no means intimidated, was determined to maintain the rights of his own opinion, though in opposition to a lady's, and answered sharply,—

"Me see young lady, great, great deal more handsom den you misse: me no tink you misse handsome one bit?"

"Not think Lady Alexina Fitzosbourne handsome?" echoed Mrs. Flounce, "I protest, Mr. Mungo, you quite amaze me."

"Not think our imperial Lady Alexina handsome," repeated Mr. Frill, conceitedly; "that's a good joke, by all that's beautiful!"

"But, perhaps, Mr. Mungo is partial to the ladies in the Indies," observed Mrs. Flounce, with a very significant sneer.

"At all events, we cannot say much of the fairness of their complexions," answered Mr. Frill; "but every one to his liking. I, for my part, admire black ladies extremely," winking at the same moment at Mrs. Flounce, with whom, as well as himself, he was on very excellent terms; and to be sure the ladies of your country, Mr. Mungo, are——"

"What for you speak of my country ladies," cried Mungo bluntly; "me no speak of my country ladies, me speak of yours."

"Indeed," said Mr. Frill, "and will you pretend to say you have seen a lady much handsomer than our Lady Alexina?"

"Oh my stars! it is quite morally impossible," uttered Mrs. Flounce, exhibiting at once her Lady's affectation, and her languishing attitude.

"Me say for true, true, true," cried Mungo, now maintaining his point with great spirit; "me see one young lady, great, great deal more pretty den you missee."

"And I should not in the least wonder if your master has not," uttered Mr. Frill, with more meaning in his looks than he dare to express by words: "I begin to smell a rat, don't you, Mrs. Flounce?"

"Oh yes, Mr. Frill, I begin to comprehend," answered Mrs. Flounce.

The smelling of the rat, however, sounded more intelligibly on the ears of Mungo, and he soon comprehended the allusion made to his master, and his choler was up in a moment, expressing his natural spirits and warmth on his African countenance.

"What for you smell rat?" vociferated Mungo, "why you speak of my massa, and shake you head? Mungo good servant; know him duty better to massa den ask questions of Massa. Massa no tell Mungo him secret—Mungo no ask massa him business."

This was an extinguisher at once to silence impertinence and idle curiosity, which on no other person than the faithful black would have been carried to unwarrantable lengths, by these inquisitive gentlefolks.

They were now silenced however, in future, of ever again throwing out any allusions towards the conduct of Mr. Trelawney, and Mungo was ever afterwards treated as a dangerous sort of personage, before whom they felt the necessity of being particularly guarded in their discourse, whenever it reflected on the characters of their superiors.

A plain family dinner was, for the first time, exhibited at the table of Lord Fitzosbourne, to the great surprise of Trelawney; —Lady Glenthorpe having at length received a gentle lecture from her brother, that his income, considerable as it was, could no longer keep pace with the extraordinary demands on his purse, alleged for the expenses of housekeeping. His Lordship therefore insisted, that an immediate retrenchment should take place, to the great mortification of the haughty Lady Glenthorpe, who had appropriated large sums of money to very different purposes, than on the domestic embellishments of her brother's affairs.

It was with no small degree of pleasure, that Lady Alexina and Lady Glenthorpe perceived that they should not long be favoured with the company of gentlemen, for the Earl retired at an early hour to his own dressing-room, as he intimated he should do in the morning; and Trelawney pleaded, that he had an engagement which would prevent his having the pleasure of attending the ladies at tea-time, having promised Lord Sydney Belmont to meet him in the evening.

Nothing could happen more apropos to the ladies, who were that night going *incog.* to visit their dear old and intimate friend Lady Renegarde, to a private and select party at cards, already the delight of the youthful Alexina: she doated on this species of fashionable amusement to such an excess, that she was now greatly in arrears of debt with some of her female associates, and that they would shortly extend to some part of her male acquaintance there was every probable reason to imagine.

Happily, however, this circumstance had not yet reached the ear of her agonized father; nor was it yet known to Trelawney.

How else would the parent's heart have shuddered, when he beheld his only and beloved child a victim to gambling, and reflected that this only child was a female. And with what abhorrence would Trelawney himself have reflected on the character of a female gamester, in the person of his own wife.

We will now return to a very different scene which was passing in the quiet residence of Doctor Stanton, where beauty and simplicity, health and innocence, and peace and harmony resided with the graces, in the combined forms of Rebecca, Rosa, and Mary Bradbury.

It was almost impossible to say, whether the pure and lovely bosoms, on which the gifts of Trelawney were now placed, graced the beautiful ornaments, or the ornaments the lovely wearers,—the delicacy and whiteness of their complexions far exceeding that of the pearls.

Theodore Stanton looked an elegant and extremely handsome young man, and Miss Stanton, as she always did, the perfect lady; nor did the doctor himself, by any means, disgrace the ladies by his appearance: he was dressed in a rich suit of black, and wore a brooch set with diamons, of considerable value. Philip Bradbury was plain and neat, such as became his station, and not a little proud of his lovely wife, as he led her into the drawing-room, he acknowledged, as he gazed with delight on the calm and gentle expression of her ever beautiful features, that her charms could only be equalled, but not rivalled by her lovely sister.

Theodore Stanton had on this evening the unspeakable happiness of being stationed beside of Rosa, on whom his eyes were rivetted in a more impassioned manner than they had ever presumed to glance before, much to her annoyance and secret dissatisfaction, but he was the son of Doctor Stanton, whose guest she now was, and she felt herself under the obligation of treating him with politeness and good breeding, though she evidently avoided the compliments he so lavishly bestowed, and which when they were seated in the carriage to convey them to the Opera House, became every moment more irksome and unpleasant to her feelings, particularly as the love-struck hero had more than once taken an opportunity of pressing her hand, with a warmth which his short acquaintance with her had by no means warranted, and

which Rosa was so far from relishing, that oppressed by his too fulsome strain of compliment, which she placed but little value on, she suddenly exclaimed,—

"I wish, Mary Bradbury, you would change places with me: it is so excessively warm."

To which the doctor, who had perceived where Theodore's attentions had been directed the whole evening, said, as he smiled and gently forced Rosa into his own seat,—

"Come here, my divine creature, from that troublesome fellow, who has been tormenting you this half hour. Theodore, what have you been saying to Miss Clarendale?"

"Nothing, I should hope, that could possibly offend her Sir," answered young Stanton, haughtily, for the repulse which Rosa had now given him, mortified and wounded his vanity most sensibly

"But she looks offended; are not you, my lovely Rosa?" said the doctor.

To which Rosa modestly replied, though with some degree of embarrassment,—

"No, indeed, Sir, Mr. Theodore Stanton is perfectly right; he could not address any conversation to me that he thought would be offensive to my feelings, if he was aware of it. I complain of the heat, not of Mr. Theodore Stanton."

The doctor now laughed;—"So you did, my dear girl," cried he; "but don't complain of the heat, pray don't, for it has given you a color in your cheek like an angel." And the carriage now stopped at the Opera House, the appearance of which delighted and astonished our young rustics; but, how much more astonished when they beheld the interior part of this truly elegant and magnificent structure.

The house was in many parts almost filled, and the overture was just commencing, when the doctor and Theodore handed the ladies into a box, which by order of Trelawney had been previously kept for their reception: it was exactly fronting the stage, and well calculated both for hearing and seeing.

There is in all compositions of the great Mozart a something that immediately vibrates on the heart, leaving an impression there not easily to be eradicated. And Rosa, unconscious of the admi-

ration she was exciting in all around her, was entranced with the enchanting sounds, which had not only come over her ear

"Like the sweet south, breathing from a bank of violets,"

but had absorbed every faculty of her soul, and she was listening with delight and enthusiasm, when a voice immediately behind her, exclaimed to his companion, a young gentleman of fashionable and elegant appearance,

"By heavens, Leavensworth, there is the same sweet creature that last night graced the boxes of Covent Garden Theatre; did you ever behold such a sylph!—I will instantly go and speak to her."

To which his companion replied, in a dry tone,—

"You had much better let it alone; you see she is guarded like the Hesperian fruit, and is not to be approached without danger."

"The more desirable, answered the gay votary of dissipation; and without further ceremony he intruded himself into Dr. Stanton's box, just as the piece was going to begin, (leaving his companion in the next,) where he continued for some moments without interruption, till his uncommon bold and aspiring look towards Rosa, at whom he had never ceased to gaze, roused the indignation, and at once called forth the resentment of Theodore Stanton, who casting on him a look of ineffable disdain, coolly informed him, that box was private, and therefore not subject to interruptions.

To which the stranger, boldly advancing, fiercely answered,

"Private, Sir!'

"Yes, Sir, I repeat, it is private," cried Theodore, with great spirit, "and being so, will suggest to you the propriety of leaving it to the possession of those by whom it is engaged."

"And I must beg you will do so without further interruption, Sir," said Dr. Stanton, now rising from his seat, and partly advancing towards the stranger.

"By Jupiter, but I will not do any such a thing," uttered he.—"What! I suppose you would let nobody look at that angel but yourself; but it won't do, my old boy! I am the Marquis of Montrevoirs, and I will look wherever I please with impunity."

"But you shall not stay here with impunity," cried Theodore with increased spirit; "Marquis or no Marquis we do not feel inclined to receive any further interruptions from your impertinence.

On this, the contention on both sides became more violent, and "Turn him out," was reiterated from all parts of the house. The Marquis, as he had stated himself to be, partly in a state of inebriety, and partly from a naturally quarrelsome disposition, seemed determined on opposition, and the noise in Doctor Stanton's box became so loud and clamorous as to arrest the attention of the whole house, and it arose to such a pitch as to require the aid of peace officers, who soon made their appearance; but this was of little avail to the enraged Marquis, who contended that he had a right to look at the lady in Doctor Stanton's box, and that he would knock any man down who dared to prevent him, and protesting that he would make that stripling offer an apology to him the ensuing morning, or send him a challenge;—he was answered in a voice like thunder, and seized by the arm, with too firm a grasp to escape, from the lips and strong hold of Trelawney, who having just entered the house, and learning the cause of contention, made his way instantly to where it proceeded, in sufficient time to hand the Marquis out of the doctor's box and to close the door after him: he then returned to the trembling Rosa, and at that moment, unconscious of what he uttered, turned towards her with an air of the most impassioned tenderness, and fondly exclaiming,—"Who has dared to insult you?" caught the terrified and fainting girl in his protecting arms.

CHAPTER XX.

Montrevoir's Challenge to Trelawney;—The Marquis's conduct on that occasion;—Fears of Rosa and Lord Fitzosbourne for the safety of Trelawney;—Insensibility of Lady Alexina.

In the perilous hour, in the day of calamity, in sickness and in sorrow, true love is most discoverable: like a beautiful gem whose

brilliance cannot be concealed, it then shines brightest on the object it illumines

The very moment that Trelawney gathered from the confused account given by the box-keeper, that the disturbance was occasioned by some personal insult offered to one of the ladies in Doctor Stanton's box, the idea that it might be Rosa suggested itself to his imagination in many alarming shapes, and he hurried thither with an impetuosity of feeling so natural to his national character, to which was added, all the tenderness of the friend, the lover, and the protector of a woman whom he adored, determined that he would chastise the scoundrel who had dared to insult her, the very moment he beheld him, he suddenly passed Lavensworth, whom, as also the Marquis, he had frequently met in public, who slightly informing him, that he did not suppose his interference was at all necessary, his friend having done no more than what any other man would think himself authorized to do at a public theatre; namely, looking at a pretty woman; he could not see wherein the Marquis had been so much to blame, as to occasion such resentful reproaches from the young spark, (meaning Theodore Stanton,) but whom he imagined, from the peculiar warmth which he had exhibited, was not only the champion bu the lover of the lady.

These words, like electric fire, shot through the frame of the agitated Trelawney; he staid not a moment longer to hear the suppositions which probed his heart too deeply, but rushing into the doctor's box, timely prevented any further insult from the impertinent intruder, and became himself not only the champion, but the protector of his beloved Rosa.

The Marquis, as he resigned himself to the care of his companion, (for friendship with such characters is out of the question,) the dissipated Lavensworth, declaring with uncommon vengeance, that a challenge should be the consequence of Mr. Trelawney's interference on the present occasion; it was then, that the timid, apprehensive Rosa, whose fears had already been excited to a most alarming pitch, now trembling exclusively for the safety of Trelawney, and forgetting all but the danger to which he might now be exposed on her account, uttered a piercing shriek, as she fell, almost in a state of insensibility, into those arms that must

have dropped lifeless by his side before in that hour he would have resigned her to the protection of another.

Nor was the situation of Rebecca much better than her sister; she was nearly fainting, and Mary Bradbury and Miss Stanton trembled with apprehension. The doctor, therefore, found it necessary, from the situation of all the ladies, to make a sudden retreat from the scene of action, as soon as a carriage could be procured, recommending Trelawney to remove Miss Clarendale into the air, as quickly as possible.

But poor Rosa, ever the child of feeling and simplicity, (which though thousands may condemn, is yet irresistibly dear to the heart of sensibility,) and quite unfamiliar with such accidents as she had just encountered, could not get the better of her fears for the kind, the noble, the generous Trelawney, and she would have fainted again, had he not assured her, that there was no danger to be apprehended on his account.

"But are you quite safe now, Trelawney," cried Rosa, looking round with fearful enquiry, as he conducted her trembling steps to the carriage.

"Fear not for me, thou dearest, loveliest creature," uttered Trelawney, who in this transporting moment forgot that there existed such a woman in the world as Lady Alexina Fitzosbourne.

The eloquent look of Rosa, full of tender anxiety for his safety, yet now blushing that she had not the power of concealing it from his observation at this moment, would have repaid Trelawney for whole ages of torture, as it completely set all rivalship at a distance. Rosa loved him,—Rosa, from whom he was now to be separated for ever, loved him,—and that she would ever love him, Trelawney had a strong presentiment would be the case.

Short, however, were the transports of this reflection; for Trelawney was the most just and honourable of men, and it was neither just nor honourable, that he should expect Rosa to cherish an unfortunate attachment for him, as he could not conscientiously return the slightest testimony of her regard.

When we are happy, however, from a thorough conviction of being loved by an object equally beloved, it is not very frequently that we examine minutely into causes or effects, which might make that happy conviction vanish into thin air; and it was a most for-

tunate circumstance for Trelawney, that the confusion occasioned by the occurrences of the evening, abstracted the attention and observation which otherwise might have been scrupulously fixed on him and Rosa.

Philip Bradbury was too much alarmed for his Rebecca, to think of any body else. The doctor completely frightened out of his wits, for the personal safety of his darling son. Miss Stanton apprehensive from the same cause; and Mary Bradbury blessing her stars at that moment, that her dear Henry was at a distance from danger.

Young Stanton, however, had not been quite so indifferent an observer of the passing scene; he had beheld the fainting Rosa in the arms of Trelawney, whose deep anxiety, as he bended over her lovely form, was too strongly pourtrayed in his fine expressive countenance, to be mistaken by one equally enamoured of the same object; the anxiety of Trelawney was that of a lover,—and the quivering lip, that murmured, in soft, tender, and rapturous accents, her beloved name, could only be pronounced by one who regarded her as the dearest idol of his affections; and the sensation this produced in young Stanton was not only that of strong aversion, but maddening jealousy towards Trelawney, which in part also extended towards Rosa, from a conviction, that she would never receive any attentions from him, and with little short of fury, he observed the deep crimsoned blush and the tearful eye of Rosa, who on her recovery beheld herself encircled by the arms of Trelawney; much less could he endure the enchanting accents of tenderness with which she assured him of the apprehensions she now entertained of his safety, and which she so repeatedly addressed to him in his hearing, it was plain then that Trelawney loved Rosa, and that Rosa loved Trelawney, who was the affianced husband of Lady Alexina Fitzosbourne,—yet the delicate, modest, conscientious Miss Clarendale usurped the affections of another woman's husband, and young Stanton at that moment recollected the words which Dr. HUME has so ungenerously put into the mouth of one of his principal characters in the tragedy of Douglas, but which it is hoped may be only considered as a very unjust sarcasm on the female sex, for Glenalvon utters,—

"They seldom err,
Who think the worst they can of woman kind."

Were the term reversed, methinks it would be aptly applied to the general character of men instead of women; for most unjustly were these words ascribed by Theodore Stanton to the lovely and innocent Rosa, whose thoughts were pure

"As holy saints above."

in all which was connected with her attachment to the generous East Indian.

While in the breast of the young and volatile Theodore it was only a passion, fleeting and perishable as the colors of the transient rose; had he possessed Rosa, it is probable that he would not have loved her long.

Violent passions cannot be lasting,—they must as quickly end where they had as quickly began. True love builds its faithful nest on a surer foundation,—summer suns will neither render its habitation too warm, nor will winter snows be too cold for its serenity. And such was the love which so brightly glowed, both in the hearts of Rosa Clarendale and of Tanjore Trelawney.

"Though there is scarcely room to admit of you here," said Doctor Stanton, putting his head out of the coach door, as Trelawney handed Rosa into it, "yet I hope, Mr. Trelawney, there is no possible objection to your joining us, at my house in Pall Mall; do me the favour to take a family supper with us, without ceremony, I beg of you."

"I am not fond of ceremony, Doctor Stanton, at any time," answered Trelawney, "and there never was less occasion for it than at the present moment."

So saying Trelawney jumped into another coach, which following the doctor's, they all met together at the door, where they soon alighted, but none of the ladies were sufficiently recovered to be disposed to enter much into the spirit of conversation.

Trelawney exerted every nerve to raise the spirits of the drooping and dejected Rosa, and to quiet the apprehensions of the alarmed Rebecca, alarmed for more reasons than one.

That any quarrel should have taken place between gentlemen on Rosa's account, and that one of these should be Trelawney, shocked and alarmed her delicacy; as should any danger be incurred, it would inevitably reach the ears of her father, and ren-

der them not only unhappy for the safety of their generous benefactor and friend, but make them endure a thousand fears for Rosa; and to such an extraordinary pitch did Rebecca encourage these fears to operate on her gentle and affectionate nature, that she determined the next morning to urge her husband to quit London as soon as possible, and restore the precious charge they had now under their care, to the paternal roof, which was her best protection.

When Trelawney parted from his fair friends, he assured Rebecca, that she should either hear from him or see him at an early hour the ensuing morning, and respectfully pressing her hand to his lips, as he rose to depart, he added,—

"Do not, dear and amiable Rebecca, indulge in these useless apprehensions: believe me, I am well aware of the character I have to encounter in the person of the Marquis of Montrevoirs, and am in no degree alarmed at the suggestion he mentioned; he has no such intention, for I already know him to be a coward; and were he not so, can you, do you suppose I would permit either the Marquis of Montrevoirs or any other man existing to insult any part of your respected family with impunity? has the daughter of Mr. Clarendale, in the absence of her father and her brother, no defender to shield her from the impertinent advances of a presuming licentious character? Assuredly she has, Mrs. Philip Bradbury; and such a one as would not easily desert her, while there is a drop of blood left in his veins;—I will protect the children of my father's old friend; therefore, be comforted, sweet Rebecca, you know Trelawney is a stranger to fear, when the feelings of his friends call upon him for support and protection."

Trelawney now instantly left the house of Doctor Stanton, leaving his auditors charmed with his generous character, save only one, and that was Mr. Theodore Stanton.

In the spirited and dignified sentiments which Trelawney had just expressed, he could see nothing but increased and violent attachment towards Rosa, and attributed many parts of Trelawney's character to affectation, and pride of his very superior personal attractions, and to the unbounded wealth of which he was possessed.

But so little did the amiable Trelawney value himself on either

of these qualities, that it never occurred to him that his person was more pleasing than any other man's, and when he reflected that he was rich, it arose from the gratification of knowing that he could bestow his bounty where he pleased, and exercise his charity on subjects who, though in penury, were at the same moment meritorious and praiseworthy.

But how frequently does it happen in this ill-judging world, that the most amiable traits in our character, and the most virtuous qualities in our disposition are perverted by the construction which the caprice or the envy and ill nature of others are pleased to place on them, and did not our own hearts acquit us, how painfully wounding it would be to our feelings that we had merited the censure or reproaches of our enemies, or deserved the accusations so ungenerously bestowed on us.

Is there not always, however, in these cases, an appealing judge, "to whom all hearts are open, and from whom no secrets can be hidden?"—Will he not reward or punish as he pleases, without the intervention of our mortal power?—Why then should we divest ourselves of that peace which as the world cannot give to us, it is utterly impossible for it to take away from us?

No sooner was Rebecca alone with her husband, than she earnestly entreated him to shorten their visit to Doctor Stanton, as she longed impatiently again to behold her dear father and mother, and return to her dear native village once more, in peace and quietness.

"What, my Rebecca," cried Philip, "tired, weary already of the pleasures of the great and smiling metropolis?"

"Indeed, my love, I have little relish for what you call pleasures," answered Rebecca, "and if I was obliged to remain long in London, you would have much difficulty in persuading me to like it; I should make a very unfashionable sort of personage, I confess, for I cannot bear to keep such late hours."

"Why, I cannot say but when we are sitting together all in your father's oak parlour, with my old dad in the midst of us, recounting some of his merry tales, that some how or other I feel more comfortable, Rebecca, than I did to-night in the Opera House," said Philip, glorying in, though he did not openly applaud, the sentiments of his little rustic wife.

"Opera House!" cried Rebecca, "oh may I never again behold it with the sensations I experienced this evening. If this is a specimen of the polished manners of the gentlemen of high fashion, defend me from such marks of their gallantry as I have witnessed in the Marquis of Montrevoirs."

"I think the conduct of Theodore Stanton was extremely spirited, my love, did not you?" enquired Rebecca, avoiding as much as possible the subject of Trelawney; but Philip Bradbury gloried in the character of Trelawney, and loved to speak of him as he thought he merited.

"But why are you silent on Trelawney," answered Philip, a little pained and hurt, "surely I must not tax my Rebecca with any thing like caprice towards the character of that noble, excellent young man."

"I fear he was a little too impetuous, that is all," answered Rebecca, "and when Rosa fainted in his arms——"

"You thought he expressed himself too warmly," interrupted Philip, smiling; "ah! my dear Rebecca, true love, such as glows in the generous bosom of Trelawney, cannot always be prescribed by the cold dictates of frigid ceremony.—The woman he loved was insulted; what man could avenge her cause so nobly as Trelawney?"

"The woman he loves should not be my sister," said Rebecca, coldly.

"We are not talking of what should be, my dear," answered her husband; "your sister he does love, and it is morally impossible for either you or I to prevent it."

"But would be morally wrong for us to encourage it," said Rebecca, though with some hesitation, and blushing deeply as she perceived the eye of Philip fixed steadily on her. "My dearest love, I could not bear your reproaches, if I thought I merited them," at length continued Rebecca, "but when I have explained my sentiments to you, perhaps you will think better of me."

"Think better of you, my angel," cried Philip, "it is impossible for me to think otherwise than well of my Rebecca; I am only inclined to suppose that you are a little angry with our Trelawney."

To which Rebecca, after a moment's silence, calmly replied,—

"Well, then, I will candidly own to you, that considering him in the character of an affianced husband of Lady Alexina Fitzosbourne, I disapprove, utterly disapprove of those attentions he is now offering to my poor sister, whose young and inexperienced heart has already fallen a victim to his too pleasing attractions. Rosa has too much sensibility, and I tremble for her future happiness. Poor girl! what will become of her when Trelawney, agreeable to the will of his father, is really the husband of Lady Alexina? Surely, as an honourable man, he ought to fly the presence of Rosa; instead of which he inflicts new pangs, which he is but too conscious he can never heal. Did I not love my sister so tenderly, and also all that regards her peace and happiness, the voice that would caution her of this fatal attachment, might, in contemplating the uncommon perfections of the object she adores, be hushed; but she is my sister,—Rosa is the child of my own dear mother: we were nursed on the self same bosom; reared, tended and watched with the same fond solicitude, in our helpless infancy, by the kindest of parents and of friends, and if Rosa's heart bleeds, Rebecca's heart must endure anguish too."

Never looked Rebecca, not even on her bridal morn, more lovely in the eyes of her adoring husband, than she did at this precious moment; and not to have subscribed to the propriety of the sentiments which she had uttered, would have been doubting the existence of virtue altogether; and clasping her to his fond bosom, he acknowledged the superiority of her judgment.

"Will you then, my dear husband, hasten our return home," cried Rebecca; "let me again put my dear Rosa beyond the power of temptation,—let us remove the sweet creature out of the sight of Trelawney, and I shall feel my mind more comfortable, convinced that, though she may not think so, I have strictly performed a sister's duty.

"Assuredly, if you wish it," answered Philip. "I can have no will but your's in this respect;—but——"

"But what, Philip?" asked Rebecca, most anxiously.

"Why I cannot, for the soul of me, but pity that noble-hearted fellow Trelawney," said Philip, "and Rosa, the dear, tender-hearted little soul;—well, there is no help for these things; but of all the arbitrary wills I ever heard of, this of Trelawney's fa-

ther appears to be the most extraordinary. That any man in his sober senses should thus sacrifice the affections of his only child to a woman whom he never beheld, without a moment's consideration whether he should ever like her or not, is, I confess, the strangest proof of fatherly love that has ever come within the scope of my knowledge."

"But you do not consider the motives which actuated Mr. Trelawney's father, at the same moment," said Rebecca; "it was the appeal made to his heart by a beloved sister, from whom he was about to be separated, that (moved by her tears and supplications) induced him to comply with her parting request;—it was Lady Fitzosbourne who, then pregnant with Lady Alexina, drew from her brother the promised contract, which after her death, became more sacred in the eyes of her fond and affectionate relative, and could not, therefore, be dissolved."

"To love a sister, it is by no means a necessary duty to sacrifice a child," cried Philip; but perceiving that his prudent Rebecca was unwilling to resume a subject which evidently gave her great uneasiness, the conversation here ended.

The infuriated and highly incensed Marquis of Montrevoirs would not permit the morning to cool on his resentment, but the very instant he had been compelled to retire from the Opera with his friend Leavensworth, they adjourned to a Coffee-house, and in the heat of passion, dispatched the following note to Trelawney, addressed to him at the Earl of Fitzosbourne's, which Mungo receiving placed on the table, long before the hour that his master returned to be informed of the contents:—

"Sir,

"You have personally insulted a gentleman of rank and fashion, in a manner which his honour and injured feelings will not permit him patiently to endure, and for which he either insists on your making an apology, or expects you will tender him the satisfaction of a gentleman, in Hyde Park, by the hour of six to-morrow morning.—Choose your own weapons, swords or pistols."

"*C. Montrevoirs.*"

"To Fanjore Trelawney."

As the contents of this note were no more than what Trelawney had expected, he did not feel any extraordinary astonishment at its perusal, and immediately answered it to the following effect:—

"My Lord,

"No man is more tenacious of wounding another's feelings than myself: was I conscious of having done so, the apology you demand would have been freely offered to you without any compulsion in the case.

"But, though I am no duelist, nor bear the slightest animosity towards you; nor am I otherwise disposed to blow any man's brains out in cool blood, at which my nature revolts with abhorrence, yet I must assure you that I am no coward; nor do I consider any man's rank or station, however exalted, when I think he forgets it himself, by presuming to distress the feelings of a respectable, modest and virtuous female.

"You will, therefore, find me true to your appointment, which must depend exclusively on your own feelings finally to determine.

"*Tanjore Trelawney.*"

"To the Most Noble the
"Marquis of Montrevoirs."

Having written the above, Trelawney sat down to reflect on the consequences it might produce, and of the situation in which he would be precisely placed, should a duel actually take place between him and the Marquis. Trelawney a duelist,—he revolted with abhorrence from such a mode of settling a quarrel; honour, which is so much talked of on these occasions, being, he conceived, totally out of the question; but to tender a man an apology for approaching to any thing like an insult to the woman he adored, he could not think of,—while on the other hand, to have declined *in toto* the challenge of the hot-brained Marquis, would have appeared an act of cowardice. But to have his life made the sacrifice of a mad-man or fool, (for the Marquis was little short of either,) was a reflection not of the most pleasing kind; and with a heart which throbbed with more painful apprehensions for the

agonized feelings of his friends, than with fears for his own personal safety, he determined on instantly disclosing the whole of his situation to Lord Fitzosbourne, and then to request his friend, Lord Sydney Belmont to be present at this meeting the ensuing morning with the Marquis.

Trelawney then sat down collectedly to write a letter to his friend, and calling Mungo, dispatched a short note to the dressing-room of the Earl, the contents of which soon brought his Lordship, in his dressing-gown, to the presence of Trelawney: in the utmost alarm, the Earl enquired what had happened to occasion his summons at so late an hour.

Trelawney now dismissed Mungo, and drawing a chair for his Lordship, smiled while he placed the note of the Marquis in the Earl's hands, carelessly adding,—

"It is nothing very extraordinary, my Lord, to meet with men who first expose themselves to folly, and would betray the life of that man afterwards, who has the courage to tell them of it,—behold the challenge I have received from the most noble the Marquis of Montrevoirs."

"Challenge," repeated the Earl, now alarmed beyond conception, as trembling he glanced over the contents of the Marquis's note,—"my dear boy, my dear Tanjore, you agitate me beyond measure; challenge, Tanjore, did you say?"

"Do not alarm yourself, my dear Lord," cried Trelawney; for the Earl, now having clearly satisfied himself of Trelawney's assertion, by ocular demonstration, fell back in his chair, almost convulsed with indignant passion:—

"What," uttered he, "and shall I suffer my dear boy to perish by the steel of an assassin?—You shall not meet him, Tanjore, by——"

This oath actually escaped the lips of the agitated Lord Fitzosbourne; but as he was not in the habit of making such oaths, let us hope with STERNE,—that the recording angel, not only dropped a tear upon the word, but blotted it out for ever.

"But my word is already given," said Trelawney; "and were it not so, would you, my dear Lord, could you bear that Trelawney should be stigmatized as a coward? put your hand on your heart, my Lord, and honestly tell me, if I should then be worthy of your esteem, or any man's in existence?"

"Tanjore Trelawney," now uttered the Earl, in a perturbation of spirits which every moment became stronger in his pale countenance and melancholy depressed features, "Tanjore Trelawney, this affair is of more serious consequence than you may imagine: hear me, dear, rash, impetuous boy, I implore you, and remember, Tanjore, that the life of Fitzosbourne hangs upon the destiny of yours."

"Heaven forbid, my dear Lord;" cried Trelawney, much affected by the emotions of the Earl.

"It is wound up in you and my daughter, you are all that is left of my wrecked happiness, all that survives of my lost Alexina; should I lose you, Tanjore, or my child, I feel that——"

The Earl could proceed no further,—he burst into tears, which shocked, surprised, and even softened the heart of Trelawney so powerfully, that he waited in the most affecting silence till the Earl had in some degree recovered his composure; Trelawney then endeavoured to tranquilize as much as possible the evident alarm his Lordship laboured under, exclaiming, most energetically,—

"By every tie that is sacred and dear to the heart of man, I would not distress your Lordship's feelings more than I could possibly help."

"Why then persist in meeting this madman?" cried the Earl: "dear Tanjore, you see before you a broken-hearted man, whose all of hope and comfort rests only on you; alas! it is not sufficient, that I had the fortitude to bear the thoughts of being separated from you by your cruel mandate of absence, for two years, and will you now again lacerate my heart by endangering your life?"

"Your Lordship's fears are surely unseasonable," said Trelawney, "my life is under the protection of Almighty Providence, who does not permit a sparrow to fall without his immediate sanction: why then should I, who am created after his own image, doubt his unerring goodness? be comforted, my Lord, for were you my father, I could not now more poignantly feel for you."

Trelawney now respectfully held the Earl's hand to his lips, who, pale and almost motionless, continued to gaze on him as one on whom he was going to resign to the grave; and at this

moment Lord Sydney Belmont arrived at Fitzosbourne House, and was instantly admitted, by Mungo, to the apartment of his master; where a conversation of the most deeply affecting nature ensued.

The Earl, however, had, with the united exertions of Lord Sydney and Trelawney, reasoned himself into a more quiet temperature of mind, though he could by no means dismiss the alarming apprehensions he entertained for the safety of Trelawney.

Lord Sydney, however, made as light of the matter as the circumstance would possibly admit, and partly by argument and partly by rhetoric, of which Lord Sydney was by no means deficient, persuaded the Earl that his friend could not, with any degree of propriety, decline the meeting which had been proposed to him, without danger of forfeiting that character which it would ever be the pride of a man of honour to support

But whatever Lord Sydney uttered, to support and animate the drooping spirits of the dejected and desponding Earl, he was not himself without sensations of extreme alarm for the safety of his noble and excellent friend, to lose whom by such an occurrence, agonized and pierced his inmost feelings. Not that it might happen; heaven he hoped would not permit it, yet was the idea insupportably painful; and it was with much difficulty that Lord Sydney could hide the anguish by which his heart was oppressed, as he received the instructions which Trelawney, in a low but firm voice, at intervals, (as the Earl reclined in a large elbow chair, for he could not be persuaded to retire to rest,) delivered to him.

"Remember, Belmont," softly whispered Trelawney, "in this cabinet you will find the whole of my papers; you will, therefore, receive the more particular statement of my wishes; thank heaven, I have never been unmindful of mortality, though blessed with health and affluence, I have never forgot from whom these blessings flow, and that he who gives can take away, even in the very moment of our full enjoyment of all earthly things. Should I fall, Belmont," continued Trelawney, pressing the now cold hand of his agitated friend, "the packet addressed to Mr. Clarendale, must be conveyed to him immediately; it contains—what does it not contain!"—The picture of Rosa, Trelawney would have uttered, but he dared not; he made a short pause, and finish-

ed his sentence with—"yes, Belmont, it must be immediately conveyed to Clarendale."

"Cease, oh, cease, dear Trelawney," cried his now greatly agitated friend, "cease to torture me with this heart-wounding reflection, I beseech you. Doubt not the fidelity of friendship, nor the exertion of the great regard I must ever bear towards any of your requests, but for heaven's sake do not talk thus; by my soul, Trelawney, I am unable to support an idea so dreadfully painful."

Trelawney, with a calm, composed and benignant smile, now returned the warm and ardent pressure of his friend's hand, consoling him, that should such be his fate, that there was yet another and a better world, where it was probable, by divine permission, they should meet again.

The tears of Lord Sydney now bedewed his youthful cheek, and as the Earl, whose fatigued spirits had been greatly exhausted, had fallen into a gentle slumber, the two friends continued to converse without interruption, for successive hours on subjects every way most near their hearts, in which the name of Lady Alexina Fitzosbourne was never once repeated, and it is believed, never once thought of by Trelawney; nor was that of Rosa, but that she occupied the inmost recesses of his heart, his all of earthly thoughts, there was not a doubt, and that he fervently prayed for the happiness of the innocent maid, whom he had loved so truly, and so untainted by desire;—that their passion had been pure and spotless, was at this trying moment, a reflection of the most consoling nature; for had Trelawney, like some men, loved to desert the woman who had confided and trusted to his protection,—had Trelawney been the deserter of a helpless female at any period of his life, he felt that life, which in a few succeeding hours might be ebbing fast towards its close, would be painfully embittered in his last moments.

No such reflection as this, however, could disturb the generous mind of Trelawney; it was calm, though amidst danger, like the beams of the bright and radient setting sun, which sheds its departing rays in glory.

At four in the morning, Trelawney called Mungo, and bid him instantly prepare some coffee, and bring it into his dressing-room, such refreshment being most salutary to the waking and agitated Lord Fitzosbourne.

But the fond solicitude, and watchful enquiring looks of the faithful Mungo, who, on his entrance to the room, fixed his eye steadily on his master, evidently pained and affected Trelawney; yet, in case of accident, that he had made an ample provision for this poor creature for the remainder of his life, tranquillzed, in a great measure, the now fluttered spirits, and soothed the feelings of Trelawney.

Nothing, however, could reconcile Mungo to the unpleasing sensations he was now suffering; he could in no way account for the extraordinary proceedings which were taking place in Trelawney's apartment, much less could he possibly divine the cause of the Earl and Lord Sydney Belmont's sitting up the whole of the night with his master; and when Trelawney ordered him to bring coffee into his apartment, between the hours of midnight, Mungo, who did not perceive that his beloved master was in any degree indisposed, knew not what to think of this very mysterious business, and had not the presence of the Earl, (of whom he stood in great awe,) prevented him, he would instantly have thrown himself at the feet of his master, and humbly solicited an explanation of the occurrences of this night.

Accident, however, very soon revealed the secret to Mungo; for while Lord Sydney Belmont had closely engaged the Earl in deep and interesting conversation, Trelawney searched for his case of pistols, and not being immediately able to find them, felt himself under the painful necessity of making a demand for them of Mungo, which, calling him into an adjacent chamber, he did in a way which he thought would be least likely to hurt the poor fellow's feelings.

No sooner, however, had Trelawney intimated that he had occasion for his pistols, than a thunderbolt seemed to strike at the head of Mungo, and he trembled so excessively that he could scarcely stand in the presence of his master.

He had more than once been an eye witness in what manner gentlemen settle their private disputes and quarrels in his own plantations, and what occasion they had to use pistols when they went to fight them out, and that such was the situation of Trelawney, he could no longer doubt.

"Do you understand me, Mungo?" uttered Trelawney, in a

low voice, lest he should be overheard by the Earl, in the next apartment;—"Bring me my pistols,—lose not a moment."

To which Mungo, looking, with painful hesitation, in the face of his master, affectionately replied, with a mournful shake of his head,—

"Me understand massa, too well! massa fight wid white man, —white man shoot massa! Mungo no live see massa dead,— Mungo die, if white man shoot massa!—Shoot black, no matter, —save massa, Mungo him die content."

"Give me the pistols," said Trelawney, in a resolute and determined tone, and affecting to disregard the emotion of Mungo, while it reached and penetrated his heart; "give me the pistols Mungo, after which ask no questions, I command you. I have occasion to go out on business with Lord Sydney Belmont, in the meanwhile, remain in my apartments till either you see me or his Lordship return. Stir not, I charge you; remain there, fixed and unmoveable, as obedient to the express commands given and left by your master;—do you hear me, Mungo?"

"Massa word go through Mungo very heart!" cried Mungo, now bursting into a violent flood of tears,—genuine drops of sensibility, purer there couldst not be, though shed from eyes of azure beauty, with skin of snow while he placed the pistol case, with a trembling hand, on the table. He then hurried from the presence of his master, to give vent to the anguish of those affectionate feelings he could not control; and at a quarter past five, Trelawney, taking advantage of the Earl's absence, who had felt the absolute necessity of returning to his own chamber for an hour or two, being completely worn out with mental anxiety, dispatched Mungo privately for a coach, and accompanied by his friend, Lord Sydney Belment, Trelawney, (prepared for the worst and hoping for the best,) immediately proceeded to the place of appointment, Hyde Park, just ten minutes before the clock at St. James's responded the hour of six.

When they arrived at the place of action, they waited nearly half an hour, but not a vestige was to be seen either of the Marquis, or his friend Leavensworth; at which Trelawney, after a full hour had elapsed, could not help expressing some astonishment to Lord Sydney, who began at last to entertain some suspi-

cion that the Marquis would not come at all, and with a countenance in which hope, joy, and animation were beautifully blended together, exclaimed,

"By my soul, Trelawney, the Marquis is hoaxing us in the most agreeable manner I ever wish to be hoaxed in my life; and, look, an hour and nearly a quarter has elapsed from the time he appointed." Lord Sydney now looked a second time at his watch, and reminded Trelawney that no gentlemen ever kept one another waiting at such a particular crisis, as an affair of honour, and that the Marquis having so greatly exceeded his hour, it would be highly ridiculous for him to wait any longer in the expectation of seeing him there. "Let us, therefore, instantly return, my dear Trelawney, to Fitzosbourne House, where the Earl is so anxiously expecting us," cried Lord Sydney, now extremely anxious to draw his friend from the spot: "I confess, as the Marquis is not here, I am by no means allured to remain by the smell of gunpowder, and would much rather be taking my dish of tea with the ladies."

"But are you certain that our departure will not occasion some impertinent reflections," demanded Trelawney, "is it quite consistent with the etiquette of the business?"

"What, when we have already waited an hour and a half for the Marquis, and he comes not," said Lord Sydney, "surely, Trelawney, this is being too punctillious, but if you have a mind to stay here cooling your heels much longer, I must positively depart without you; I want my breakfast, and shall eat most voraciously, you may depend upon it my appetite is excellent."

Trelawney had now no inducement not to follow the footsteps of his now lively friend, and they were on the eve of leaving the park, when a person disguised in a large wrapping coat, and with a hat slouched over his face, which nearly concealed the whole of his features, stepped up to Trelawney, and presenting a letter to him, demanded to know in the same instant if his name was Trelawney, and being answered in the affirmative, he said he had then no further business, the letter being from the Marquis of Montrevoirs, and that there required no answer.

It requires your leisure for a moment, at all events," cried Trelawney, in accents of dignified courage and resentment; "be-

fore you depart, I must insist on being informed of the contents you bring me."

"That you may inform yourself of," uttered the stranger, in a surly and imperious tone, "I am not in the cabinet secrets of the Marquis of Montrevoirs." And with these words, abruptly darted through the park, leaving Lord Sydney and his friend Trelawney to make what comments they chose on his extraordinary mode of behaviour.

Trelawney now read aloud the following words, dictated from the pen of the Marquis, to himself, which was written in a hand hardly legible:—

"Mr. Trelawney,

"When this reaches you I shall be making rapid strides towards Paris, instead of meeting you at Hyde Park, and as it is pleasanter by far to shake a man by the hand than to blow his brains out, I shall be happy to tell you so when I again have the pleasure of seeing you in England, and to assure you, that I am of opinion, you are one of the finest spirited young fellows in existence; for it is plain you had no hostile intention towards me.

"I will candidly own, therefore, I was wrong to stare the lovely girl out of countenance; but beauty, Trelawney, beauty leads the oldest and the wisest of us in a wilderness, till we are lost in its bewitching maze.

"Accept this as the best apology I am able to give you, and receive the sincere wisher of

Montrevoirs.

"How inconsistent and capricious is the mind of man," uttered Trelawney, though by no means insensible to the pleasure arising from the reflection, that this silly business with him and the Marquis, was amicably settled, without any unpleasant consequences resulting from the issue; and with a heart ever grateful to Providence, he now leaned on the arm of his friend, with unspeakable satisfaction as they bent their course towards Grosvenor Square, with very different feelings to what they expected when they quitted it.

Lord Sydney was in raptures; but what was the sensation of

poor honest Mungo, when Trelawney suddenly opening the door of his apartment where the poor fellow was sitting, in the most desponding and melancholy attitude?—who can utter the eloquence of this pure child of nature, when Trelawney, again delivering the pistols to his care, while he threw on Mungo a look of inexpressible kindness, uttered,—

"Here Mungo, take back the pistols, I have had no occasion for them, thank heaven!—they have been hurtless in my hands. Mungo, poor fellow, what ails you?" continued Trelawney, as he gazed on the tears which now gushed in torrents from the eyes of Mungo; "why are you so affected?"

"Mungo cry, make heart easy," answered he, "Mungo no ail nothing now massa safe; Mungo go eat him breakfast,—him dance all day long,—make merry."

"And you shall smoke a segar, if you please, without interruption," exclaimed Trelawney, "there is money to get one; go, poor rogue, and enjoy yourself for the remainder of the day."

The joy which Mungo now felt was indescribable; never had his master bestowed such marks of kindness on him, and he capered about the room as soon as Trelawney quitted it, testifying the most lively and grateful demonstrations of heartfelt acknowledgment for the safety of his beloved and excellent master, whose life he considered by far more precious than his own.

Oh gratitude, sweet, throbbing and celestial monitor of the human bosom, if thou art not ever present, where is all the boasted virtues of mankind? Can beauty, can wealth, can power supply thy loss?

Bright gem, that in the dusky hue of the poor African shines with such etherial lustre, as to make whiter men, wanting thee, the poorest and the meanest vassals; sacred be thy fount, oh balmy gratitude,—for ever pure thy stream, thou source of every gentle virtue.

Much as Trelawney wished the affair between him and the Marquis to be as private as possible, not only to every individual in Fitzosbourne House, but to the public at large, Lord Fitzosbourne, however, had already rendered that impracticable, by the emotion he had betrayed. He had no sooner retired to his own apartment, than his restless and perturbed imagination represented Tanjore

Trelawney pale and mortally wounded by the Marquis of Montrevors, and unable to endure the soul-harrowing reflection, he started from his unrefreshing slumbers, threw on his dressing-gown, and rushed into the saloon, just as Lady Glenthorpe had preceded him on the staircase, wildly exclaiming,—

"Where is Trelawney? where is the dear boy Tanjore? where has he received the fatal wound; tell me instantly, Louisa, for I will know the truth?"

Lady Glenthorpe, now in the utmost alarm, rang the bell for immediate assistance, imagining that her brother was suddenly attacked with delirium, and imploring him at the same moment to be composed, ordering one of the servants to go for Mr. Trelawney; but what was her Ladyship's surprise when the servant returned back and informed her, that Mr. Trelawney's black servant assured him that his master was gone out accompanied by Lord Sydney Belmont.

Her Ladyship's curiosity now got the better of her humanity, or rather feeling, even for her own brother, who had been pacing the room in an agony, but had now reclined on one of the sofas, with his hands covering his face, and she abruptly enquired of the Earl, if Tanjore Trelawney was engaged in an affair of honour, and his Lordship, being now somewhat more collected, revealed the name of the Marquis, but not the cause of the quarrel between him and Trelawney, and this was precisely what her Ladyship wanted to know; but imagining that her brother did not understand very clearly himself the affair on which they met, she prevailed on the Earl to take a dish of coffee, observing with some asperity,—

"Well let the headstrong boy fight, if he is so fond of fighting; yet, now I recollect, the Marquis is a very sufficient man, he is accustomed to duelling, therefore, I protest, I am under some alarm for Tanjore Trelawney, and should not in the smallest degree be surprised if the Marquis was to effect his business at once;—I have heard that he is an excellent marksman."

"Inhuman and unfeeling Louisa," exclaimed the Earl, now darting a look of severe reproach towards his sister, "and is it thus you converse on the probability of an event, the certainty of which would deprive your brother of existence; think you I

could survive the loss of Tanjore Trelawney by such a catastrophe?"

"And how could you possibly help it," uttered Lady Glenthorpe; "I protest you could not say more if Tanjore were really your own son; it is well that your daughter is not present to hear you,—methinks the lovely girl would not at all be indebted to you for the compliment."

"If all the world were present," cried the Earl, now every instant growing more alarmed and solicitous for the fate of Trelawney, "I would exult in acknowledging my regard for my dear Tanjore; there is not a finer young fellow in existence. Send, Louisa, instantly send to Valencia Lodge, and enquire if Lord Sydney Belmont is yet returned.

A messenger was dispatched to the Duke of Valencia's, but no tidings had arrived of Lord Sydney; meanwhile, Lady Glenthorpe lost no time in communicating the affair to Lady Alexina Fitzosbourne, whose dressing room she suddenly entered, with the following sentence,

"Oh my love, I have been dying to tell you this half hour of what has happened; you will be so prodigiously alarmed,—but don't faint,—Tanjore Trelawney is actually engaged in a duel."

If sensibility is amiable in woman, (and who can think that it is not so?) how must we deplore the loss of it in Lady Alexina Fitzosbourne, who on receiving the intelligence which her aunt had given her, was amusing herself in dancing about the room with her little marmozet, and actually did not discontinue her employment for some time, till it occurred to her, that Trelawney might be killed in a duel, like other men, and at length exclaimed,—

"Well, I love a duel of all things; especially when a gentleman or two happen to be wounded; it is so delightful to see one's name in the newspapers; it gets one so stared at,—does not it, aunt?"

"Well, and if Trelawney should be killed in this duel," cried Lady Glenthorpe,

"And leave all his fortune to papa," uttered Lady Alexina, insensible, as she made this remark, to all but the playful tricks of that which her Ladyship estimated of much greater value than the life of Trelawney—her monkey.

CHAPTER XXI.

Interesting Reflections upon the termination of the Affair of Honour;—uneasiness at Valencia Lodge;—Introduction of a new and singular Character there.

Lord Fitzosbourne beheld the calm, unruffled features of Lady Alexina, as she entered the saloon, with an air of gaity, dragging her marmozet after her by a silver chain, with a degree of emotion which shocked and surprised him; and not believing it possible that Lady Glenthorpe could have apprised her of the personal danger of Trelawney, he observed with a melancholy smile,—

"How comes it, my dear girl, that you are this morning so uncommonly disposed to be mirthful? I fear the intelligence I am about to relate will, in a great measure, check your hilarity, and damp the ardour of your youthful spirits." The Earl now hesitated, as if fearing to alarm the sensibility of his daughter

And had Lady Alexina been wise she had remained silent, rather than have exposed her indelicate want of feeling to her father; but she suddenly exclaimed, before the Earl could utter another sentence,—

"I know what you are going to say, papa; aunt has already told me all about it." At this moment her Ladyship came into the room, and Lady Alexina, running up to her, continued, without interruption from her astonished, disappointed, and now highly displeased father,—"Have not you, aunt, told me every word of the whole affair of Trelawney?'

Her Ladyship, however, soon perceived the effect which the cold indifference of her niece would produce on the mind of her brother, and very promptly replied,—

"Not exactly the whole affair, my dear, only part,—to spare your feelings——" Here Lady Glenthorpe would have stopped, to spare her own, for she blushed deeply at the earnest look of enquiry that her brother intently fixed on her changing countenance; but Lady Alexina was determined that here she should not stop,

and insensible to all but the animal with which she was sportively playing, contradicted her aunt, by thus abruptly exclaiming,—

"How can you say that you did not tell me every thing, when you know you did, aunt; did you not say, that Trelawney was gone to fight a duel, and did not I say, that——I——"

The Earl, now out of all patience and greatly incensed, both with his daughter and the equally unfeeling Lady Glenthorpe, replied,—

"That you was extremely rejoiced to hear that Trelawney's life was in danger, I have not the smallest doubt,—insensible, unfeeling girl."

"Me, papa, I did not say any such thing:—did I, aunt!"

Lady Glenthorpe, mortified and abashed, hung down her head and was silent; while the Earl, casting at his daughter a look which fully betrayed his extreme displeasure, now uttered,—

"It is of little consequence what either of you say;—of your Ladyship's feelings I have had through the course of my life incontestible proofs—that it extends only to yourself: of yours, Alexina, the want of it you have just discovered, shocks me more than I can express: good heavens! have you not common decency, that regards, were it nothing better, worldly forms merely, to say nothing of the tender and sacred tie which must, in the event of a short period, bind you to Trelawney?"

"Well, and is not that time enough for me to cry for him?" demanded Lady Alexina.

Her Ladyship, who had wound herself up to one of her usually violent gusts of passion, taking advantage of the Earl's silence, now indignantly answered Lady Alexina,—

"Oh quite time enough, my love, and I dare say, when you are married to your father's idol, that you will have occasion to shed tears in abundant quantity; I am of opinion there is a very fair prospect of it; I don't wonder, therefore, at your reserving them for that happy period."

"I wont cry now then, that's what I wont," exclaimed Lady Alexina, in whining accents, and with her accustomed childish manner, "not if Trelawney was to be killed on the very spot, because papa has scolded me for it.

"Why really, child, I cannot blame you," cried Lady Glen-

thorpe, provoking, in a still greater degree, her brother's displeasure.

But Lady Alexina knew her power over her father, and though she had made him very angry, she had that power always in force whenever she chose to exert it: holding her beautiful round and snowy arms, therefore, wide open, at a little distance, to him, she exclaimed in coaxing accents,—

"Now papa, give me a kiss, and I will cry about Tanjore directly."

"I would give you a good whipping, if you was a child," uttered the Earl, in a less angry tone.

"But now I am a woman you dare not," cried Lady Alexina, going a little nearer to the Earl, till by gradual degrees she entwined those lovely arms about his neck, and not another angry sentence was pronounced by the fond, the too fond father, to this so greatly idolized child of his affections.

Meanwhile, Trelawney, and his friend, Lord Sydney Belmont, had arrived at Fitzosbourne House, where a few moments only were passed in his dressing-room, while he addressed a short note to Doctor Stanton's, informing his friends, that every thing of an unpleasant nature had terminated between himself and the Marquis, omitting all mention of the challenge he had sent him, and this business being arranged, Trelawney, accompanied by Lord Sydney, now presented himself in the saloon, and to the presence of the transported Lord Fitzosbourne.

"Dear boy, my dear Tanjore, thank heaven you are safe," said the Earl, folding him to his heart, in a transport of joy.

"I am so glad you are not killed, you cannot conceive. I thought papa would have fainted," cried Lady Alexina; at which it was impossible for Trelawney or Lord Sydney to resist smiling, her Ladyship having uttered this so like a child.

Poor girl, if thou art a fool, thou canst not help it, but those that made thee so, thought Trelawney as he placed the Marquis's letter into the hands of Lord Fitzosbourne. They then sat down to breakfast, to which Lord Sydney Belmont did ample justice, as he had previously declared to Trelawney that his appetite was excellent; and Lady Glenthorpe acquitted herself with a tolerable good grace, her curiosity being only raised to a most extraordina-

ry pitch to know what precisely had occasioned the challenge to pass between the Marquis of Montrevoirs and Trelawney. As no opportunity, however, presented itself, of being able to ascertain particulars so interesting, she remained silent on the subject by compulsion, and not by choice.

When the breakfast things were removed, Lady Alexina and Lady Glenthorpe, under pretence of having some very important business to arrange in their domestic concerns, retired, but it was only to Lady Alexina's dressing,room, for the purpose of ransacking their memories which would be the most likely place where they could pick up any thing relative to the affair between Trelawney and the Marquis of Montrevoirs.

"I shall die if I don't know what it was all about," cried Lady Alexina. "Let us ride over to Lady Renegarde's, aunt; Lady Renegarde knows every thing."

And a supposition occurring to the mind of Lady Glenthorpe, that it was very probable that she might have heard something, the carriage was immediately ordered, and these lovely and affectionate inseparables, niece and aunt, set off, without even thinking it once necessary to change the order of their dress.

While the Earl, whose mind and spirits had undergone great mental anxiety on Trelawney's account, confined himself for the remainder of the day to his own apartment; after which, Trelawney accompanied his friend Lord Sydney Belmont to Valencia Lodge, where he found the amiable sisters of Lord Sydney suffering great uneasiness at the unusual long absence of their brother, which had received no small addition by the mysterious message sent from the Earl of Fitzosbourne's, to know if Lord Sydney Belmont had yet arrived at Valencia Lodge; and the fond solicitude of the ever gentle Lady Honoria was now awakened for her beloved brother, nor could she help disclosing her fears to the Duke when they were all assembled at breakfast without the presence of Lord Sydney.

"Did you know that your brother had any business to transact at Fitzosbourne House, my love," enquired the Duke, suddenly turning round when he made this enquiry of Lady Honoria.

"No, indeed, papa," answered Lady Honoria; "and what is still more extraordinary, and I confess to me alarming, that Le

Sage, his valet, tells me that his master has not been in bed all night."

All the father now rose in the Duke's expressive countenance, nor could he conceal his agitation a moment longer from the observation of his daughters, and the bell was now rung for Le Sage, to see in what manner he could account for the absence of his master.

But the only satisfactory intelligence that the Duke could obtain from Le Sage was, that Lord Sydney having received a note, at an unusually late hour from Trelawney, had immediately set off for Fitzosbourne House, without leaving any message when he should return.

"It is most extraordinary," cried the Duke, now in the utmost agitation. "Was my son agitated when he read the contents of Mr. Trelawney's note? did he appear as if some accident had taken place in the Earl's family?"

"Most certainly, your Grace," answered Le Sage. "It was something that affected his Lordship extremely; for on reading the note a second time, he turned pale and nearly shed tears; he then hurried out of the house on the instant. Of course I thought it my duty to remain all night in his Lordship's apartment, and to acquaint one of their Ladyships this morning with the whole affair."

"You did rightly," said the Duke, hardly knowing what he uttered; "order the carriage immediately, Le Sage. I will this moment go to Lord Fitzosbourne's: surely my dear boy has not been imprudent enough to quarrel with his friend Trelawney, and yet I think——"

To which Lady Honoria, her cheeks reddening like scarlet, answered,—

"Think—oh papa, is it possible you can think ill of Trelawney?"

The Duke, surprised by the tone and manner in which this sentence was uttered by Lady Honoria, now fixed his eye full on the blushing countenance of his daughter, while he uttered,—

"Why, it appears, my love, that you would much rather have me think ill of your brother than our so greatly admired East Indian; but the fact is I do not think ill of either:—but though

certainly have formed the highest opinion of Mr. Trelawney's character, and do not imagine that I should greatly err if I pronounced him one of the best of human beings; while at the same moment, I do not believe that my Sydney would be guilty of any dishonourable action; yet, Honoria, there are circumstances into which young spirited men of high blood may be led to differ, and afterwards induced to quarrel violently, without having any serious intention at the first of wounding each other's feelings. Your brother is warm, and Trelawney, though noble and generous, is at the same time by no means of a nature to brook contradiction: —women too, are seductive creatures,—they will make the best of friends fall out at times before they are aware of it."

"However seductive Lady Alexina Fitzosbourne may be, and I really do not think she is so in the eyes of my brother," said Lady Honoria, "I cannot imagine that he would be so silly as to quarrel about her with Trelawney."

"Are there not more women in the world besides Lady Alexina Fitzosbourne?" demanded the Duke, observing with increased astonishment, and with sensations not of the most pleasing kind, the flutter of spirits into which this subject had evidently thrown his daughter.

"To be sure there are, papa," said Lady Frances, "and if I am not greatly mistaken, some that Trelawney admires infinitely more than that insipid piece of still life that fortune has buckled on his back. If you had seen him the night we all went to Covent Garden to see Evadne, you would have had but few doubts existing on your mind where the attraction all lay; for, in an opposite box to us, who should he discover but some very old and particular friends of his, the family of the Clarendales, I think he called them, who are on a visit to Dr. Stanton, in Pall Mall; one of the ladies he told us was just married, but the other, and I suppose she is the youngest of the two that he said were the daughters of the parson, as she does not appear to be more than eighteen,—oh papa, she is one of the most exquisitely lovely creatures I ever beheld in my existence, and so innocent—I protest, were I a man, I should fall in love with her directly; would not you, Honoria?"

"Me, Fanny? I protest I hardly recollect a feature in her

face," uttered Honoria, now in so great a tremour that the sugar basin fell to the ground from her Ladyship's fair and trembling hand, and was quickly demolished.

"Well, but if you cannot, I know who can," resumed Lady Frances; but most assuredly with no intention of wounding the feelings, "Sydney can remember, for he has done nothing else but talk of her, though certainly Trelawney did not at all seem pleased with the enquiries he made respecting the family of Mr. Clarendale."

"I pray heaven!" said the Duke, "if this is the case, my foolish boy has not been quarrelling with Trelawney about this rustic charmer."

"The carriage is waiting for your Grace," cried Le Sage.

"I am coming directly," said the Duke;—"Girls, if your brother returns in my absence, I beg you not to say that I am gone in search of him."

But scarce had the Duke pronounced these words to the young ladies, before the object of their anxiety and fond solicitude appeared before them, Lord Sydney, entering at the same moment, with Trelawney.

"I have brought back a truant," said Trelawney, respectfully saluting the Duke, "one who has not willingly strayed from his own habitation by choice, but to aid the pressing necessities of his friend, who was about to enter the lists as a duelist, though surely of all others the least inclined to support the false spirit of such a character. Here, my Lord Duke, is a curious epistle from the Marquis of Montrevoirs, which I received at so late an hour last night, as only to give me time to apprize my friend, that I had a chance of having my brains blown out by the hot-headed Marquis, at six in the morning: his Lordship was so kind as to obey my summons on the instant, and when he arrived at Fitzosbourne House, you see he was not permitted to depart; we had full occasion for his friendly services, in soothing the depressed spirits of the Earl, who was alarming himself with most unnecessary apprehensions on my account."

"By my soul, Trelawney," uttered the Duke, after having perused the contents of the Marquis's letter, and returning it again to Trelawney, "but I do not think those fears were unnecessary;

and most heartily do I congratulate you on escaping from the fangs of that determined bravado, whose exploits are as much known, in this respect, as any high mettled racer can possibly be on the turf."

Lord Sydney was now received with double rapture by his father and sisters, of whose amiable disposition they thought more highly than ever, and no further enquiries being made relative to the affair by the Duke of Valencia, from motives of the purest delicacy, here the business ended.

But if saucy Eve had not longed to taste of the apple, women had not been curious:—the ladies were all anxious to learn what had given rise to this quarrel between Trelawney and the Marquis, and whether woman was at the bottom of it.

Curiosity, however predominant, would not allow delicacy or good sense to be superseded in the bosoms of the three amiable sisters;—they could not ask their brother such a question, much less could they venture to hazard enquiries of Trelawney himself.

This secret, therefore, like many others, remained in darkness. But Trelawney, at the pressing solicitation of the Duke, staid to dinner at Valencia Lodge, where his too attractive society, and the peculiar charms of his ever pleasing manners, soon restored the absent rose to the pale complexion of Lady Honoria, and for a moment banished all unquiet and unpleasing retrospections from her gentle breast.

While to Lady Catherine and Lady Frances his conversation afforded real and unfeigned pleasure.

"Oh heavens, here is Chandois Queensbury come to torment us," cried Lady Catherine Belmont, looking through the blinds of the drawing-room windows, "now we shall be bored with his pedantry for at least these two hours and a half; such a singular character, Trelawney, you will be disgusted with him before he has pronounced half a dozen words."

"As extraordinary as he is, I pronounce that Trelawney will admire him." said Lord Sydney, "so by all means admit him;—a philosopher crossed in love."

"A philosopher," uttered Lady Catherine, with an arch smile, "a cynic you mean, Sydney, for were he a philosopher he had never been so silly as to be in love at all."

"What do you think of my little satyrist?" cried the Duke.

"That she does not mean what she says," said Trelawney.

At this moment the name of Mr. Chandois Queensbury was announced, and he was immediately admitted;—a pale, melancholy, but interesting young man, who did not appear to have reached his six and twentieth year: he had a mild voice, but penetrating glance, and if his features were not remarkably handsome, they were such as you will not find in an every day character, and those who had once seen and conversed with Chandois Queensbury would not easily forget him.

"You see, Lady Catherine Belmont, I have been to some pains to induce you to forgive me," cried he, "since I have removed the principal objection that might have occurred to you, by declaring that my friendship for you cannot be affected by the difference of argument, on which we so repeatedly fall out."

"Well, begin to quarrel now if you please," answered Lady Catherine, with a faint flush of crimson tinging her cheeks, "but if you do, remember Trelawney will support me."

"That is saying much before he is acquainted with our arguments," said Mr. Queensbury, "which is precisely thus, Mr. Trelawney,—there is scarce any thing in which the mind is so apt to mistake its true interest as in projects of future happiness: it is impossible to know how we shall bear those stations or circumstances which we have only contemplated at an unaffecting distance, and yet with an assurance that does more honour to our courage than our discretion, we venture to conclude that those appointments or schemes of life to which we are perfectly strangers, would infallibly complete our happiness."

"In the meantime, we never consider, that the new stations and appointments to which we have not been accustomed, must take us out of our usual train of sentiment; this, however, will make us uneasy, for change is always an evil, and we never feel it more sensibly than in the manner and economy of life," said Lady Catherine, "and I still say that to me a life of seclusion and solitude is preferable to all others."

"But do you consider, that to live alone is to live contrary to nature?" cried Chandois Queensbury, "a state of solitude is not the natural state of man."

"Nor of woman either, I should think," observed Lord Sydney.

"And does Lady Catherine Belmont suppose," continued Queensbury, "that such a mode of life would exempt her from those external temptations, which are apt to make us deviate from the paths of truth and simplicity?—believe me, no; I will prove to your Ladyship exactly the contrary,—I had a sister once, absolutely bent on going to a nunnery; to-morrow you shall know her history."

"I shall be all impatience till to-morrow comes," cried Lady Catherine.

"And till I again have the pleasure of beholding your Ladyship," said this very extraordinary young man; and though earnestly pressed and even strongly solicited to stay and take coffee by Lady Honoria, he abruptly bolted out of the room, just as the coffee was being served up, leaving them to make what comment they pleased on his sudden departure from Valencia Lodge.

CHAPTER XXII.

Sudden departure of the Bradburys and Rosa for Kenilworth, on account of the alarming Indisposition of Mrs. Clarendale;—Queensbury's interesting Narrative of his sister Amelrosa.

Trelawney could not resist the temptation which the following day afforded him, of calling at an early hour at Doctor Stanton's, where he found, to his inexpressible surprise and astonishment, Mrs. Philip Bradbury busily employed in packing and preparing for their departure from London, while an air of sorrow of a somewhat extraordinary nature pervaded her lovely countenance: she was alone when Trelawney entered the apartment, and he anxiously enquired into the cause of her apparent uneasiness.

"Oh, Trelawney," cried Rebecca, bursting into a violent flood of tears, "all other griefs I think I could have supported with Christian fortitude,—but this, this bears heavy at my heart," and

she put the following letter into the hands of Trelawney, written with great agitation by the pastor himself:—

"My dear children,

"Heaven knows how unwilling I should be unnecessarily to alarm you on the present occasion, which of all others would pierce your tender and affectionate hearts; for well I know, dear and precious is the life and health of your mother,—who, I grieve to tell you, is now confined to her bed, by a violent attack of an inflammatory fever. It came on so sudden, that I, who am accustomed to behold the rapid stages of this disorder, have great reason to feel alarmed for its approaching crisis, though my worthy friend Doctor Bradbury, who attends her without intermission night and day, though he says little, yet his looks mean much; come, therefore, my children, on this my mandate, hasten to your afflicted, though not less affectionate father, and remember, my Rebecca and Rosa, did we think our friends immortal, did we not know, while we hold them to our hearts, that we are only embracing the property of death, who will sooner or later assert his claim, our resignation to this, as well as to all other evils, ought to be confirmed by reflecting on the universal agency of Providence. The Author of the Book of Life has furnished the Psalmist with excellent doctrines on this subject, with which I have already taught you to be too well acquainted to need an enumeration at the present.

"*William Henry Clarendale.*'

With a trembling hand Trelawney returned the pastor's letter to Rebecca, while in language the most kind, gentle and consoling, he attempted to impart a degree of comfort to her agonized feelings, by assuring her that it was very possible that her father's fears might be greatly augmented, and that he most earnestly hoped on her arrival at Kennilworth, things would be in a more favourable way than she imagined.

"Oh, no, dear Trelawney," cried the sobbing Rebecca, "my father would not write thus,—he would not reason thus, for he has great fortitude, was not my mother ill indeed. Poor Rosa, I wish you could talk to her,—I wish you would comfort her, Trelawney; you know her sensibility, and it is now severely tried."

"Where is your sister?" said Trelawney, now trembling so that he could scarcely support himself, for he felt that for Rosa he should feel most sensibly, with the bitter pang that his anxiety for her welfare and personal happiness dared not extend beyond the cold limits of friendship.

"She is with Mary Bradbury," returned Rebecca, "and perhaps will see you, though she will not suffer any one else to talk to her. Come, I will lead you to her; after which, I have much to do, and but few minutes to do every thing, as we leave town at four in the morning.—Philip has ordered the chaise to be here at half past three."

Trelawney then followed Rebecca into an adjoining apartment, where Rosa with her head reclining on the shoulder of Mary Bradbury, was weeping bitterly,—

"Oh, that I had never left my dear mamma! Oh, Mary, was it not cruel both of Beckey and I to leave her; one of us should have remained to comfort her, and as my sister is married, that one should have been her Rosa."

"Let not my dear and amiable young friend accuse herself thus unseasonably," said Trelawney, in a soft and kind voice, which, for a moment, had the power of calling a flush of animated crimson into the pale cheeks of the languid Rosa; "had you remained at Kenilworth this circumstance might still have attended your dear mother; do not, therefore, grieve thus, I beseech you, sweetest Rosa, nor apprehend too strongly, consequences which may never happen, and dangers which it is even probable may now be far distant."

"Oh, can I cease to weep for my mother," cried the agitated Rosa; know you how dear my mother is to me,—oh, Trelawney, you do, you must know, there is not such another mother in the world."

"I am fully aware of the virtues of Mrs. Clarendale," uttered Trelawney, "I should be blind if I were not, but though the voice of nature will be heard, and our tears will flow, when our dearest connections are broken, yet when sorrow is long indulged, it becomes criminal, for then we tamely give ourselves up to those passions which it is our duty to restrain, and act in petulent opposition to the decrees of Providence. The duty of resignation,

therefore, like many others that are enjoined on us, is calculated to promote our own happiness."

"Am I to blame to regard my mother?" cried Rosa, "and does Trelawney condemn me?—Ought there emotions to be excluded from the heart, when they are evidently the effect of nature."

"By no means, my sweet friend," answered Trelawney. "I cannot suppose, that the God of Nature would plant affections in his creatures, which to stifle would be a virtue; but human life must have many avenues to sorrow and anxiety, while we are concerned for the welfare of those objects who have engaged our affections; let us not, therefore, either directly or indirectly repine at the dispensations of Him who is the best judge of all human affairs."

"Would you listen to Trelawney you would be comforted," cried Mary Bradbury, "it is certainly true, that we must, nay we ought to submit to an over ruling Providence, let our fate be what it may.

"And am I not ready to listen to him?" said the tearful Rosa, now raising her blushing countenance towards the only being who possessed at this moment the power of tranquillizing her harrassed feelings. "Heaven knows I am, now that I am almost certain I am destined never to behold him more; yet you will sometimes think of me, wont you, Trelawney, when you go abroad; —yes, you will think of poor motherless Rosa, and wish——"

"That I could protect her from every ill, and shield her from every sorrow," uttered Trelawney, in so great an agitation, that Mary in a whisper, advised him to take his hat, and make as speedy an exit as he was able under present circumstances.

"I feel, Mary, the absolute necessity of taking your advice," answered Trelawney; "if I stay a moment longer in the presence of that dear girl, I am lost for ever, and Lady Alexina Fitzeabourne"——

"May whistle long enough before her lad comes to her," cried Mary, in her usual sportive way;—"well I think so myself, so heaven be with you, Trelawney, till we meet under kinder stars than the present gloomy ones."

"God bless you, Mary Bradbury." uttered Trelawney, in a sti-

fled voice, which almost rendered the sentence inarticulate, and holding out his hand to her, as he arose to depart.

"Not one adieu for Rosa," cried the trembling agitated girl, and in the assured conviction that she should never behold him more, she sobbed almost convulsively.

"Oh, Mary, if you are my better angel, prove it now," cried Trelawney, and clasping for one instant the almost fainting form of Rosa to his agonized and tortured breast, he invoked on her beauteous head a thousand prayers and blessings, and rushed out of the room, encountering only Philip and Rebecca in the adjoining apartment, to whom he bade a hasty and affectionate farewell, and hoping that the health of Mrs. Clarendale might speedily be restored, he quitted the house of Doctor Stanton, and repaired to Fitzosbourne House in a state of mind to which the situation of a galley slave might have been preferable, verifying the old words in the beautiful allusion made by Dr. WORDSWORTH to *Captive Love*,—

"The captive who in exile wears
"The lonely hours away,
"Makes hope the soother of his fears,
"Companion of his way.

"For while he drags the lengthening chain,
"Or tugs the labouring oar,
'Still hope will bid him not complain,
"Nor distant joys deplore.

"But captive love is doom'd to feel,
"An exile more severe;
"No hope can sooth, nor time can heal,
The bosom of despair.

"By chance the captive may return
"To happiness again;
"But captive love is doom'd to mourn,
"And still must hug the chain."

Rosa was now lost to him for ever;—when he again beheld her she would be another's, or in the certain probability of her not being so, he himself would be the husband of Lady Alexina Fitzosbourne, from the reflection of which he now instinctively shuddered.

And well he might have done so, had he only remotely known, that this young and thoughtless victim of dissipation was at this very precise moment squandering away hundreds of pounds, in the gay and giddy vortex of Lady Renegarde's private rooms, set apart for wretches who met there for the express purpose of filling their own empty coffers at the expense of inexperienced and infatuated female gamesters.

Trelawney, under the impression of a thousand corroding thoughts, which his imagination conjured up in frightful array to torment him, found it impossible to close his eyes in gentle sleep, he only slumbered, and in one of these, imperfect and unrefreshing, it is probable that he was saluted with a sound which had often met his ear in disgust.

The carriage of Lord Fitzosbourne rattled along at nearly half past three in the morning, and though a knock, intended to be gentle, was given with great caution by the footman, it was yet sufficiently loud to stun the ears of Trelawney and to intimate that her Ladyship was just returned from one of her midnight revels.

"Shameless, thoughtless and imprudent Alexina," uttered Trelawney, with a heavy and desponding sigh, as he mused on his restless pillow; "will then nothing avail to tempt thee from this unceasing round of folly? will nothing induce thee, nor yet shame thee from these midnight riots?" and thinking on the words in the play of Hamlet, which he had often done before, he wished that his "father's spirit was but to earth returned," to witness the entire desolation of his fate, and remove the inhuman sacrifice that was preparing to cut off his every hope, by his marriage with such a woman.

From a train of such unpleasing reflections, however, Trelawney arose at an early hour the ensuing morning, and endeavoured to chase away despondency, by calling forth the nobler faculties of his mind, and charging them to assert their empire over the wayward passions, for well he knew, while we are in this state of being, we must encounter difficulties and struggle with uneasiness, the heart will often be dissatisfied, we know not why, and reason will stand an idle spectator, as if unconscious of its power; in such cases it ought to be awakened from its lethargy,

and reminded of the task to which it is appointed,—it should be informed of the high office it bears in the economy of the soul, and be made acquainted with the insidious vigilance of its enemies; but whilst we languish under the uneasiness of discontent, we cannot take a more effectual method to recover our peace, than to consider the insignificance of every passion that centers, and pursuits that terminate, here.

Suppose, reflected Trelawney, that our earthly aims were directed to their object by the favoring gale of fortune, suppose our pursuits should be crowned with all the success that flattering hope assigns them; yet vain, changeable and impotent as we are, the success would not be worth a moment's triumph, while the heart turns upon an earthly axis, like the perishable ball that it loves, it will be variously affected by outward instances.

Thus reasoned Trelawney with himself before he made his appearance at the Duke of Valencia's, where he had appointed to breakfast, at the request of his friend Lord Sydney Belmont, for the express purpose of forming arrangements for their commencing their tour, now protracted beyond their expectations to an unusual length of time, and the delay seemed so tedious to Lord Sydney that he could ill brook the excuses which Trelawney had lately made to evade it.

Rosa, however, was now removed from his sight, and he cared not how soon the journey was made on the continent, all other earthly objects being indifferent: nor could he be insensible to the growing partiality of Lady Honoria Belmont,—a partiality which as it increased gave him great inquietude, and he longed impatiently for the hour which would bear him far distant from the shores of Albion.

"You are just in time, Mr. Trelawney," cried Lady Catherine, as he entered the room, "to be favored with another dry discussion on solitude, from Chandois Queensbury; for do you know, the strange, incomprehensible creature has done nothing but perpetually haunt me of late."

"Because he wishes Lady Catherine Belmont to become a convert to his opinions," answered Trelawney.

"And because," archly observed Lady Frances, "there is another because, extremely more natural, Trelawney, though Cathe-

rine would positively deny the assertion,—the young philosopher is caught again."

"In the trammels of relentless Cupid,—I thought as much," said Trelawney.

"If you run on in this manner I shall leave you, good folks, to yourselves," said Lady Catherine, blushing deeply.

"Behold those blushing cheeks, Trelawney," cried Lady Frances, "and tell me if you do not perceive the most convincing proofs of what I have asserted."

Trelawney, encouraged by the example of Lady Frances, rallied Lady Catherine most unmercifully on the conquest she had made of the cynical man, who, before they had quite finished breakfast, made his appearance, with a manuscript under his arm, which he said, when he visited the banks of the Rhine, he had obtained from his sister Amelrosa herself,—who instead of having lived a life of seclusion, in a dull cloister, on which she had been formerly bent, was now the mother of five beautiful children, and the happy bride of the Duke de Molina; that their chateau was a paradise of sweets, and when his sister Amelrosa now talked of the charms of solitude, it was only to prove that those charms were nothing without social intercourse with some dear much loved friend and tender companion.

"But, pray how did your sister so suddenly become a convert, avowedly so opposite to those principles which she had embraced?" enquired Lady Catherine.

"By falling in love, your Ladyship," said Chandois Queensbury, "with the man who equally adored her; and instead of going into a nunnery, which had been her fixed intention, she more wisely preferred his arms to those cloistered saints, who, to avoid temptation, fly from the practice of virtue, and think themselves secure from every danger if but once immured within the walls of a convent.—But I will tell you how it happened thus with Amelrosa, and you shall judge by the conclusive event if she was right."

"I long to hear her history," cried Lady Catherine, "so begin without further preface, if you please, Mr. Queensbury; we are all attention. Fanny, send that little monkey out of the room, that Mr. Queensbury may have no interruption."

The little monkey was no more than a favorite kitten of Lady Honoria's, who was allowed the privilege of being present whenever its fair mistress was, and this created a general smile; however, the kitten was concealed under Lady Honoria's scarf; and the grave philosopher, with a much graver face than was usual, amused his auditors with his account of his sister, in the following manner.

"The temper and genius of Amelrosa," said he, "were naturally warm and susceptible; religion habitually inspired her with fervent devotion, that she seemed to have no happiness that did not flow from those exercises and attentions which religion required. Her knowledge of books was little, of human nature less; she had notwithstanding conceived an infinite contempt for that world to which she was an utter stranger, and concluded, that to enter into the interests and engagements of society would be a voluntary sacrifice to vice and folly; still was Amelrosa possessed of natural good sense, beauty, and a sweetness of disposition equalled by few women of her time: these qualities engaged the affections of the Duke de Molina, before she was seventeen years of age, whose genius and penetration of judgment gave him a kind of intuitive knowledge of the human heart. He concluded that every attempt to introduce Amelrosa to the world, or to establish the social life in her good opinion, would be vain; he knew that it would be fruitless to argue with her on the pleasure she had never known, and the miseries she had never experienced; he, therefore, did not expatiate either on the advantages of society, or the inconvenience of solitude, for such had been the life of my sister, that she was in a great measure a stranger to both. At length, my father died, bequeathing his large estates to the sole disposal of Amelrosa and myself, and she now determined to put into execution a scheme which she had long meditated upon, that of retiring from the world in perfect solitude: she was possessed of an estate which was exclusively her own, and there it was that she had determined to live sequestered, with no other society than an aged confessor, and a few necessary domestics; of the last she made a very few, and those females, sufficient.

"At this crisis it might have been expected that the Duke de Molina should have used his utmost address to have dissuaded

her from her purpose: by no means,—he did not; on the contrary he encouraged her in her resolution, applauded the piety of her purpose, and expatiated on the happiness of solitary sanctity; he assumed not the least of the lover's character, but that of the friend. By this means he gained one point, which he had used all his art, all his industry to obtain,—he had Amelrosa's permission to visit her, at the end of three months after her retirement from the world, a favor which was allowed to none beside, either of her friends or her acquaintances, and which the Duke himself had scarce sufficient address to obtain.

"Well, Amelrosa retired, she approached her solitude with raptures, for there she imagined that happiness would be without alloy.

"With the same kind of enthusiastic pleasure, she walked through the several apartments of her house, consecrating each with a kind of petitioning ejaculation.

"For the first week of her retirement she found sufficient employment in the economy of her family, and the distribution of their several offices to her domestics; the second, she devoted wholly to religious exercises and the raptures of her devotion.

"But whatever is rapturous is sure not to last long; those exercises that lift the mind above its usual pitch, if too frequently or too long indulged, will at length totally destroy it, or leave it in a state of inanity itself; nature, therefore, seems in kindness to have guarded us against the inconveniences that might arise from hence, by shortening the influence of joy which might otherwise intoxicate us.

"That little society to which Amelrosa had hitherto been accustomed, was a necessary relief from the assiduities of religious studies and exercises, and far from being any prejudice was in reality favorable to the interests of religion. It is certain, however, that my sister was of a very different opinion upon her first seclusion from the world, for many weeks had not passed, before she felt the inconveniences of her mistake, if she was unwilling to perceive the mistake herself.

"Her mind, having been accustomed to communication, sunk under the weight of its own sentiments, and every succeeding day approached less welcome and more feared than the former

What should my sister do? Should she return to that world she had mistaken and despised?—No; a sense of shame and pride rose in opposition to that thought, and strangled it in its birth; in this dejected state of mind, she recollected the appointment of the Duke's visit, and remembered, with a blush, the difficulties she had started against it; while she was then meditating in what manner she should receive her friend, the time appointed for his visit was at hand; but the Duke did not appear;—master of every key to the human heart, he knew, that if by delaying his visit to Amelrosa he gave it the appearance of uncertainty, that uncertainty would probably create an anxiety on her part, which might not be unfavorable to his design.

"This had the desired effect:—day after day passed away in the same solitary manner, and Amelrosa concluded, that the objections which she had started had determined the Duke to see her no more. This reflection made her miserable, and she now wished for nothing so ardently as that the presence of the Duke would prove her fears vain.

"At length he came,—a tear fell from the eye of Amelrosa, when she received him.—The Duke observed it, and knew that he had now nothing more to do than to reconcile her to herself again, and to enable her to acknowledge her mistake without shame or confusion.

"'I hope, Amelrosa,' said he, 'that a life of solitude has been more comfortable to you than it has been to me.'

"'What,' cried the astonished and now almost enraptured Amelrosa, 'have you too, like myself, been a solitare?'

The Duke acknowledged that he had.

"Cannot you guess at the sequel of their conversation, Lady Catherine Belmont," said Queensbury. "Is it necessary to add, that my Amelrosa was, from this period, cured of her propensity to leading a life of solitude, and thought no more of entering the walls of a convent than either your Ladyship or I, for at the expiration of three weeks she became the bride of Molina."

"Well, but it was abominably provoking that the Duke should not have suffered your sister to have worn the cap of triumph," cried Lady Catherine, "I would never have acknowledged that I was weary of the life I had adopted."

"If you had loved like Amelrosa you would have done the same as she did, there is no doubt," observed Lady Honoria, with a pensive sigh, so pure that angels might have wafted its incense even to the etherial sky; it reached the ear, however, and penetrated the heart of Trelawney, and still more than ever encreased as it demanded the necessity of his immediate absence from an object to whose happiness his presence must only be destructive.

Chandois Queensbury was now thanked by the whole party for his interesting narrative of his sister; which, however, had not entirely removed from Lady Catherine's mind her natural love of solitude; in which, had she resided in any other country, she had frequently thought so seriously of as to make the probability almost certain, that she would by choice have adopted a monastic life.

What impression, however, the story of Amelrosa had made on her could not be determined, except indeed when her downcast eyes were raised, and met those of the young philosopher, in which there was an expression that could not easily be attributed to any other cause than a devoted passion for Lady Catherine Belmont, which was not unseen by the Duke himself; in short, Chandois Queensbury was a highly admired favorite of the Duke, and to have received him as a son-in-law, would not have done any violence to his feelings, on the contrary Chandois Queensbury inherited a very extensive property in Germany, and was by nature endowed with every other requisite to form the noble character of an honest man, and an accomplished gentleman; and with respect to the eccentricities of his disposition, they were more pleasing than otherwise to the congenial taste and feelings of the Duke; and though he had never declared himself the lover of Lady Catherine, yet the Duke surmised, that the period was not very far distant when he would, and he had likewise a strong presentiment that if he did so, that Lady Catherine would not let him wear the willow for her sake.

Trelawney and Lord Sydney were closeted for a considerable length of time, to consult on the arrangements for their intended tour, which at length was decided on as eventually to take place at the expiration of a fortnight.

"Remember, that you must indulge my plan of visiting Scot-

land, previous to our return," cried Trelawney;—"Poor Robert Burns? who can recollect his beautiful, wild and simple melodies, which vibrate to every feeling heart, without retaining some wish to behold the country which gave him birth."

It was, therefore, finally agreed, that Scotland was not to be neglected, among the many places which it was their intention to visit; and that they should meet again, on the following day, to make more conclusive arrangements towards the accomplishment of their intended plan, and to make such preparations as might be immediately necessary for their embarkation.

CHAPTER XXIII.

Discovery of Lady Alexina's extensive Gambling by the Earl, and consequent chagrin of the two Ladies;—Visit of Henry Clarendale at Fitzosbourne House.

As it was a late hour when Trelawney quitted Valencia Lodge, he would have willingly retired to his chamber on his arrival at Grosvenor Square, had not the voice of Lord Fitzosbourne arrested his attention, and he heard his name called upon by the Earl in the most passionate and anxious manner. Trelawney, therefore, waited not a moment, but instantly entered the saloon, where his Lordship was pacing the room in an agitation not to be described; at a little distance sat the no longer haughty, but the now crest-fallen Lady Glenthorpe, holding a bottle of salts to the almost fainting Lady Alexina, who on perceiving the entrance of Trelawney, started from her chair, and running up to him with a sort of wild hysteric shriek, implored him as he was to be her future guardian, now to afford her his protection, as her cruel and barbarous papa would no longer give her his.

"Indeed it is true, Mr. Trelawney," cried the now sobbing Lady Alexina; "papa is going to turn me out of doors, and says I am now no longer worthy to be his child; but I told him that you would marry me directly, to save him the trouble; and wont

you, Trelawney?—now wont you, dear Trelawney?—marry me, that's a good soul, it will save so much trouble."

Lady Alexina now burst into a fresh torrent of tears, and Trelawney, ever kind and compassionate in his nature, and however averse at any other time to bestow attention on an object whom he never had nor ever could voluntarily bring himself to love, yet he could not behold a woman in tears with cold apathy and indifference; with a softness in his voice, therefore, with which he had never before addressed her, he gently led the weeping Lady Alexina to a seat, entreating that she would compose herself, and assuring her that she should ever have that protection from him which a sense of propriety, consistent with her situation and his own, might at any time authorize him to give. He then turned with a mild and respectful air of enquiry towards the Earl, who was by no means insensible to the attention he had been shewing to his still too tenderly beloved and fatally indulged child, which, perhaps, was the best restorative in the world for consoling the Earl's agitated spirits and recalling him to a state of good humor, which had been disturbed and agonized beyond description on the discovery he had that day made of his daughter being plunged considerably in debt, for sums of money expended on the gaming-table, and which it appears she was now unable to pay to her associates who had won them of her, and who were clamorous in their demands for the several sums she was already in arrears. Lady Glenthorpe was also implicated in these debts of honor, (so called,) which that vile and detestable harpy Lady Renegarde now demanded payment of, in a note which lay open on the table of Lady Alexina's dressing-room, and which her Ladyship, in the hurry of dressing for a grand party, had forgot to put out of sight, which till now she had always the precaution to do, having received many billet-doux of the same description, from Lady Renegarde, her dear and intimate friend, on many other occasions, all relating to the same subject.

Unfortunately, however, or rather most fortunately for Lady Alexina, the Earl had that morning a pressing necessity to settle some pecuniary accounts brought in by his steward, previous to which he found it necessary to refer to those already delivered by Lady Glenthorpe, and it was with this intention that his Lordship,

without ceremony, went to the door of her Ladyship's dressing-room, and not finding his sister there, instantly stepped into that of his daughter.—There too, the bird was flown; but what words can do justice to the outraged feelings of the fond, doating and affectionate father, when glancing his eyes over the open note of Lady Renegarde, he read the following words, addressed to Lady Alexina Fitzosbourne;

"Lady Renegarde's compliments to Lady Alexina Fitzosbourne, and is sorry she should put her to the extreme pain of again pressing for payment of some of the very large sums of money which Lady Alexina is indebted to Lady Renegarde.

"Surely Lady Alexina cannot be so ignorant, trained up as she is under the auspices of the fashionable Lady Glenthorpe, who is so able to instruct her, that debts of honor must be paid whether it is convenient or not; and that Lady Renegarde can no longer be trifled with. She begs, therefore, an immediate remittance, or must necessarily acquaint the Earl of Fitzosbourne with proceedings so every way unfashionable and inconsistent with the rules which good breeding so naturally prescribe."

For a few moments after reading the contents of Lady Renegarde's note, Lord Fitzosbourne felt as if every faculty of his soul was suspended, and horror-struck at the reflection, that his sister's hand had conducted his lost and infatuated child to the paths of destruction, added so keenly to the deep poignancy of his sufferings, that had not tears come to his relief, his rage on beholding her would have been ungovernable; and it was now that the presence of Trelawney, on whom he passionately called, would have been an immediate consolation; but Trelawney was absent, and in a state of mind which beggared all description, he entered the saloon, with Lady Renegarde's open note in his hand, at the very moment that the carriage drove up to the door with the two culprits.

Lady Glenthorpe was the first to encounter the enraged presence of her almost infuriated brother, who clenching Lady Renegarde's note in one hand, while with the other he grasped the arm of her Ladyship, he demanded to know what she had done with his ruined child?—

"Answer me on the instant, thou viper of ingratitude, vice and

folly," uttered the Earl, gasping for breath, "where is your victim?—Summons her hither, that she may hear the last and peremptory commands of her injured father. Where is the deluded creature, the lost, shameless and infatuated girl? led by thee, thou sorceress, step by step, into the abyss of guilt and destruction,—let me see her."

The trembling Lady Alexina now made her appearance, pale and motionless as a spectre;—never had she seen her father under the influence of such passion, and she sunk into a chair, wholly unable to rise, even when he commanded her, every limb shook with terror and affright, and when she beheld the fatal note in the Earl's hand, she screamed, and threw herself on the bosom of her aunt; while the Earl at this moment, unmoved by her situation, in vain demanded an explanation of Lady Renegarde's note.

But this explantaion he could not obtain from either the aunt or the niece; nor till the arrival of Trelawney would Lady Alexina raise her eyes to meet those of her incensed father. Meanwhile the Earl was bestowing invectives on Lady Glenthorpe, which, conscious she had but too well merited, she dared not retort upon or reply to, and he solemnly protested, that neither she nor his daughter should inhabit Fitzosbourne House a day longer.

"Trelawney marry you," cried the Earl, "thou shameless girl;—think you that Tanjore Trelawney is bound to marry your vices too? Will that noble, that amiable young man unite himself with a woman lost to all sense of decency,—lost to herself,—her family—a female gamester? No, be assured that Trelawney will renounce you, utterly renounce you, as I will, till you are cured of follies;—yes, Alexina, I, even I will utterly renounce you."

"You are a barbarian!" now screamed out Lady Glenthorpe.

"You are a barbarous papa!" now sobbed out Lady Alexina; and at this juncture Trelawney came to witness what then appeared to him this most extraordinary family quarrel, when he was instantly saluted by Lady Alexina, in the before mentioned manner.

"Tanjore Trelawney," cried the Earl, though in a more softened tone, and holding out Lady Renegarde's note which he presented

to Trelawney, "when you have read the contents of this detestable scroll, you will no longer wonder at the outraged feelings of a father. Look at that deluded girl, on one side, my own child;—the child of that departed angel whose image lies buried in my heart, and who, were she now living, would sink with shame and grief to view her daughter in the character of a female gamester, for such I blush to say she is; on the other side, behold my sister, who has been her preceptress, and consequently the author of her ruin and wretchedness."

The Earl, now wholly overpowered by his emotions, sat down, and covered his face with his handkerchief; while Trelawney beheld the full extent of what Lady Alexina had been guilty of, in conjunction with her more guilty and treacherous relative; and shocked beyond expression, at the unbounded length to which the imprudent conduct of Lady Alexina had exposed both herself and her respectable parent, he felt himself for a moment at a loss in what manner he could offer consolation and advice to the afflicted Earl on so distressing a subject.

It was only for a moment, however, that Trelawney was bewildered and puzzled; and concealing by every effort in his power the secret anguish which assailed his heart on the reflection that Lady Alexina's folly was arrived to such a pitch as to render a reformation almost impracticable, he endeavored to appease the displeasure of the greatly incensed Earl, softening as much as possible the anger so strongly expressed towards his offending child, pleading at the same moment her extreme youth and inexperience of the world, which had led her unwarily into errors, to which might be added, the force of example, and Trelawney looked at Lady Glenthorpe, but it was not with an air of triumph; in short, such a being was Trelawney that there was not an atom of ill nature or malice in his whole composition,—he possessed too much of the sweet milk of human kindness, which floated in his heart even for the benefit of an enemy,—and the generous Trelawney had even a drop of pity for Lady Glenthorpe. And under existing circumstances there appeared but one remedy in the mind of Trelawney to wipe from the recollection of the Earl his daughter's indiscretion, and that was precisely such as remained amply within the limits of his power to effect,—to pay,

himself, every debt which Lady Alexina had so unfortunately and imprudently contracted with the abandoned Lady Renegarde and her infamous associates, on condition that she should not only give up such discreditable connections, but reform her conduct altogether

Trelawney, therefore, instantly made the prompt and generous proposal to the astonished Lord Fitzosbourne and the no less transported Lady Alexina

"Oh you angelic creature," cried Lady Alexina, "I never liked you before, but now I shall love you dearly. Now, papa, you may turn me out of doors if you please, for Trelawney will pay my debts, and I shan't be obliged to any body at all, but him who is to be my husband."

At that word Trelawney felt an involuntary pang he could not get the better of; but really feeling compassion for the thoughtless child of dissipation, more than he had hitherto ever done, he endeavored to stifle a sensation which at the present moment could only prove unavailing.

"Surely Tanjore Trelawney, you were born to be a blessing to all who know you," cried the enraptured Earl: and longing to be reconciled to his faulty, yet still tenderly beloved child, he desired her in a softened voice, to come to him.

"Indeed but I wont though," cried the pouting beauty, without betraying one spark of sensibility at the situation she had reduced her father to, or feeling the slightest contrition for the wound she had given to his feelings, "I wont come near you, because you have been so cross to me, unless Trelawney bids me, and then I don't know but I may, just to please him"

On these words Lady Alexina, perceiving that she had resumed her empire over the heart of her too indulgent parent, stood at a tantalizing distance, wholly insensible to the tears which now flowed copiously over his grief-worn cheek; and at this sight Trelawney himself was greatly moved, and gently drawing his arm through Lady Alexina's, he by degrees led her up to the side of the Earl's chair, where she stood for a moment or too, tittering and laughing, at length those lovely arms which had so frequently been entwined around his neck, were spread open to receive his paternal embrace, and the still doating father almost devoured her with k'sses.

"Alexina," cried the Earl, when he had a little recovered himself, "you have to thank Tanjore Trelawney for this; you have been a naughty girl, Trelawney pleads for you, and you are forgiven."

"Well, I know that," cried Lady Alexina; "you need not be at so much pains to tell me who it was that took my part."

"There yet remains another to whom I hope your Lordship will be reconciled," said Trelawney, bestowing at that moment a look of compassion on the mortified and subdued feelings of Lady Glenthorpe; "you must not, my Lord, cherish resentment against your sister, who, I dare be sworn, is heartily sorry to have incurred your displeasure."

"My affection for my sister can only be guided by her conduct in future, by preserving the morals of my child," uttered the Earl, with great emotion, at the same time that he held out his hand to the trembling one of Lady Glenthorpe; "Louisa, this once I forgive you."

Lady Glenthorpe had too much policy not to appear satisfied, whatever were her private feelings on the occasion, and she received her brother's offered salute with an affected sensibility, which no woman knew better how to disguise under the appearance of reality.

The next business which the generous Trelawney had to accomplish was to demand of Lady Alexina the precise sums which she was indebted to Lady Renegarde.

"Wont to-morrow do?" said Lady Alexina, "I am so tired to-night."

"No, my fair cousin," answered Trelawney, "there is no time like the present for discharging from our recollection all obligations that are painful and burdensome to our memory; besides, to-morrow may never come.—If therefore you will mention——"

With some sort of embarrassment in her manner not altogether inseparable from shame, Lady Alexina acknowledged, that the sums alluded to by Lady Renegarde did not exceed in all, the amount of three hundred pounds; and notwithstanding the largeness of the sum, (which caused the Earl involuntarily to shudder,) Trelawney with great calmness enquired, if her Ladyship was

certain that was the whole of her debts to her gambling acquaintance.

"Indeed it is no more," cried Lady Alexina "and I think it is a great deal to lose in three night's sitting,—don't you, Trelawney?"

"I will speak more fully on this subject at some future opportunity," answered Trelawney, who actually could not resist smiling at the childish simplicity which really had no sort of guile in it in the manner of Lady Alexina. "The point is, my fair cousin," continued Trelawney, "whether this is all you owe on the score of gambling;—perhaps, Lady Glenthorpe, you may probably recollect something more."

"Indeed, Mr. Trelawney, I was not present when my niece expended this sum," at length simpered out in confusion Lady Glenthorpe.

"Oh aunt, how can you tell such a monstrous fib," said Lady Alexina, "when you know you sat close to my elbow all the time, and said you would back your fifty against my hundred; and don't you know what the old gentleman said, in the green stockings, that was peeping at me through his eye-glass the whole of the evening; did he not say, I should soon lose my feathers, and called me the pretty pigeon; and Lady Renegarde laughed heartily, and said,——"

"Detestable woman!" uttered Trelawney, "cease to mention her, I implore you, she is a disgrace to her own sex, and the scandal of ours. Three hundred pounds then, is the whole of her demand."

"Since I must be explicit, I think it is the whole of her account against my niece," said Lady Glenthorpe.

"I am satisfied," answered Trelawney, and eagerly wishing finally to put an end to this disgreeable affair, he immediately drew a check upon his banker for the sum required, and placing it in the hands of the Earl, begged that it might be conveyed to her Ladyship at an early hour the ensuing morning. "From your Lordship's hands," said Trelawney, "you understand me. Your Lordship must be aware of the propriety of such a precaution, a coat of mail would not otherwise defend your daughter from the sly insinuations of that worst of women."

"I do understand you, thou most generous and noble of disinterested human beings," cried the Earl, in an ecstasy he could not suppress; "Alexina, thank your benefactor, your friend, your——"

From some painful emotion the Earl here made a full pause, a pause intermingled with sighs, which Trelawney knew well how to interpret, and a sigh escaped his own bosom, of a more melancholy nature than volumes could have expressed, for it was sacred to one being alone, dearest, best, one never to be forgotten object but that object was not his destined wife, it was not Lady Alexina Fitzosbourne, who breathing in full and luxuriant beauty by his side, might have made any heart but his tremble with inconstancy, and stagger the utmost resolutions of man, but not such a man as Trelawney;—no beauty could make Trelawney a changling to love's sacred shrine, which he could not abandon but with life itself.

And it was in vain that the blue eyes of Lady Alexina were turned upon him in the most soft and languishing expression, or that her rosy lips pronounced his name with a tenderness she had never done before; and it was equally vain that the Earl fondly flattered himself, a sentiment of a warmer nature than usual had unconsciously sprung up in the breast of Trelawney for his affianced wife, so strongly confirmed on this evening in his generous conduct to Lady Alexina, that his Lordship retired to his chamber a transported and a happy man,—forgetting at once the indiscretion of his daughter, and the resentment he had cherished towards his sister.

Such is our transition daily in this mortal and uncertain state, —from pain to pleasure, and from pleasure to pain; and happiness advances and retreats according to our exisiting circumstance:—poor Lord Fitzosbourne had but one moment before thought himself the most miserable of men, and went to bed the happiest.

What then was Trelawney? what could be his reflections on the events of the evening?—Was he happy in the assured conviction that Lady Alexina Fitzosbourne would be his wife?—No; but he was resigned,—resigned to the will of Providence, and conscious that he had not militated against it; the reflection was at least consolatory to his feelings, nor were his slumbers embittered

that he had added by unkindness and cold neglect to thorns already planted by sorrow in the hearts of his fellow creatures.

Sleep is never so balmy and refreshing as when it is accompanied by the consciousness of having been instrumental to the happiness and benefit of our connections, relatives, and friends.

Trelawney felt the full assurance of this conviction, and that he had eased the anguished heart of an unhappy parent, and restored happiness to the child, afforded him a pleasing satisfaction not to be expressed; nor was it his least reflection, that he should not have been able to have done so but for the bountiful blessings of that Almighty Providence who had bestowed on him that affluence, which he determined not to covet for itself alone, but for the means which it procured him of doing good, and rendering himself serviceable to others.

After a comfortable night's repose therefore, Trelawney arose in more cheerful spirits than might naturally be expected from his situation, and ever mindful of the Clarendale family sat down and dictated the following letter to the pastor, requesting to be favored with an answer as soon as possibly convenient:—

"My dear honored Mr. Clarendale,

"Can you for a moment suppose that I can be insensible to the heavy affliction which is now suspending over the head of your family, or that I am not most anxious to be informed of the present state of health of your dear and amiable wife? No, my worthy friend, I trust and hope, you know the heart of Tanjore Trelawney too well to doubt its sincerity, a heart which must ever beat warm and true to your interest while it beats at all.

"I, therefore, implore you not to be tardy in your reply to this anxious solicitation of mine, as the time is rapidly approaching when I shall be very far distant from this country, not finding it practicable any longer to delay my accompanying Lord Sydney Belmont on his tour to the continental parts of Europe.

"You will naturally ask, whether absenting myself for a period of nearly two years, from much valued and respected friends, be a matter of necessity or pleasure? on which subject I beseech you to spare me a confession.

"With respect to our dear Henry, you are no doubt satisfied that his fortunes rest with me, and your most flattering hopes will in a short time be accomplished, with his being qualified to fill that dignified station in life for which you have ever been so solicitous. I must see Henry before I leave England, and must either take a journey down to Cambridge, or summons my young friend to town; when we shall make further arrangements, I hope to your entire satisfaction.

"Shall I not confess to you, that I have frequently panted to behold the sweet, calm and domestic retirement of your happy village,—and wherefore should I not confess it to you? since you have often heard me declare that neither my disposition or habits ever formed me to move in the hemisphere of fashionable life, and I am of further opinion, that happiness is more than ever a stranger to its abodes.

"Now, Mr. Clarendale, you ever knew me for a strange eccentric sort of fellow, and you have been pleased to bear with my oddities, and indulge me in my whimsicalities,—I cry your mercy then on the present occasion,—accept the enclosed draft on my banker, and ask me not why or wherefore; Mrs. Clarendale is ill, though I hope now better, but all indisposition is attended with considerable expense; and your daughter, the amiable Rebecca, is married,—these uniting circumstances, may it be presumed, serve rather to lighten your purse than strengthen it.

"Now what should I, a bachelor, want with so much money as I am possessed of, without I obtain in the secret satisfaction I always enjoy in sharing it with my friends.

"Shall I say more to induce you to accept of my parting gift of friendship?—Yes, one word more, remember my father, you would not have refused any request of his, let then your charity extend to his son, while with unaffected sincerity he subscribes himself,

"Yours truly,

"*Tanjore Edward Trelawney.*"

The draft which Trelawney enclosed for Mr. Clarendale was for the sum of five hundred pounds, payable on demand; and as the generous donor sealed his letter, his heart bounded with rapture.

Ah! why did it bound with rapture?—ye who have truly loved, and loved sincerely, answer this question,—is there pleasure aught so great, is there transport aught so blissful, as when we bestow benefits on the object whom we love? Trelawney felt and acknowledged the full enjoyment of this consoling thought, that though absent, Rosa would not be destitute of those comforts which his gift to her father had prepared for her; and while Trelawney was preparing this letter for Mr. Clarendale, the Earl of Fitzosbourne was no less dexterously employed in writing to Lady Renegarde, which he did in the following short and concise manner, enclosing the sum of three hundred pounds:—

"The Earl of Fitzosbourne has enclosed the sum of three hundred pounds, alledged to be a debt of gambling, incurred by Lady Alexina Fitzosbourne to Lady Renegarde, with this expressive hint to her Ladyship,—that no future notes may be addressed to Lady Alexina of the same description. Lady Renegarde, to use her own expression, "cannot be ignorant" that Lady Alexina has a father, who will not suffer her to be insulted with impunity.

"Lady R. is requested to send a receipt in full of all demands, to the Earl of Fitzosbourne for the enclosed sum."

The Earl's gentleman was soon dispatched with the enclosed letter, who had no sooner delivered it to the astonished Lady Renegarde, than he returned with the receipt and a letter full of the most disgusting professions of friendship for Lady Alexina, pleading extreme poverty as the only reason why she had been so pressing in her application, which paltry and mean evasion could only be worthy of the base writer, and the very moment that the Earl glanced his eyes over it, he deposited it in the fire, not conceiving it at all necessary to apprise Lady Alexina of the contents.

The period was now fast approaching when all was in due preparation for the departure of Lord Sydney for his intended tour, and his amiable sisters felt, for the first time in their lives, a separation from their brother almost insupportable;—Lady Honoria, in particular, drooped under the idea of parting with her beloved Sydney, for a tedious length of years:—

"It is an age to those who truly love," cried she with a pensive sigh to her sister Lady Frances, who the liveliest of the three, could not at the same instant hide her keen regret at the departure of her brother, "Valencia Lodge will be a desert without Sydney," continued Lady Honoria.

"Thanks, my dear sister, for so flattering a compliment," said Lady Frances, with a sweet smile, "Catherine and I must acknowledge ourselves obliged to you."

"Oh believe me, I have never been insensible to the charms of your society," answered Lady Honoria, "without which what would become of Honoria?—but actually, Fanny, I am ill prepared to part with Sydney, who is at all times so necessary to our little domestic circle round our fireside;" and another pensive sigh heaved in the fair bosom of Lady Honoria.

"And I do not know whether I ought to acknowledge it, but I feel almost equally sorry to bid adieu to our kind friend, the amiable Trelawney," said Lady Frances, "how we shall miss him at our concerts, Honoria, and in our little shrubbery of roses, where we have passed so many rational and pleasant hours."

Though this was innocently uttered by Lady Frances, the effect it produced on her sister, was such as to awaken in her the most lively sympathy for Lady Honoria, who, bursting into tears, sobbed convulsively; and was near fainting. The name of Trelawney, it is true, had not escaped her lips, but Lady Frances was at no loss to guess from what cause her emotions proceeded, and alarmed that Lord Sydney or the Duke should unexpectedly surprise them, she endeavored by every means in her power, to console the agitated spirits of her sister, and had in part succeeded to restore her to some degree of tranquility, when her brother and Trelawney entered the room.

"You must not be surprised to find Honoria in tears," cried Lady Frances, "she has been reading the play of Evadne, and imagined for a moment, that the sorrows of Evadne were her own."

"Heaven forbid that the fair Honoria should long indulge in reflections of so melancholy a nature," said Trelawney, with a peculiar softness in his voice, and a deep interest in his countenance, which he could not at that instant totally repel,—for Lady

Honoria Belmont was avowedly, next to one exclusive object,—the only other woman for whom he could have felt a tender sentiment of regard, which was not wholly unmixed, perhaps, with a sense of gratitude for the strong proof of attachment with which it was impossible not to perceive she so greatly honored him.

"I will positively put Evadney in the fire," cried Lord Sydney, shocked and pained beyond description, at the pale languor and dejected expression he beheld in his sister's countenance, who unable any longer to contend with the emotion with which her heart was laboring, and suddenly encountering the presence of the being so fatally dear to her, and from which she was about to be separated for ever, hid her face in the bosom of her sister, and wept for a few moments, unconscious of all but the pang of parting with Trelawney.

"Let us retire," cried the agitated Lord Sydney, seizing the arm of Trelawney, and leading him towards the door, "my sister will shortly recover her spirits, which I am apprehensive are greatly fluttered; and as it would be indelicate for either of us to enquire into the cause, let us go, my dear Trelawney, and leave Fanny to console her in our absence, they will be best together, take my word for it."

Trelawney instinctively and silently followed the footsteps of Lord Sydney; but the situation in which he had discovered the too sensitive Honoria, was not easily to be effaced from his recollection, nor the tears of a lovely and virtuous female, shed exclusively for his sake, to be considered lightly; and more than ever did he repent, that his visits to Valencia Lodge had not been less frequent, or that his respectful attentions, which were no more than those of a brother, had not been received in a colder manner.

Still Trelawney could honorably acquit himself of having, in the slightest degree, awakened a passion of more than respectful confidence and esteem in the breast of Lady Honoria,—never had he in thought, word or deed been guilty of so base an action.

Yet what reparation could he now offer for her ruined peace? Certainly there was none but total absence from her society; this was all he could do, and that this would speedily be effected he well knew.

When summoned to the drawing-room, it was with no small

pleasure, however, that he perceived that Lady Honoria had greatly recovered her spirits; to which, without any apparent design, he endeavored to contribute as much as possible, and the evening glided on imperceptibly, as many others had done at Valencia Lodge, with social harmony.

The unexpected addition of the society of Chandois Queensbury proved a salutary relief to all parties,—and the lively sallies which passed between him and Lady Catherine were highly diverting to the old Duke, for it was a complete struggle for victory on both sides.

Chandois Queensbury was a philosopher, and would not own himself to be in love, though he felt the sly attacks of the winged boy in all their force; and Lady Catherine was not conscious, that while she was endeavoring to keep little cupid at arm's length, that he had already stole insidiously into her bosom.

Thus was the Duke highly amused with the comedy of the Conscious Lovers, and remained happily ignorant of another attachment in his amiable family; the discovery of which had rendered him wretched beyond description, since it was one of those which had not even Pandora's box to reconcile it to its severity, there was no hope floating at the bottom of it—all was desolate and bare, like a forlorn wilderness, and weeds instead of sweet blossoms were sure to spring from its soil.

When Mungo opened the door to his master, at Fitzosbourne House, there was an unusual expression of gladness in his dusky countenance, and he seemed laboring with something he was extremely anxious to get rid of: at length he could no longer conceal his joy, and suddenly exclaimed,—

"Mungo no so happy great, great long while.—Mungo no rest till him tell massa who wait for see him in drawing-room, with old missey and young missey,—young Massa Clarendale him come see massa."

"Henry Clarendale come to town!" cried Trelawney, "was ever accident so lucky;—just as I had premeditated to invite him hither." And away posted Trelawney into the saloon, where his young friend respectfully rose to salute him.

"You are doubtless under some surprise, my dear Sir," said Henry, "to behold me here, but I must plead the indisposition of

my dear mother, to whose bedside I was summoned by the command of my father, as an excuse for my omission of not writing to apprise you of my arrival here. I am only just returned from my father's, and I could not resist the pleasure which the unexpected journey afforded me, of paying my respectful duty at Fitzosbourne House."

"Was ever tale so modestly rehearsed," cried Lady Glenthorpe with extreme affectation, as she handed a dish of coffee to the handsome young student, whose improved manliness, grace and beauty, added no little to the kind attentions with which the condescending Lady Glenthorpe was now honoring him.

"You are amazingly improved, Mr. Henry Clarendale, I needs must remark," cried the Earl; "and it is with no small satisfaction that I add, I shall shortly have it in my power essentially to serve you.—There will be a vancancy at the City of Coventry, in place of the Rev. Mr. Eldridge, lately deceased; I am empowered to bestow the living, and I mean to bestow it where I think the gift will not be disgraced—Henry Clarendale must supply the place of Mr. Etheridge."

"Henry Clarendale be presented with the living of the church of Coventry?" uttered Trelawney; starting from his seat, and and running up to the Earl, he seized his hand, and to the amazement of all present, burst into a flood of tears.

"My Lord," cried Trelawney, quickly recovering himself, and brushing away his tears, "you have indeed overpowered and overwhelmed me with gratitude. I cannot speak my thanks—Henry! oh Henry! bless your benefactor."

But Henry could not speak, he sat motionless with surprise, and though his figure and beauty of countenance might well have supplied a model for the Apollo of Belvedere, yet he could not utter one single articulate sound.

"This is one of the best scenes I ever saw, for an artist, in all my days," said Lady Glenthorpe.

"And yet it is perfectly natural," uttered the Earl, wiping a tear which had strayed down his furrowed cheek.

But Lady Alexina, who had no soul to enter into the passing scene, did not much relish the sensibility which she herself could

not feel; and wondered what could possibly have been said by either party, as to make them all shed tears.

Tittering, therefore, behind the chair of her aunt, she waited till the dumb show was all over, and when the gentlemen found their tongues again, she set her's in motion, and a general conversation took place, in which Henry Clarendale bore so principal a part, that the Earl passionately declared, that he would one day be the brightest ornament to the church of England; and Lady Alexina, having caught the last sentence of her father, whispered to Lady Glenthorpe, loud enough for every body to hear her, which Trelawney did in some confusion, as she exclaimed,—

"Oh dear, aunt, now I know by what papa says, that they are going to make a parson of that handsome young man; what a pity. I hate parsons, and when I go to church I always make a point of falling fast asleep;—dont you, aunt?"

Lady Glenthorpe perceived the eyes of Trelawney intently fixed on her, and she dare not indulge herself in a laugh, much less could she exercise her turn for ridicule, on an object, who, however humble, compared to her Ladyship's exalted rank, she felt conscious was her superior in all beside.

CHAPTER XXIV.

Friendly conversation of Trelawney and Henry;—Levity of conduct of Lady Glenthorpe; Chagrin and vexation of her Ladyship.

All right rules of conduct are drawn from the natural affections and from experience,—the same affection which teaches us to love our fellow creatures, reproaches us when we neglect or behave ill to them, and this last operation of affection is called remorse or check of conscience; but by habit or education an artificial conscience may be created, which may either serve to strengthen or subvert the conscience of nature.

Nature has established a common and instinctive affection,—for instance, between parent and child, sister and brother, and the more intimate degrees of friendship for one man to another; but the strongest of all affections, is that which is conceived by those who love and esteem each other on account of their superior endowments.

An extended principle of benevolence comprehends a friend, a family, country, and all the world; and according to the extent of this principle, our capacity for happiness is extended

Such were the reflections of the noble-minded Trelawney, when retiring to his own chamber, in company with his young friend Henry; he could pour forth the effusions of his generous heart, and the sensations he experienced on the approaching happy and prosperous fortunes, which were now likely to attend this amiable and highly interesting young man, were rapturous beyond description; for it would create happiness to other objects most dear to his soul—it was not only the father and the mother, but the sister, that would be gratified by the success of Henry's hopes being now perfectly realized,—it was Rosa, whose heart would now flutter with delight, and remember the hand which, though far distant, had raised her brother to this exaltation; while Henry himself, on finding he was alone with Trelawney, expressed without disguise his sentiments of gratitude to his benefactor. All which Trelawney listened to with delight, and even enthusiasm. Henry looked so like his sister Rosa, and so strongly had nature stamped the resemblance, that there would have needed no other tie to have bound him to the heart of Trelawney, had not the amiable character of Henry won on his affections.

The two friends continued for a considerable length of time in such deep and interesting conversation, that half the night had already worn insensibly away, before Henry could be persuaded to retire to rest. They had so much to talk about, so much to plan, and so much to execute as well as to design, in their several intended arrangements, that Trelawney finally determined to remain in England till all the views of Henry were perfectly established, and he beheld him in complete possession of the living which was to be presented to him by the gift of Lord Fitzosborune, against which there was now nothing to preponderate;

for notwithstanding the youthful appearance of Henry Clarendale, his countenance expressed all the maturity and solidity of a more ripened age. His voice was harmonious, clear, and powerful, and his figure and deportment such as admirably qualified him for the station he was so fortunately selected to fill; nor had he much to encounter from the brighter talents of his predecessor, for the Rev. Mr. Etheridge, although a very praiseworthy man, had never been a favourite as a churchman, for he was not only considerably on the advance of life, but he had a weak and languid voice, and at all times an imperfect delivery. His sermons were good, indeed, if they could be heard, which was seldom the case by one half of the congregation; consequently, whenever Mr. Clarendale was called upon to perform his duty, which, owing to the indisposition of Mr. Etheridge, often occurred, the church of Coventry was crammed almost to suffocation, and they wished, as they departed, their preacher was such a man; the impression indeed, which such a man as Mr. Clarendale left on the minds of his hearers was lasting, for it penetrated the secret recesses of the soul,—it could not be obliterated from the memory, nor wiped away from the heart, unless that heart was vicious indeed, and lost to all sense of natural feeling.

Henry in the first of his communications with Trelawney, had informed him, that on his obeying his father's summons, which had carried him with incredible speed and anxiety to his paternal home, he had the inexpressible joy, a few hours after his arrival there, to find his beloved parent pronounced out of danger;—the crisis of the disorder, with which she had been so violently attacked, having undergone a favorable change, which every hour afterwards tended to effect her recovery, and that his mother was, on the evening he had left Kenilworth, sitting up for the first time to take a dish of tea with his father, whose transports on this occasion were addressed in fearful and trembling joy, to that Being in whose hands are seated life and death, according to his blessed will.

Henry, with tears starting in his fine blue and eloquent eyes, gave this pleasing intelligence to the ear of the delighted Trelawney, whose generous, sympathising and compassionate feelings overflowed with rapture on the occasion.

"I wish I had been there, Henry, to have shared in all your transports," uttered Trelawney: "how delightful to have witnessed the sudden transition from hopeless grief to lively joy on such a change in your dear and happy family; methinks I already see your excellent father watching the pallid countenance of your sick mother,—and your dear sisters hanging over her languid form, so dear, so venerated, as angels over departed saints."

"That angel then was my sister Rosa," exclaimed Henry; "she was the principal nurse of my dear mother, for poor Rebecca had given way to despondency in such a degree, that she had in par become an invalid herself; but had you seen Rosa,—alternately smiling and shedding tears in the same moment, kissing her father's cheek, and running at the instant to wipe the dews of anguish from her mother's, while her voice in melodious sweetness, assured them, that heaven would kindly listen to their prayers, you never would have forgotten it, Trelawney."

A deep and pensive sigh burst from the agitated bosom of Trelawney:—"No, Henry," uttered he, with considerable emotion "and though I was not a witness to this melancholy scene, though I did not see your sister Rosa, yet time must moulder to its last earthly shades, and recollection be no more, when Trelawney shall have forgotten Rosa."

Henry had unconsciously said more than he intended to say, respecting his sister Rosa, but he could not recal his words;—he, therefore, only pressed his hands in silence, as he now bade him good night, or rather good morning, it being long past the hour of midnight.

But Henry did not retire to sleep, so true it is, that sometimes excessive joy will deprive us of nature's great restorative, in a much greater degree than when wretchedness steals over the dull and heavy senses, long exposed to care-worn grief, and anguished sufferings.

Henry could not sleep:—a thousand sensations, and all of the most pleasing kind, took possession of his fluttering heart, in which it is most natural to suppose, that the form of Mary Bradbury was not very far distant.

That there could be any opposition to their union, when he was so fortunately settled in life it was not likely to imagine;

neither his father nor his mother, (of whom Mary had ever been a particular favorite,) nor the doctor, nor Mrs. Bradbury, could form any reasonable objections,—his happiness then, exclusively depended on Mary herself, whose pure, chaste and delicate affections he was fully confident that he had long possessed; yet Henry was too happy to close his eyes in gentle sleep. The sacred functions he had to fulfil, the dignified character he had to support, and the sudden exaltation to which he was called, by the prosperous gale of good fortune, all arose in rapid succession in his youthful imagination, and created an agitation, which though it was of the most pleasing kind, was very perceptible in his expressive countenance when he made his appearance at the Earl of Fitzosbourne's table the ensuing morning, at which for a few moments he only encountered the presence of Lady Glenthorpe, which added to his embarrassment and confusion, when her Ladyship, presenting her fair hand, soft and snowy as the down of doves, hoped that he had passed a night under the roof of Fitzosbourne House of such repose as she most sincerely wished him.

"For do you know, thou too dear and fascinating youth," cried the confident and unblushing woman of fashion, "I have been thinking of you all night long."

To which Henry, confounded and abashed, could only reply while he respectfully dropped her Ladyship's hand,—

"I am sorry your Ladyship's thoughts were so ill employed."

And why should you wish me not to think of you, unkind Henry?" cried Lady Glenthorpe, in a voice of the most insidious softness. "Alas, you must only blame nature, for having given you perfections which, once beheld by weak woman's eyes, canno easily be forgotten."

To describe the sensations of the modest, the virtuous, the honorable, the delicate Henry Clarendale, at receiving such a speech, delivered in such a tone, and from such a personage as the Earl of Fitzosbourne's sister, is impossible; and for a few moments Henry imagined, that he was encountering one of those light creatures to whom modesty was only an incumbrance.

Yet he looked again, and it was Lady Glenthorpe who had thus addressed him, but to whose flattery and (to him) disgusting compliment, he felt himself unable to reply, conscious that had he

given utterance to his sentiments on the occasion, that her Ladyship's displeasure must naturally have followed.

With a face still crimsoned with blushes, and with an embarrassment from which he could not recover himself, he beheld the entrance of Trelawney in some confusion, as Lady Glenthorpe had only that moment glided from his side,—with an air of the most perfect *nonchalence* she saluted Trelawney, who at a loss in what manner to account for the embarrassment of his young friend, sat a few moments a silent spectator of the strong expression which his countenance so evidently betrayed, nor was that silence broken till the entrance of the Earl and Lady Alexina made the conversation turn on matters of general import.

When the first salutations of the morning were over, the Earl suddenly turned to Henry, and enquired after his sisters, hoping that their visits to the gay metropolis had afforded them all the pleasure they had expected, and of course anticipated before they came.

"Surely, my dear brother, you cannot expect that the Miss Clarendales could be at all communicative on such a subject," cried Lady Glenthorpe; "you forget that the illness of their mother must have suspended all conversation on trifles,—was it not the case, Mr. Clarendale?"

"Your Ladyship is certainly right in your conjecture," answered Henry with modest diffidence: "I had but few moments of conversation with my sisters. From Miss Bradbury indeed," and Henry colored deeply, "who was their companion in their journey to London, I learned, that they had been gratified beyond expression."

"Miss Bradbury," exclaimed Lady Glenthorpe, instantly remarking the deep red which had mounted to the cheeks of Henry, "and pray who is she?"

"A most interesting and amiable young woman," quickly answered Trelawney, perceiving the embarrassment of Henry increase; "the youngest daughter of Doctor Bradbury, of Elm Grove, in the county of Warwick; and surely your Ladyship must have observed Miss Bradbury, who sat next to Mrs. Philip Bradbury, in Doctor Stanton's box, on the evening we visited Covent Garden Theatre."

"I really did not observe any one in particular, Mr. Trelawney," cried Lady Glenthorpe, reddening like scarlet, and well knowing

she was at that very moment uttering the grossest falsehood imaginable. "There were certainly three young women, besides that formal trump Miss Stanton, one of which was considered particularly handsome by the Belmonts;—the youngest of the three I am alluding to, Mr. Trelawney, and that, I suppose, was the Miss Bradbury whom you have been extolling so highly;—am I right, Mr. Clarendale?"

"I cannot possibly answer your Ladyship's enquiries," said the modest and ingenuous Henry, disgusted at the glaring want of delicacy and good manners which her Ladyship had manifested in this short conversation. "I can only speak plainly as to the real truth of the case,—the youngest of the three young women being decidedly my youngest sister, Rosa Clarendale."

"Lord Sydney's rustic beauty, I protest," cried Lady Alexina Fitzosbourne; "well I must own she has some claim to beauty,—she has an extremely pretty mouth, and very fine dark hazel eyes, but then she is very little, that is the worst of it. I cannot say much of her figure, but I assure you, she is quite to the taste of Lord Sydney Belmont,—he admires fairies of the lakes and little elfs, and had the insolence to tell me he never could admire what they call a fine woman in all his life; what a shocking bad taste,—don't you think so, Trelawney?"

The effect which the foregoing conversation produced on the feelings of Trelawney, may naturally be imagined,—increased antipathy towards Lady Glenthorpe, with almost aversion, bordering on disgust, at the shameful manner in which Lady Alexina had just expressed herself; and he turned towards her with an air of asperity, he could not, nor did not care to suppress, while he uttered—

"Whatever are my thoughts, Lady Alexina, on the present subject, I decidedly shall not answer your Ladyship's question, since you seem entirely to forget that the Lady whose person you have been so lavishly describing, is the sister of that gentleman who sits beside you, and she is likewise the daughter of my father's respected and intimate friend. This circumstance will naturally suggest to Lady Alexina Fitzosbourne the propriety of Trelawney's remaining wholly silent on the merits or demerits of Miss Rosa Clarendale."

"La, Trelawney, how grave, and how serious;—well, who could ever suppose you could be offended at the remarks I made just in fun," said Lady Alexina Fitzosbourne, with a simper, and in her usual childish manner.

"I am never inclined to be funny at the expense of my most intimate friends," said Trelawney.

"Have I offended you too, Mr. Henry," said Lady Alexina, a little abashed as she addressed the silent and confused Henry; "I am sure I said no harm about your pretty little sister;—did I now, papa?"

As Henry absolutely felt himself at a loss how to reply to this silly and ill-directed speech, so exclusively addressed to him,—the Earl, by no means wishing his daughter to become again the object of Trelawney's displeasure, and equally ashamed that she should thus expose herself in the eyes of young Clarendale, at the same moment that he wished to reconcile all parties to each other, in great good humor, exclaimed,—

"I wish, Alexina, you could contrive to think and talk of something more pleasant and agreeable to the feelings of your friends; I don't like to be amused with personal remarks on any one. Respecting Miss Clarendale, however, there is but one to make,—and that happens to be so decidedly in her favor, that were I to make it just now, her brother would think me a fool; but enough, I never saw her, I am strongly persuaded that she is uncommonly lovely, from the assertion of Lady Honoria Belmont; and as the Lady is not present, we will change the subject.—Mr. Henry Clarendale, good morning to you for the present; you are no stranger in Fitzosbourne House, and therefore need not be told that you are welcome, while you remain under its roof, to the best it can afford."

'My Lord, you honor me most highly," said Henry, rising from his chair, and bowing most respectfully, as the Earl advanced towards the door.

"Nonsense," said the Earl, waving his hand to avoid Henry's grateful effusions, which came spontaneously from his heart, "there may be hospitality, but there is no honor in the case,—and I am pretty tolerably convinced, young man, that you are fully worthy of all the kindness I can show you: we shall meet at din-

ner, and shall have further conversation on the subject of your advancement. Louisa, remember that I prohibit all company this evening at Fitzosbourne House, I have serious business with Mr. Henry Clarendale, which requires immediate dispatch."

So saying, the Earl quitted the room;—while Lady Glenthorpe, immediately occupying his place, which was next to Henry, with the same insinuating look and manner which she had addressed to him in the morning, declared in a whisper, she did not wish for any other company than the present.

But Lady Alexina had no relish for any thing of the kind, she could not bear any thing in the shape of rationality, much less could she endure a plain, sober, fireside domestic party; she, therefore, longed impatiently for Trelawney and Henry to make their exit, that she might take her dear delightful rounds before the hour of dinner

As they did not make their exit, however, so soon as she expected, her impatience grew beyond all bounds, and she looked at her watch with an anxiety which was but too visible in her restless countenance; at length starting up, she abruptly declared she had an appointment, which must be attended to. Scarcely had she said so, however, when a carriage drew up to the door that announced a visitor,—and Lady Alexina, in the expectation of seeing somebody that would relieve her from the intolerable *ennui* by which she was oppressed, calmly sat down again, forgetful that she had any appointment at all.

Gracious heaven! thought Henry Clarendale, as he surveyed her Ladyship's inanimate, though uncommonly beautiful countenance, how insupportable must be the life of people of fashion. They are tired even of themselves, for they cannot make others happy, because they are a perpetual torment to themselves, hence have they no resource to fly to for relief, they depend on those which others may afford them,—beings even more light and fantastic than they are, from which they turn, frequently disgusted and disappointed.—Alas, and was such a woman the destined bride of the noble Trelawney?—he whose whole soul was sensibility, with a disposition formed by nature for rational delights, and peaceful virtue. And perhaps, for a moment, the form of his sister Rosa floated across the imagination of Henry, as he made

these observations in silence to himself. Yet he taxed himself with impiety,—had Rosa been destined for the wife of Trelawney she would have been such in spite of all earthly obstacles, in spite of all human ties; but what tie could dissolve the union of Lady Alexina Fitzosbourne with his generous benefactor—none surely but death; and that thought not impossible, did not appear, on the score of probability, at present likely to happen. For Trelawney, therefore, the heart of Henry bled internally, now convinced beyond the possibility of being mistaken, that his sister Rosa was, and had long been the object of Trelawney's secret and tenderest affections, and he reflected on the many instances where the generous East Indian had given the most unequivocal proofs of his chaste and delicate regard for Rosa,—thought it had proved beneficial to all her family, nay, he doubted much whether he did not owe his present success to the great partiality which Trelawney had for his sister.

Alas, why then had destiny been so cruelly unkind? why was all-faithful and all-powerful love so ill requited? Poor Rosa and poor Trelawney!—that question could not be answered,—that mystery could not be unravelled.

It remained for Providence alone to judge of that, mortal power could not solve it, or tell by what impervious means it is good for us to be happy or miserable.

From these reflections, however, Henry was quickly roused, by the entrance of company to the apartment where they were sitting.

Lady Catherine Belmont and her sister Frances, with her eccentric lover Mr. Chandois Queensbury, soon made their appearance, and were introduced in due form to Henry, by Lady Glenthorpe, who loudly whispering in the ear of Lady Frances, pronounced the following words, before her Ladyship had scarcely seated herself,—

"Dear Lady Frances, for heaven's sake take care of your heart, for there is beauty enough in that young man to steal a second Helen, to the destruction of Troy;—look at him, child, and confess that you never beheld such a perfect Adonis."

Lady Frances Belmont actually blushed at this indelicate mode of expressing her admiration, as she listened to the fulsome strain

of compliment so liberally bestowed on the young stranger, by the unblushing Lady Glenthorpe.

The purport of the ladies' visits was no sooner made known, however, than her Ladyship began to relax much of the high, gay and volatile spirits she appeared to be in on their first coming in, for Lady Catherine Belmont positively declared she must infringe that morning on her Ladyship's purse, for payment for the six copies she had subscribed to for the poems of the authoress whom she had so long patronised.

"They are now published," said Lady Catherine, "and I have done myself the pleasure of being the bearer of your Ladyship's books;—here they are, so neatly bound too, and I hope will meet your Ladyship's approval."

At which Lady Glenthorpe, pushing aside the fair hand that was presented to her, in mortified and disappointed accents, exclaimed,—

"Not now, my dear creature, I cannot positively attend to them now, if you would give me the universe; I thank heaven I have more delightful engagements on my hands," and Lady Glenthorpe had the audacity to cast a languishing and tender look at Henry, "than to read stale poetry, written, for any thing I know, by a poor creature living in a garret. Some other time, my dear Lady Catherine, I implore you,—but spare me now, I beseech you."

"Surely your Ladyship cannot reasonably object to what you generously subscribed to," said Lady Catherine, with an expressive look towards Trelawney, and determined that this once she should not be spared from an exposition which she so truly merited; "and as to reading them, that you know is of little consequence,—your Ladyship can read them when you please, I only want to be paid for the subscription."

The countenance of Lady Glenthorpe, at this moment, exhibited an expression which nearly provoked the risibility of all present; and a silence of a few moments ensued, and Lady Catherine would now have desisted from her persecution, had not a look from Trelawney encouraged her to proceed.

"I must positively assure your Ladyship though," continued Lady Catherine, "that Madame de Valmont, the author of the present ingenious and highly interesting work, does not breathe the

confined air of a solitary garret, nor does she write stale poetry, —her's are the genuine offspring of the muses, the spontaneous effusions of a lively imagination and a kind and susceptible heart, —she is also the mother of four lovely innocents, whom she entirely supports in this respectable manner, by the labor and industry of her pen."

"And do you call begging a very respectable calling," exclaimed Lady Glenthorpe, with bitter sarcasm: "I vow and protest I think all authors are beggars."

"And by whom are they rendered so," retorted Chandois Queensbury, now taking up the cudgels for his fair mistress; "by the witless brains of those who have neither taste or judgment to understand them, or senses to read their compositions, and who in calling themselves their superiors, prove their inferiority by every syllable which they utter; and by the want of liberality on the part of the booksellers—by the parsimony of these last-mentioned personages, many a praise-worthy, honest and industrious man, many a bold and inspiring genius, worthy to be handed down to posterity for the useful knowledge he conveyed to his fellow-creatures, has perished in want, breathing his last sigh in a solitary garret, which your Ladyship has described to be the proper abode of superior talent. Oh I blush for a vitiated world in permitting it; had I the power——"

"Oh there is no one doubts your power, Mr. Chandois Queensbury," cried Lady Glenthorpe, now glad to enter into the spirit of argument, in hopes that by amusing her auditors the subscription money would be forgotten. "All the world knows you are a very singular young man, and all the world knows that you are very rich: if therefore you feel so greatly for the miseries of these poor authors, why do you not set forth at once an example of unexampled generosity by large and voluntary contributions?"

"If your Ladyship will condescend to become a precedent on the occasion, I have not the least objection to contribute whatever sum you may deem necessary to put so kind an institution in force," retorted Chandois Queensbury, to the no small mortification of Lady Glenthorpe, against whom the tables were now turned a second time, and from which she found it utterly impossible to get off with flying colors; and a general laugh, which could not now be resisted, prevailed.

Lady Catherine again commenced the siege, by suddenly turning round to Lady Alexina Fitzosbourne and exclaiming,—

"Lady Alexina, I must not forget that I have also a slight claim on your Ladyship's purse,—you are indebted to Madame de Valmont, one guinea, for a copy of the work; and I really must collect all my subscriptions this morning without fail. I have been an idler for some time, and poor Madame de Valmont's little children want a dinner, while I sit prating here."

Lady Alexina's face was now crimsoned with blushes; like her dear aunt, she never had a shilling to spare for the wants of others she was always pennyless, from her wasteful and thoughtless extravagance; her parsimony on this occasion, however, did not resemble Lady Glenthorpe's, it was not premeditated, and she would freely have given her guinea sooner than have been asked for it, had a guinea remained in her possession.

"I will go and ask papa, if you will wait till I return, Lady Catherine," said the blushing Lady Alexina, "for positively I never keep money longer than I can spend it, and that is the reason why I am so often obliged to borrow of papa."

As these words were uttered with her usual childishness, Trelawney had not the smallest doubt of the truth of her assertion, and drawing out his purse, protested that she should not trouble the Earl, when she had a banker so near at hand, and the guinea for lady Alexina was immediately paid to the fair claimant for Madame de Valmont.

But who was to pay for Lady Glenthorpe? No one pitied her confusion, no one felt for her mortification; and the sum Lady Catherine demanded for the subscription was precisely six guineas, for six copies of the work

Never had Chandois Queensbury, to whom Lady Glenthorpe had ever been an object of aversion, been so highly amused,—for he beheld avarice in want, ill nature detected, pride humbled, and vanity mortified, punishments that very rarely fall to the lot of a woman of fashion.

CHAPTER XXV.

Generosity of Trelawney towards Lady Glenthorpe ;—Specimen of Madame de Valmont's interesting Poetry.

SURELY that weakness in human nature must be called amiable which not only lessens the miseries of our fellow creatures, but which is ever ready to administer a healing balm to the distressed and mortified feelings of others; let the source of discontent flow from whatever cause it may, it is kind to lend a helping and charitable hand to soothe it, even though the object may not altogether be worthy of the pains; nay, perhaps be sometimes the object of our aversion, then it is doubly kind to volunteer our services, and this the world calls weakness. But if it is so, the weakness that leans to humanity can never be unwelcome in the eyes of that being who invariably in all his dispensations, has set us so glorious an example of Christianity.

And this was the case with the generous Trelawney towards Lady Glenthorpe, who had indeed but little claim to his kind and compassionate consideration of the unfortunate predicament in which she was placed. There never was a woman whom he liked less; she had contributed greatly to augment every uneasy sen sation, and encreased the anguish of many unhappy hours which he had passed under the roof of Fitzosbourne House: why then should he befriend her on the present occasion, by tendering her an offer of his services to advance the sum which the subscription required.

She who had so gravely at times wounded his feelings as to make him feel a deep sense of the poignancy of her bitter sarcasms; she who had neither sensibility or gratitude to acknowledge an obligation even when conferred; she who had been the groundwork of the false system of education which had so fatally led the youthful and thoughtless Lady Alexina into so many errors and follies, why then should he be the only one who felt disposed to relieve her embarrassment?—I do not know why, except that

Trelawney, of all earthly creatures was the most kind, the most forgiving, the most like God's created image in the form of man; and he contrived to steal behind Lady Glenthorpe's chair at the moment he perceived that the attention of the ladies was drawn to another quarter, which was to an observation that Lady Frances had made on a very splendid equipage which happened to pass the window; Trelawney seized this moment of conveying into the hands of Lady Glenthorpe a ten pound note without uttering a syllable more than the following short sentence, delivered in so low a key as to render it morally impossible to be heard by any one present,—

"Pay Lady Catherine Belmont the sum she requires, and do not suppose that this gift of Trelawney's is because he has enjoyed the mortification which you have this morning received."

Trelawney as quickly resumed the seat he had quitted; and Lady Glenthorpe, wholly overpowered by a sort of sensation which she had never before experienced in her life, would have burst out in involuntary exclamations of grateful acknowledgments to her generous benefactor, but for a sense of shame. Never had she felt so inclined to admire virtuous propensities; and with a trembling hand and a blushing countenance, she presented to Lady Catherine Belmont, Trelawney's note, which seemed as if it had sprang by magic into her Ladyship's hand.

Lady Alexina, well aware of the extreme poverty of her aunt's finances, and that she was not in possession of a single *sous* before she came down stairs to breakfast, was riveted to her chair with astonishment and surprise, and now eagerly panted for the speedy departure of her fair guests, in order that her curiosity might immediately be gratified in learning from whence her aunt's resources had been so suddenly supplied.

The six guineas were now paid for the subscription into the hands of Lady Catherine Belmont, and Lady Glenthorpe received the balance of the money and the books at the same moment with a most gracious smile.

"Thank you, my sweet love," uttered she, taking the books from the hands of Lady Catherine; "I have not the smallest doubt when I have perused this charming production from the pen

of Madame de Valmont, I shall be excessively gratified. Support her children by the fatiguing and laborious occupation of an authoress, meritorious creature! Alexina, remember that to-morrow, if we have no particular engagement, we pay a visit to Madame de Valmont; it is a highly interesting name. Is she of a French family, dear Lady Catherine? Is she young and handsome?"

A general laugh now took place, in spite of all human power to prevent it. The sudden transition which the sentiments of Lady Glenthorpe had undergone only in the space of a few moments, amused the eccentric humour of Queensbury to such a degree, that he resolved to give her Ladyship every possible means of exercising her whimsicality.

"Young and handsome," uttered he, "Heavens, Lady Glenthorpe, what has a visit of real charity to do with the object being either young or handsome? To me indeed it might be of some import if I visited a lady, but to you, of what consequence can it possibly be, if Madame de Valmont is as old as a Sibyl, or as ugly as Sycorax, she is one of your own sex, is she not?"

"Mr. Chandois Queensbury, I did not certainly apply to you," retorted Lady Glenthorpe, with a face crimsoned; "my enquiry was addressed to Lady Catherine Belmont,"

"Worse and worse," cried Chandois Queensbury: "ask a lady her opinion of another lady's beauty, and expect to be favored with an accurate description! I thought your Ladyship had known your sex too well; I however can satisfy your most eager enquiries, your most sanguine expectations, for I have seen Madame de Valmont, who is confessedly, the present company only excepted, the most lovely and interesting woman I ever beheld. Now, is your Ladyship satisfied, or shall I draw her portrait under the sweet poetry she has composed?"

Madame de Valmont's composition was now open in the hands of Mr. Chandois Queensbury, and Lady Catherine, who delighted in the praise of her favorite, in a soft whisper bid him entertain the company with a specimen of her charming talents, by reciting some of the poetry; a command he instantly obeyed, and selecting one of the simple tales, he read aloud, in a voice perfectly adapted for such a task, the following, to which they listened with profound attention, entitled,—

JULIA, LOVE, AND POVERTY.

Julia was young, beyond expression fair,
And like a sylph, she mov'd as light as air.
With rosy wreaths, her golden tresses bound,
Her silken robes, they scarcely touch'd the ground.
Hope shed it's blossoms on her lovely face,
And laughing cupids gave her ev'ry grace.
One morn, reclin'd upon her snowy breast,
Love op'd his eyes, and Julia thus address'd:—
"Oh! Julia! would for ever I had slept,"
Then shook his wings, and on her bosom wept.
"Oh! Julia!" still he cried, and droop'd his head,
And Julia thought the beauteous boy was dead.
Reviving odors from fresh flowers she drew,
And on his face she sprinkled gather'd dew!
While balmy kisses on his lips she prest,
And clasp'd him closer to her lovely breast.
Although 'tis said that woman loves to teaze,
Yet Julia strove by thousand arts to please.
She brought him nectar from the clustering vine,
And fed him with a hand that was divine.
Was there a charm that Julia could not give?
Was it not transport in her charms to live?
Fantastic boy! what wouldst thou more? or speak
For see, the color flies from Julia's cheek.
"'Tis Poverty," cried Love, "that would invade
The blest abode of Julia, lovely maid;
For as I slept, the pale and haggard queen
Approach'd with rude attire, unhallow'd mien
The op'ning flowers withered at her touch,
And trust me, Julia, she will change the much,
Her power, 'tis not in mortals to oppose,
And where she comes, for ever hence repose!
To me, relentless, she has proved a foe
She frown'd before my infant steps could go.
I'm told, the very day that I was born
She planted in my breast a deadly thorn.
Oh! Julia, what I feel I scarce can tell,
For love with Poverty can never dwell.
Her very name strikes terror to my heart;
Like arrows, piercing is her venom'd dart,

Sweet Julia, then from Poverty be free,
Or, Julia,—never hope to live with me."

Thus said, the boy in bashful silence stood,
A little sullen, and in pensive mood;
The glittering gems on Julia's breast survey'd,
For pearls and diamonds did adorn the maid.
Her snowy arms were clasp't with saphires blue
With coral beads and brightest jewels too!
The jessamine sweet, and musky rose,
And every shrub that in a garden grows,
Their balmy incense breath'd on all around,
And naught but Love with Julia could be found.
Mighty powers! can Julia then be poor,
Can lovely Julia beg from door to door?
Alas! by mystic fate it was decreed
That Julia, once so lov'd, was poor indeed!
With sportive smiles she mock'd the threaten'd woes
That Love had drawn, and Love with pity glows!
To see a maid from whom he now must fly,
Or brave the pangs of Poverty, and die!
"I've heard indeed," cried Julia with a smile,
"Of Poverty! but cannot Love beguile;
The frightful witch perhaps a little kind may be;
All treasures I'll resign—all wealth, for thee!
What's Poverty? Oh let me think her but a name,
She cannot quench Love's pure and ardent flame;
Not Winter's snows, nor Summer's fervid heat
Can Julia change, nor Love less fondly beat:
Come to my bosom then, rest ever there,
All ills, with Love, must Julia learn to bear."

She ceas'd—her blooming lips confess'd the truth
For Julia never lov'd another youth!
Her costly gems, that were a nation's pride,
With unaffected joy she laid aside;
Untwin'd the roses from her golden hair
And fragrant lilies, that perfum'd the air;
Then call'd on Poverty to come and take
Her silken robes, for treasur'd Love's dear sake.
Thus unadorn'd, more lovely she appear'd,
But not to Love was Julia more endear'd,
Ungrateful boy, he wing'd his ariel flight,
For Poverty, she came that very night
To visit Julia,—"I am come," cried she,
"Julia, I come thy constant guest to be.

"But where is Love," said Julia with a tear,
"Why love is flown, for Poverty is here."*

"Now what do you think of Madame de Valmont," cried Chandois Queensbury, "an authoress is better known by her writings than in herself, because she is there not confined to veil her thoughts, or disguise her heart."

"I am charmed with Madame de Valmont's poetry," said Trelawney, "there is unquestionably a great deal of taste displayed in this little beautiful composition.

"It is really more tolerable than one half of the common-place poetry. I confess," said Lady Glenthorpe; "well, to-morrow I shall see your so greatly admired favorite, Lady Catherine; and shall consequently judge for myself."

"I will do myself the honor of accompanying your Ladyship to Madame de Valmont," said Lady Catherine.

"Do so, my love, and come early," answered Lady Glenthorpe, whose sole motive for wishing to see Madame de Valmont was curiosity, the natural incentive of the whole sex.

"I assure you she has not one atom of affectation, although she is so clever," observed Lady Frances, "has she, Mr. Chandois Queensbury?"

"Did your Ladyship ever know an affected woman to possess any amiable or virtuous quality?" answered Mr. Chandois Queensbury. "I am certain you never did, my dear Lady Frances; for of all the offensive weeds that are apt to spring up in a young mind, and to oppress its better fruits, in my opinion, affectation is the most destructive, for wherever it takes root, the love of truth and nature unavoidably perish, and I have always known that artifice and insincerity usurp their place. They are qualities so infinitely odious, so perfectly the opposite to all that is amiable or deserving of confidence, that if a lady had an aversion to being beloved, she could not in my idea find a more effectual antidote."

"When you have done preaching, we will adjourn," said Lady Catherine, with one of those sportive smiles which it is impossible to feel angry with, even though the lips pronounce unpleasant

* The above poetic tale was written, by the author at the early period of fifteen years.

truths. "Come Fanny, we have been truants to-day with a witness,—how Honoria will lecture us, and Sydney will rate us. Shall we see you, ladies in the evening? A private concert you know is no extraordinary affair at Valencia Lodge, we shall be proud to see you without ceremony;" and looking at Henry, Lady Catherine curtsied with modest grace, "my father, Sir, as the guest of the Earl of Fitzosbourne and Mr. Trelawney, will be happy to add you to the number of his friends, should you honor us with your company."

Henry bowed, and modestly said, he was solely at the disposal of the friends who so highly honored him with their kindness, of which he should ever be proud to be considered worthy; and never did Henry Clarendale acquit himself with so much becoming propriety or grace.

Lady Glenthorpe to Lady Catherine's invitation made a sort of a half promise, that she would attend, in which she was strongly seconded by Lady Alexina, who was determined that she would go any where sooner than stay at home all the evening; for whom the society of the elegant and handsome Henry had but little charms. She admired herself too much to bestow any admiration on another; and Henry was too grave and sedate to please her Ladyship's gay and volatile fancy. Lady Alexina loved trifles light as air, and she derived more pleasure in caressing her little favorite marmozet, than she did in listening to the most polished or refined conversation whatever.

Lady Catherine and Lady Frances now arose to depart, giving a seat in their carriage to Chandois Queensbury, who, notwithstanding the little contradictory debates which passed so frequently between him and his fair mistress, it was very plainly to be seen, was making considerable progress in her good opinion.

Lady Catherine was by no means insensible to the good qualities of her eccentric lover; while Chandois Queensbury bowed in secret to the shrine he adored.—They were formed for each other: they both loved intellectual acquirements, and could have lived as happy in the humble cot, had their stars so predicted, as they would be under the roof of gilded palaces. They delighted in the exercises of benevolent propensities; and delighted most when unseen, in performing charitable actions,—and they were attracted to

each other on the discovery of the similarity of their dispositions. Chandois Queensbury thought Lady Catherine Belmont a ministering angel, and she thought the young philosopher greatly superior to the rest of mankind, of whom she had formed no very favorable opinion;—unconsciously therefore, these two very strange eccentric beings became deeply enamored, before they were sensible of the impression that love had made on their hearts.

Lady Catherine, however did not choose to acknowledge it, and Chandois Queensbury had never confessed that he loved her; and as there did not appear any rival to torment him, day after day passed without any explanation on either side.

Henry and Trelawney, highly gratified with the morning's treat they had been witness to, in the conversation of the ladies, retired to their respective chambers to dress.

As also did Lady Glenthorpe and Lady Alexina; the latter, however, went no further than her aunt's dressing room, where, throwing her arms in the most coaxing manner round her neck she exclaimed,—

"Only think of those tormenting creatures coming to dun us for money, aunty; do you know, I had much difficulty to keep from laughing, when I heard Lady Catherine ask for your six guineas to pay down for the subscription, it was so funny,—was it not aunt? And all the while I knew you could not muster up one shilling;—how comical."

"It was extremely distressing, and provokingly malicious of the pert creature. I assure you, my dear, I thought I should have expired with confusion," answered Lady Glenthorpe, glancing towards the mirror with dismay and perfect fright, which actually reflected her Ladyship's complexion paler than usual, in consequence of the conflict which her feelings had that morning sustained. "Heavens, Alexina, do I not look perfectly hideous,—I must summons Flounce immediately, I would not look ugly to day for the universe."

"But how can you help it?" said her good-natured niece, with a provoking smile.

"Do I really look ugly," said Lady Glenthorpe, surveying herself a second time in the glass.

"No, as handsome as ever," said the flattering girl, with an additional kiss.

"Do I, my angel?" said the now highly gratified, vain, and ridiculous old beauty, in the most pleasant humor imaginable; and this was exactly the point that Lady Alexina wished to bring her to, for the purpose of having her curiosity, now on the utmost stretch, satisfied. This was the precise and lucky moment, and Lady Alexina was resolved not to lose it, she therefore, suddenly exclaimed,—

"For heaven's sake, aunty, where did you get the six guineas you paid to Lady Catherine Belmont for your subscription this morning? I positively never was so astonished in all my life, as when I saw so much money in your hands; for you may remember we had to borrow some silver of Flounce only yesterday, to pay the perfumer when he brought us our cream of roses."

Lady Glenthorpe thus questioned by her darling, knew that she had no alternative but to tell the truth, and though she felt mortified in being obliged to acknowledge her obligations to the generous Trelawney, yet on this occasion, for the first time in her life, she did him justice.

"And did Trelawney really give you that money? My heavens, how generous,—because, aunt, you know he cannot endure you.—How comical!" said Lady Alexina, by no means sensible of the indelicate attack she was making on the feelings of her relative; but feeling, with Lady Alexina Fitzosbourne, was entirely out of the question. Nor did Lady Glenthorpe seem much pained by the observation, probably but too conscious how little indebted Trelawney was to her kindness or friendly regard.

Thus ended the confidential *tete a tete* between the two fashionable ladies, which would have inspired disgust in any other persons.

The assistance of the accommodating Mrs Flounce was now called in, to repair the faded roses on her lady's complexion, and white-wash, if possible, the drooping lilies; after which a light fantastic dress, more appropriate to sixteen than becoming to fifty, was proposed for the costume of the evening. Thus, with the external appearance of the youthful Hebe, except that here and there a tell-tale wrinkle contradicted the flattering tale, her Ladyship descended from her dressing-room to the saloon, a quarter of an hour before the dinner bell had chimed its enlivening tones, where

she again to her inexpressible delight, only encountered Henry Clarendale, who, deeply engaged in reading, did not perceive the entrance of Lady Glenthorpe, and conceiving that he was unheard by any one, repeated aloud, in a clear, melodious voice, replete with pathos and with feeling, the following beautiful lines, from the pen of COWLEY,—

"Her name was magic; tell me why?
Or, why I breathe the pensive sigh!
Alas! I know the cause too well,—
Her name I love, and dare not tell!"

"And whose name, dear enchanting Henry, dare you not reveal?" exclaimed a voice close at his elbow, "what woman is so blest as to be, at this moment, the object of your secret meditations?" cried Lady Glenthorpe, laying her beautiful arm, for beautiful it really was, softly on his shoulder.

Henry Clarendale remained spell-bound; the dazzling appearance of the whole figure of Lady Glenthorpe, which every possible art had assisted in lending charms to, and the uncommon loveliness of her person, which even at her age, could scarcely be discerned from the rosy freshness of youth, occasioned him a momentary surprise, which for an instant, together with the sentence which had escaped his lips, rendered him silent, embarrassed and confused, and stammering out a sort of awkward apology, that he had been so engaged with reading as not sooner to have perceived her Ladyship, he bowed respectfully, and immediately closed the book, retiring as he did so to a greater distance from her Ladyship than was either gratifying to her vanity, or pleasant to her feelings. The deep blushes of Henry, however, added to the extreme embarrassment into which she had thrown him, gave her some hopes, that she was, at that moment, the object of his admiration, as he was now most decidedly and passionately the object of hers. To awaken a warmer sentiment in his youthful and inexperienced bosom was now her Ladyship's serious contemplation; but she never asked what end she was eventually to accomplish if she succeeded in so doing.

Lady Glenthorpe intended to marry again;—but was Henry Clarendale a proper object to bestow her hand and fortune on?

(for Lady Glenthorpe still possessed some property.) Could she marry him, merely because his person pleased her, and become the ridicule of the whole world?—No; Lady Glenthorpe had no such intention. What then was her Ladyship's intention?—that she could not exactly tell herself; though perhaps, scandal would easily have surmised.

Meanwhile the sensation which the conduct of Lady Glenthorpe had created on the mind of Henry, was disgust, with a strong antipathy to the natural disposition she had so incautiously betrayed; nor was Henry, youthful and inexperienced as he was, in a world wholly new to him, without his suspicions of what kind of prepossession he had inspired in the breast of her Ladyship, from which he revolted with such abhorent feelings as to occasion him to address her no longer with timid or awkward embarrassment, but with conscious dignity, worthy of an honorable, chaste and delicate character, which for a while repressed the bold licentious language she had so frequently addressed to him; at the same time that he also blended with it the respect due to her exalted rank, and the sister of the Earl of Fitzosbourne, towards whom his heart beat with a gratitude the most unbounded. When at dinner the Earl informed him, that he had written to the Bishop of L——, by whom at a proper period, he would be honored with an interview, and receive his instructions.

"I have also done myself the pleasure," rejoined the Earl, "of writing to your father, and communicating to him the pleasing intelligence of your advancement."

"Oh, my Lord," cried the now agitated and transported Henry, "I cannot in words express to you my grateful acknowledgments for your Lordship's unexampled goodness. Oh, may I ever prove worthy of your distinguished favor."

The eyes of Henry were more eloquent than the words he had uttered, for they were filled with tears.

Trelawney partook of his sensations, the Earl was in excellent spirits, and the bottle circulated freely, after the ladies had retired to the drawing-room.

Henry by degrees unveiled a mind of such superior and highly gifted endowments, that the Earl, in contemplation of his bright talents, and his uncommonly fine person, imagined that he could

not have found in the whole circle of his friends or acquaintance, a more successful candidate for his favor, patronage and support.

"I purpose being present when you preach your first sermon," exclaimed the Earl; "and if you possess one half the talent of your excellent father, you will never fail of a full congregation."

Henry again bowed his thanks, and Lady Alexina, having used those arts which never failed to conquer any scruples of the Earl, persuaded him to accompany them to the Duke of Valencia's, where, after taking coffee, they soon adjourned at a very early hour.

Lady Alexina, to do her justice, was on this evening modestly attired, and looked extremely beautiful, as hanging on the arm of Trelawney she entered the concert-room at the Duke of Valencia's.

Henry, unaccustomed to the brilliant assemblage of such a company, felt a timidity he could not conquer, particularly as Lady Glenthorpe made him the exclusive object of her attention, as soon as she was seated in the rooms.

Trelawney, however, never long had his eyes off his young friend,—nor had he for the last few days that Henry had been a guest at Fitzosbourne House, been wholly blind to the bold and indelicate advances of Lady Glenthorpe towards Henry.

This, however, was no matter of surprise to Trelawney,—of Lady Glenthorpe he could suppose any thing,—nor was he in the slightest degree apprehensive of her obtaining any influence over the pure and uncontaminated principles of Henry Clarendale: she had selected the last object in the world likely to be attracted by her fascinating and seductive power, even had the heart of Henry not possessed a magnetic charm too potent to be overcome.

"Come," cried Trelawney, taking the arm of his young friend within his, and leading him to the part which was appropriated to the performance of the evening, at which was seated, as mistress of the ceremonies, the accomplished and amiable Lady Honoria Belmont;—"I must introduce you to our charming hostess." Lady Honoria rose at their approach, and gracefully curtseying to Henry, soon made him reconciled to his situation, and desired Trelawney to place his young friend in a station near the orchestra. Henry was gratified and delighted beyond expression at the

performance, which consisted of the most admired selections from some of the most approved masters,—Handel, Mozart, Mazzinghi, Storace, Kelly and Bishop.

Several performers of the highest celebrity attended, and with their united combination of talent charmed the listening throng. "What is love like," was given in the most enchanting, chaste and elegant style, by a young performer, which was encored with the most rapturous enthusiasm.

Lady Honoria, at the request of her numerous friends, now took her station at the piano-forte, and the moment her melodious voice was heard, it was felt, and vibrated on every heart, and on none more so than on the heart of Trelawney, and he felt obliged to acknowledge to himself, that however beautiful and fascinating Rosa Clarendale was, the charms of an elegant and accomplished woman, gifted with the amiable qualities of a Lady Honoria Belmont, was an object equally worthy of his admiration, though fate had destined that she never could be that of his love, unless Rosa Clarendale was no longer in existence; and even then he doubted much whether the strong, the unchangeable affection he felt for her, ever could be transferred to another person.

At the conclusion of the concert, the public performers engaged for the occasion, took their departure;—but the amateurs remained, and by their charming efforts tended much to the enjoyment of this truly delightful evening.

Delightful to all but Lady Alexina Fitzosbourne and Lady Glenthorpe,—they longed for cards, and in the absence of the Earl, who had retired with the Duke and some social friends, to an adjoining apartment, actually sat down to a rubber at whist, at a guinea a rubber; not before Lady Alexina, however, slightly asked Trelawney if he had any objection, to which he coldly answered,—

"Had my inclinations been consulted, Lady Alexina would not now have thought it necessary to ask my opinion."

"Nonsense," cried Lady Alexina, "you don't ask my opinion about music, and all that."

"The reason is obvious," said Trelawney, with a forced smile, "because if I did, you would probably not understand it."

"Thank you for your compliment, Mr. Graveairs," replied Lady

Alexina, with all the silly child in her manner, and which was so habitual to her that she could not shake it off; "but may I play, cross-patch?'

"Certainly, if you cannot exist without cards,"cried Trelawney, "you must consequently have them. But remember, Lady Alexina Fitzosbourne, I caution you against debts,—debts of honor, which I will never again discharge. Therefore go, trifler,—but pray be cautious."

Away tripped the thoughtless Alexina, too happy to think of any thing but what was trumps, and that she had obtained even Trelawney's permission to indulge herself in an amusement in which the happiness of such a superior being as her generous and amiable destined husband, was not to be put in competition.

It is no wonder that Trelawney turned in disgust from the volatile Alexina, to gaze on the serene and placid countenance of the interesting and accomplished Lady Honoria, whom taste, judgment, feeling and polished elegance, combined to render fascinating beyond description.

"Well, Henry," cried Trelawney, "how have you been entertained with the amusements of the evening;—and what is your opinion of the Duke's amiable family?"

"Charming beyond expression,' exclaimed Henry, with undisguised warmth; "but that sweet, interesting young lady, to whom you introduced me at the commencement of the concert, is an angel. Oh Trelawney, how unlike a cetrain personage who sits at no great distance from us; pardon me, but I could not help thinking, as I gazed on her mild and intelligent blue eyes, so full of sensibility and engaging sweetness, that had fate assigned such a woman to you——"

"I should not be insensible of her value, cried Trelawney," wishing to get rid of the subject as speedily as possible.

And they were now joined by Lord Sydney Belmont. Mr. Chandois Queensbury, and several other gentlemen of nobility and fashion.

The hour now growing late, Lady Alexina, observing the entrance of her father into the rooms, suddenly arose, and quitted the card table, not without having won considerably, which put her into the most lively spirits imaginable; and running up to Lady

Honoria and Trelawney, who were deeply engaged in most interesting conversation, she demanded to know, what they had done with the handsome young parson.

"If your Ladyship means Mr. Henry Clarendale, he is close beside you," cried Trelawney, and fearing that Lady Alexina would further expose herself in this respectable company, he gently took her arm and led her to the Earl, who was making enquiries both for her and Lady Glenthorpe; and as he conducted her to the carriage, she made him promise secrecy about the rubber at whist.

"You won't tell papa, that's a good soul," cried Lady Alexina.

"I never disclose, if possible, what I am ashamed to confess," uttered Trelawney;—and the carriage instantly proceeded to Grosvenor Square.

CHAPTER XXVI.

Letter from Lady Glenthorpe to Henry Clarendale, and his reply to her Ladyship;—Trelawney's visit to Elm Grove.

Not many days after the preceding period, which had passed in a sort of quiet rotation at Fitzosbourne House, the Earl was favored with the most satisfactory letter from the Bishop of L——, respecting the presentation of Henry Clarendale; and honored with a visit from the Bishop himself. Such is the power of affluence:—and in less than six weeks the most rapid progress had been made towards his advancement, and such testimonials obtained from the College, and laid before the Bishop, that the ordinance was expected daily; when he would enter into holy orders, and be received as one duly prepared for the pious station he was about to fill, and every way suited to the sacred functions he would be called upon most religiously to discharge. In the meanwhile, a letter had arrived from the pastor to Lord Fitzosbourne, which could only be felt by such a father as Mr. Clarendale; containing sentiments of the most grateful and devoted acknowledgments for

the distinguished favor, and the flattering patronage, which his Lordship had so liberally and condescendingly bestowed on his son; in short, there were some parts of the pastor's letter which volumes could not have expressed more to the purpose, or have conveyed more forcibly to the mind of the Earl, that they were the sentiments of a good man, an estimable father, and a pious and unaffected christian; nor was the letter of Mr. Clarendale read without tears by the Earl.

By the same post Trelawney also was favored with his correspondence, and received the following very kind letter from the pastor, in answer to his own, which had enclosed the draft for five hundred pounds:—

"I do not reject your kind gift, my amiable and generous young friend, because I am well aware it would pain your affectionate heart by my so doing; but the excess of your unbounded liberality both distresses and, shall I own it, displeases me, Trelawney,—It is a strange term to one whom I love and venerate so highly,—yet, Trelawney displeases me by displaying a munificence which, to frequently exercised, may prove injurious to himself.

"I do not say, that your gift is not welcome, or that I have no uses or present wants for appropriating the sum of money your generosity has bestowed.

"No, Trelawney, I have ever been averse to that silly and ridiculous pride which would not honestly confess, to a real and undisguised warm-hearted friend, the poverty of my fortunes,—to which honest confession, perhaps, I have been prompted when I looked at my wife and children, and beheld how inadequate were my means of contributing to their comfort and support.

"But shall I, therefore, be ungrateful to Providence, because riches have not fallen to my lot; which, probably, if I possessed I should not be half so happy as I am at the present moment. No, my dear Trelawney, I am content, for I have abundant riches in the happiness I enjoy in the contemplation of the happiness of my children.

"I beheld my Henry like a tree rich in full and luxuriant blossom, have I any right to despair that the fruits will not arrive at perfection, have I not every reason to hope for it, and to rely

on the yet further blessings of Almighty Providence? No, surely Trelawney, I will not yield me to despondency, which at my age, my young friend, would be more highly censurable than at yours —for my career in this mortal pilgrimage will soon be over, and that I am silently, though progressively, stealing on my journey to "that bourne from whence no traveller returns," leaving far behind that state of mortal suffering which even in its best property is but perishable and uncertain, to that which endureth for ever, and is everlasting felicity.

"But do not imagine, my dear and amiable young friend, that this thought is accompanied in any degree with gloomy or melancholy reflections, or that I am desirous of imparting to your youthful, animated and susceptible bosom any portion of inquietude, so as to make you despairing or out of humour with worldly destiny; no, I would rather inspire you with cheerful prospects, and encourage you to hope that if at any period you should not fully be in possession of this world's peace, to look for that which this world cannot give, and therefore cannot deprive you of.

"I have already said, that my wishes have met their full accomplishment in beholding my Henry all I would fondly have anticipated, even before he saw the light;—and do I not behold my Rebecca happy; like a sweet blushing rose, has she not flourished on her parent tree, till gathered by the hand which will not fail to cherish her virtues, and nourish her like a tender plant beneath the genial sun of fostering care and affection.

"If my heart contains one uneasy sensation which is not also accompanied by pleasure, it is when that heart throbs for my Rosa,—my tender nestling yet unprovided for, who doubly claims a father's care, because she is precisely of that age and temperature, both of mind and disposition, most likely to be fettered by thorns; and shall I confess my weakness to you, a father's weakness? Over this child have I watched with peculiar tenderness, and fancied, (but perhaps it was an improper thought,) that owing to her extreme sensibility, of which she early betrayed an abundant share, that she would be visited by more misfortune than the rest of my children. She was an infant of uncommon beauty, I do not remember ever to have seen a child so sweetly engaging as my Rosa; but she could not bear severity like other children; an

angry look or an unkind word would break her little heart; but if forgiven, smiles of transcendant beauty would instantly overspread her lovely countenance, and with the tears hardly yet dry upon her cheek, she would eagerly fly to the maternal bosom, and almost dissolve in kisses.

"Oh Trelawney, this sensibility has continued in my child, and I fear will never leave her; when she forms attachments they will be lasting, nor quit her till the last sigh parts from her languid frame.

"I cannot add another word on this subject, therefore, spare me,—and if you can find any meaning to what my words allude, when I speak of Rosa, let honor urge you to be silent, and prudence dictate to you how necessary that a separation should eternally take place between Tanjore Trelawney and Rosa Clarendale.

"Let us therefore, dear Trelawney, close this subject for ever.

"My dear and amiable Fanny is again restored to the blessings of health, her heart is with you, Trelawney, she is not insensible to the kindness you have loaded us with, she esteems and duly honors her friend and benefactor, and the friend of her children.

"By this day's post I have written to the Earl of Fitzosbourne, and while my heart swells with the most lively gratitude towards him, for the great and manifold service he has conferred upon my son; I cannot avoid a sigh, sacred to the memory of my departed friend, poor Mr. Etheridge,—he was a good man,—what more shall I say to illustrate his character?—He possessed not shining talent, but his virtues shone brightly on the face of humanity,—peace to his manes.

"Your intended departure from England, my beloved young friend, grieves me most sensibly, because it does not appear to me to be a matter wherein your domestic happiness is materially concerned.

"To offer you counsel on such a circumstance, would in me be both impertinent and absurd,—as it would seem to doubt your understanding and your feeling. Whatever may be your aim or your views in this expectation, I can only say, that you possess my sincere wishes for their full accomplishment, and that peace

which "passeth all understanding" may eventually preserve and keep you safely, is, and ever will be the constant prayer of

"Yours most faithfully,

William Henry Clarendale.

To Tanjore Trelawney.

The sensations which Trelawney experienced in reading this very long and explicit letter of the pastor's was a mixture of painful and pleasurable feelings, hard to be described; but when he came to that part where Rosa was mentioned, it staggered his inmost resolutions, either of fortitude or philosophy.

The affecting manner in which her father had described the darling of his heart, and the delicacy with which he had touched on their mutual attachment, which it appeared was now no matter of surprise or astonishment to the pastor, all operated so powerfully on his feelings, that Trelawney, bursting into tears, for a few moments indulged the weakness he could not wholly conquer.

"And can Rosa Clarendale be destitute while Trelawney lives?" repeated Trelawney, as he folded up the pastor's letter, after having perused it a second time with great attention;—"Can that angel want, while this fond and faithful heart yet pulsates with the warm breath of life?—Can Rosa feel the piercing and the withering blast of chilling poverty; or ever want comfort and protection; while Trelawney——" Trelawney sighed, and paused at the painful, the insupportable reflection, that from him Rosa could not receive protection, that by him, though destitute, her necessities could not be supplied, with that strict and delicate propriety which both his own and her situation demanded.

There was such a thing as conferring benefits, however, in time of need to a dear friend, without making known from whom such benefits came, and on this plan Trelawney resolved, should Rosa ever be in actual need of relief;—when her parents should probably be no more, then, like a guardian angel, would he hover over her destiny, as the fond mother watches sleeping innocence, with pure and hallowed thought,—the guardian of youth, innocence and beauty, in the form of man, man the destroyer and the bane of helpless woman. . . . . .

This indeed, was saying much for Trelawney—was not Trelawney superior very superior to the generality of his whole sex,

Lost in meditations, not altogether unpleasing, Trelawney heard not the gentle tap of Henry Clarendale at the door of his dressing-room, which at length being repeated, he arose and instantly admitted his amiable young friend, on whose countenance he discovered traces of excessive agitation, with deep and poignant concern; he held a letter in his hand, which pale and trembling, he presented to Trelawney;—who, with astonishment and disgust, read the following words:—

"Beware, thou too cold and insensate youth,—beware, proud, disdainful Henry, how you presume a second time to slight the passion you have inspired in the bosom of the fond Louisa.

"Did you think me in jest when I last night confessed there was but one object in existence whom I would ever again in marriage make the master of my destiny,

"Were you blind, bewitching Henry, to your own perfections, that your heart could not once whisper it was yourself?

"My hand, my fortune, my exalted rank, and my person, all are yours; accept them, lovely Henry, and fear not that my brother will disapprove of my union.

"No,—the Earl will then raise you to an eminence beyond your most sanguine expectations; reflect on this and be wise,—I have still youth and am considered to possess beauty.

"Reject me, and you render me your poisonous and most determined enemy—marry me, and I will be your slave.

"*Louisa.*"

When Trelawney finished reading this very extraordinary epistle, the first excitement he felt was to indulge in the most immoderate fit of laughter; at length, when he could recover his gravity, he passionately exclaimed,

"Defend me, kind cupid, from all shafts shot from arrows such as these;—here is love with a witness;—why, Henry, I always thought this woman vicious, but I never conceived her to be a fool, which were she to marry you she would most decidedly be, to all intents and purposes."

"And pray, my dear Sir, in that case what appellation might be bestowed on your humble servant," said Henry.

To which Trelawney replied,—"Unquestionably an ass.

What would I give now to be able to conjure this tender billet-doux into the hands of Mary Bradbury, and all the while she was devouring the contents, for you and I, Henry, to be stationed close at the dear girl's elbow."

This observation crimsoned the face of Henry in a moment, and a pensive expression stole over his countenance, which Trelawney remarking, he endeavored to rally his spirits, and exclaimed,—

"Why, Henry, why so serious,—surely you can have nothing to fear from Mary?"

"I was not thinking of Mary, Mr. Trelawney, returned Henry, but with some embarrassment.

To which Trelawney, laughing, replied,—"Oh, fie, Henry, you are now telling a fib; and expect truly, that I am to believe you. Not think of Mary? You could not help thinking of her for your existence."

"Indeed at the present moment, my thoughts are differently employed," said Henry, "on a much more disagreeable subject. I beseech you, my good Sir, to favor me with your advice, respecting this foolish letter of Lady Glenthorpe's; she is the Earl's sister, and were she not so, I should be extremely sorry,—nay, it would be entirely repugnant to my feelings or inclination, to offer any personal reflections to a Lady, yet I feel compelled to the necessity of replying to her Ladyship's letter in that sort of way that will not subject me ever again to receive another of the same description; instruct me how I am to proceed, for I really feel shocked at the want of delicacy she has throughout the whole of her conduct to me so wantonly betrayed."

"Delicacy!" echoed Trelawney, "delicacy in Lady Glenthorpe; you might as well expect to find honesty in thieves; she has not one atom of delicacy in her whole composition,—but a truce to my badinage, Henry, I mean to be serious, while I offer you my instructions on the present occasion; she is a dangerous, insidious, artful and vile example to her own sex, while to ours she is any thing but what she ought to be. But virtue will make her a coward at any time;—fear nothing, therefore, from her disappointed passion, her malevolence or her artifice, but sit down instantly and answer her epistle,—here is pen, ink and paper, do it without delay lest she may suppose, that you remain undecided, and that she may entertain a hope where there is none."

Henry sat down according to Trelawney's bidding, and having taken the pen in his hand, remained for a few moments in the most awkward embarrassment, at length he stammered out, in some confusion, as Trelawney could not help smiling at his perplexity,—

"I should be extremely sorry to offend her Ladyship,—the obligations I am under to the Earl, her brother, renders, I confess, my present task extremely painful;—Lord Fitzosbourne has been so very kind, so condescending, that——"

Poor Henry's eyes were now filled with tears, and Trelawney felt for his situation.

"But, admitting that his Lordship has been so very kind to you, Henry," observed Trelawney, "and I do not mean to infer that he has not, it is not absolutely necessary on that consideration, that you are to be forced into a marriage with his sister, who is reasonably old enough to be your mother, and were she not so, would render you miserable to the end of your existence."

This speech, uttered with unusual gravity by Trelawney, produced the desired effect on the agitated feelings of his young friend, who exclaimed,—

"I marry Lady Glenthorpe? surely, my dear Sir, you cannot be serious in forming such a conjecture;—I who have never yet entertained the slightest thought on such a subject."

"Not in your dreams Henry? when the form of Mary has occasionally floated across your imagination?—Well, I acknowledge that you have been a philosopher, indeed."

Henry was hardly proof against the raillery of his benefactor, but with a face still crimsoned with blushes, which the last remark made by Trelawney had abundantly called forth, with a trembling hand he dictated the following letter to her enamoured Ladyship:

"I beg leave to acknowledge the receipt of your Ladyship's most condescending favor, beseeching you to accept an humble offer of my gratitude, for the sentiment with which your Ladyship so greatly honors me.

"Your Ladyship's proposals are most highly flattering to me, who never had the vanity to consider myself worthy of so distinguished a preference.

"Your Ladyship's merits,—your Ladyship's beauty, can

scarcely be doubted, and I hope I have ever paid that due respect and deference to your exalted rank, which the sister of Lord Fitzosbourne must ever claim from Henry Clarendale.

"There are, however, some existing circumstances which renders an union with your Ladyship impossible, unless I could revoke my plighted faith, already given to another, who has long been in possession of my tender affections.

"And this not being consistent either with my principles as a man of integrity or honor, or with my inclinations towards the woman whom I love, your Ladyship will not surely condemn that being to unmerited severity, whom you so generally acknowledge to be the object of your regard.

"Love and hatred ought never to inhabit the same fair bosom; and may it never reign in yours.

"With the most devoted gratitude and respect, I have the honor of subscribing myself,

"Your Ladyship's most humble servant,

Henry Clarendale.

"To the Right Honorable

"Lady Glenthorpe."

"Bravo, Henry," cried Trelawney, in raptures, as soon as he had finished reading the letter, dictated with such modest truth, ingenuousness and sincerity, "I have never heard a better apology for refusing fortune to be buckled on your back. A little flattery, however, sometimes does wonders, and you cannot deny but you have given her Ladyship as much as she could reasonably have any right to expect; notwithstanding which, I fear you will have a hard matter to escape from her Ladyship's spirited attack; she will besiege you in every quarter, you may depend on it, nor do I see any remedy against the evil, which will be a growing evil, save only one."

"May I be permitted to enquire what that is?" asked Henry with some anxiety.

To which Trelawney, with the utmost degree of seriousness, replied.—

"That when you enter into holy orders, which doubtless will take place very speedily, you will find it expedient, as also convenient, to enter at the same time into the holy state of matrimony,

with the woman of your heart's dearest choice, Mary Bradbury. There is no other way, be assured, of silencing the presuming passion, and effectually curing the love-sick fancy you have inspired in the breast of Lady Glenthorpe, who, were you to continue single, will think herself at liberty perpetually to haunt you with her odious and abominable letters,—am I right or wrong, Henry ?'

Henry continued silent for a considerable length of time, a thousand delightful ideas, and all connected with his dear Mary, took possession of his imagination, for he perceived that his benefactor was serious; when Trelawney, guessing at the state of his feelings, smilingly uttered,

"Is it very polite, Henry, to keep me waiting for an answer to my question ?"

"Ah, Sir, what should I reply," cried Henry, seizing the hand of Trelawney, and pressing it to his lips, "when your kindness already anticipates all my wishes; all I can utter is, do with me what you please, dispose of me as you think proper."

"Then you consent to my arrangement with Mary Bradbury," enquired Trelawney. "I must positively see you married before I leave England, out of compassion to my dear little lively friend; a very pretty thing truly, if this Lady Glenthorpe was to rob the dear little girl of her Henry; why Mary would break her heart." Here Trelawney stole a sly glance at the glowing cheeks of the transported Henry.

"When Mary's heart is breaking, I wonder where abouts my own will be," cried Henry, with a pensive sigh.

"That's very true," answered Trelawney; "to prevent which, my dear fellow, I am resolved upon immediately joining your hands; and though I am no parson, you shall see whether I will not perform this ceremony in much less time than any parson in the world; you will naturally enquire by what means ?—I will tell you.

"In the first place I shall apply to Doctor Bradbury;—I believe, Henry, I am a tolerable favorite with the facetious old doctor."

"Oh, Sir, with whom is it that you are not a favorite ?" exclaimed Henry, in rapturous enthusiasm.

And the generous Trelawney again resumed his discourse, in the following manner,—

"I shall, secondly, apply to the rector of Kenilworth, with whom I flatter myself I possess no inconsiderable influence, and my third application shall be to Mary herself, and if the damsel grant not the suit I ask, I'll never trust to woman's heart again.—Now then, Henry, thus far, as Richard says, 'success attends upon our council,' and leave the rest to fate."

"But are you really serious, my dear Sir," enquired Henry, hardly being able to credit the evidence of his senses, that Trelawney would actually put in execution what he had designed.

"As much so as any man possibly can be in his sober senses," uttered Trelawney, "and you will say so when you see the chaise which will speedily convey me and Mungo to your father's White Cottage, and a certain little spot of ground not very far distant from thence, called Elm Grove; with which I suppose, Henry, you are tolerably well acquainted."

"There is not a blade of grass, or a leaf of a tree, which I could not number, when I have called to see Mary," said Henry, his eyes now sparkling with delight at her beloved recollection.

"Oh memory, how faithful art thou to true and constant affection," uttered Trelawney, sighing deeply at Henry's remark.

And the following morning proved the sincerity of Trelawney's intentions, for the chaise and grey horses were very soon summonsed to the door of Fitzosbourne House, by order of their master; Trelawney having previously informed the Earl, that some matter of urgent business required his immediate presence at the house of his friend Mr. Clarendale, who wished to consult him on an affair of great importance to himself and family, but that he should return to town immediately on the decision of the business in question.

"And what security do you give me, Tanjore, for your speedy return to Fitzosbourne House," cried the Earl, smiling.

"Henry Clarendale, my Lord," uttered Trelawney, returning with cordial warmth the pressure of his Lordship's hand; and the chaise instantly drove from his Lordship's door, leaving on the minds of Lady Glenthorpe and Lady Alexina, who had

witnessed its departure from the drawing-room windows, a curiosity that knew no bounds.

"Pray, Mr. Henry Clarendale, can you tell where Trelawney is gone to?" cried Lady Alexina, as Henry entered the room, followed by the Earl; "but here comes papa.—Papa, where's Tanny gone? what a provoking creature not to tell me before he jumped into the chaise."

"And not very consistent with good manners, either," cried Lady Glenthorpe, "propriety I thought had been the *forte* of Mr. Trelawney, and that propriety ought to have suggested the necessity of making Lady Alexina Fitzosbourne acquainted with all his plans."

"But if the father of Lady Alexina Fitzosbourne is already apprised of Mr. Trelawney's intentions, I presume it is sufficient," said the Earl, darting at his sister a look of extreme displeasure.

"Well, but I think it very ill-natured not to tell us where he is going," cried Lady Alexina Fitzosbourne, "I should not wonder if he is gone off altogether to those foreign parts, for he has taken that odious black creature along with him."

"What, his favorite Mungo? that is not at all surprising, my dear," resumed Lady Glenthorpe, "for I actually believe Trelawney could not exist without him."

"Well, but I am sure he shall exist without him," cried Lady Alexina, "for, do you suppose when I am married to Trelawney I will suffer that horrid creature to come into my sight; not I indeed, I cannot endure blacks, they are so frightful."

"I wish, Alexina, you would have a little common sense," said the Earl, "I am ashamed of your folly, and I beg, in the absence of Trelawney, you would not reflect on any part of his conduct, which is at all times praiseworthy and commendable! If, however, you are so desirous of knowing where he is gone, you need not be under apprehensions for his safety, for his visit is to Mr. Clarendale with whom he has some very particular business to transact, which requires his immediate attendance!"

The cheeks of Lady Glenthorpe were now tinged with a color of the deepest dye, and turning to Henry, with some confusion, she stammered out,—

"I really know not how to apologize to you, Mr. Clarendale, for the rudeness I have so unintentionally been guilty of; had I sooner known where Trelawney was making so sudden and unexpected a visit to, you cannot suppose that I should have been the first to have made any remarks on it."

"An apology to me, Lady Glenthorpe," answered the blushing Henry, "is wholly unnecessary," and bowed respectfully as he arose to quit the room.—In truth, Henry had sustained by the absence of Trelawney a severe conflict of his feelings, for though a silent spectator, he had not been an inattentive observer of the foregoing conversation, which had passed in the private and domestic circle of Lord Fitzosbourne's family; and he could easily perceive, that rancor and malevolence were the leading features of Lady Glenthorpe's character, while in that of Lady Alexina Fitzosbourne it was childish folly and affectation, without an atom of one amiable requisite to render it less disgusting.—The very remark she had made on the poor negro, the faithful and attached follower of his master, proved her to be divested either of feeling or understanding! All therefore that Lady Alexina was in possession of, was beauty, and even that beauty was not calculated to please one half of mankind; she was too full blown a rose, to attract the true combination of taste, delicacy or sensibility, and of all others the least likely to attract Trelawney, with whom it was impossible for a woman to possess a form of too delicate a texture, provided it did not partake of an unhealthy temperature, and according to his idea of female beauty, to be truly feminine was to be truly lovely.

It is no wonder the little sylph like Rosa, whose form resembled that of Ariel in the Tempest, and whose step, light as the gossamer, should so strongly have called forth his admiration, or bound his senses in fascination; when it is recollected that Rosa, with such a form, possessed also a face of the most expressive beauty! every feature seemed tipped with more than mortal energy. The rosy blush, the love beaming eye, the dimpled mouth, all moved together in perfect combination, and rendered her at once the most fascinating creature in existence!

Trelawney, however much as he loved her, could yet perceive that Rosa Clarendale, angel as she was, wanted acquirements,

which in the humble retirement she lived it was impossible for her easily to gain; he impatiently longed to behold her the accomplished being that Lady Honoria Belmont was; and he determined that she should be so, if money, if wealth could purchase the means of her being rendered so; while he was absent from England, he resolved to furnish Mr. Clarendale with such supplies, that Rosa's education should want no polish to render it complete, and in no way neglected; and almost during the whole of his journey to Kenilworth, Trelawney pondered over the sudden and newly arranged plan, which with the business he had to accomplish for Henry nearly kept him till he arrived to the last stage of his journey, when he was interrupted in one of his most pleasing reveries by the sudden appearance of Mungo, who opening the chaise door, while the postillion stopped his horses, exclaimed in the most rapturous accents,—

"Massa, massa, dere be Turnpike-house, me so glad to see it, massa, Mungo no hardly able to speak!"

"So it appears," cried Trelawney putting his head out of the chaise window, "for you are out of breath already; well, have you stopped the chaise to tell me this, you silly fellow?"—

"No, massa, no!" answered Mungo, "me no stop chaise! post boy him want to know where massa go, him pull-up his horses."

"Tell him to drive on to the house of Doctor Bradbury without a moment's delay," cried Trelawney to the astonished and disappointed Mungo, "and then I shall send you back with the horses to Mr. Wiggins'."

Mungo hardly being able to credit what he heard, much less for this unexpected arrangement, was nevertheless obliged to obey his master's bidding. The postillion obeyed his order, and in a quarter of an hour, Trelawney beheld himself within sight of Elm Grove; not wishing to surprise the family however at so late an hour suddenly, he dismissed the chaise at the end of the doctor's plantations, and desiring Mungo to order a bed at the Turnpike house, sent him off with the chaise, while he measured his way, with no inconsiderable emotion, towards the paternal roof of Mary Bradbury; a slight rap at the door announced his approach, which in a few moments was opened, not by one of the doctor's domestics (and he kept but two) but by Mary Bradbury herself!

"How late you are father," cried Mary, as she was unclosing the door, "Elizabeth and I have had our night caps on this hour."

"Never so late but welcome," exclaimed Trelawney, popping his head in at the door, as Mary opened it and he gently caught her in his arms, in the affectionate manner that a brother would have clasped to his heart a beloved sister, from which, however, Mary, without one atom of affectation, as gently disengaged herself, having uttered an involuntary exclamation of surprise and pleasure at his unexpected arrival! and casting at him a look of anxiety which she could not suppress, hoped that all was well under the roof of Fitzosbourne House.

"Yes," cried Trelawney, "dear girl, and your Henry is well too; but come, Mary, admit me instantly to your father and mother, for be assured my business to Elm Grove is of no trifling import, and requires immediate dispatch."

"But surely you are not going away to night, Trelawney," said Mary, with a reproachful look, as much as to say if she dared to have done it, and without seeing Rosa, but Mary had the prudence to be silent, and in a few moments Trelawney found himself in the presence of Mrs. Bradbury and Elizabeth, who expressed the most unaffected joy at beholding him.

"I expect Doctor Bradbury every moment from his nightly visit to our dear friends at the White Cottage," cried Mrs. Bradbury; "Oh, Mr. Trelawney, how thankful are we to Providence for having restored that dear and valuable woman to her family, what a loss her children would have sustained in her; and the pastor! our poor pastor, how would my heart have bled for him!"

"It is true Madam, that the loss would have been irreparable," answered Trelawney, "some anxiety however would have been spared to the feelings of my excellent friend, for his children, the amiable Rebecca, you know, can't want the protection of her father, and Henry will soon be provided for beyond his most sanguine expectations."

"And the dear little Rosa would have remained his sole comfort," cried Mrs. Bradbury, but she could not have made a more unfortunate observation for depressing the spirits of Trelawney.

"The dear little Rosa," uttered he and sighing deeply "can ever want protection while,——"but recollecting how improper

it was to indulge in the distant glances at Rosa, he hesitated and paused, which Mary instantly remarking, as quickly relieved his embarrassment by suddenly informing him that there was another wedding to take place in the village at the beginning of the ensuing week.

"Any friend of yours, Miss Mary?" enquired Trelawney, turning as pale as ashes.

"Ask my sister," cried Mary, and resting his eyes on the blushing cheeks of Elizabeth Bradbury, soon perceived that the fair bride was not very far distant.

"Don't believe her, Mr. Trelawney," cried Elizabeth, "you know she is the most tormenting and tantalizing creature in existence."

"And notwithstanding her sly insinuation, I have every reason to expect that her turn will come next," said Trelawney, fixing his eyes with peculiar expression on the surprised countenance of Mrs. Bradbury and for which Mary herself could in no manner account.

Mrs. Bradbury now prevailed on Trelawney to take some refreshment, and while it was preparing, she entered more intimately and minutely into the purport of Trelawney's kind visit to Elm Grove, in the absence of her daughters, who had both run into the kitchen to get something in readiness for the supper of their respected guest.

Trelawney on some enquiries made by the fond mother of Henry Clarendale, had dropped a hint quite sufficient to prove his kind intentions of coming to Elm Grove, and Mrs. Bradbury was in a delighful flutter of spirits, when the doctor, with his usual impatience, knocked loudly for admittance; but on his entrance to his little parlor, no words can do justice to the doctor's surprise and astonishment, when he perceived whom he had the honor of saluting as his guest closely seated beside Mrs. Bradbury, and in a familiar conversation with her.

"Angels and ministers of grace, defend us!" vociferated he, extending at the same instant both his arms in a theatrical attitude towards Trelawney, whom he most cordially embraced, and when he had a little recovered from his surprise, he exclaimed; "Bless my soul, this puts me in mind of the Agreeable Surprise, Mrs.

Bradbury, you remember my performing the part of Lingo at our school during the vacation, when a great tall rawboned gigantic boy stepped into the petticoats of the pretty Cowslip, and spoiled the whole of the entertainment, by putting the company completely in a roar of laughter. And to what my dear Mr. Tanjore Trelawney," cried the doctor, seating himself on a chair next to Trelawney, and betraying at the same moment the utmost curiosity, "to what accident, for I must suppose it is an accident, but no matter, I am not very nice in my words, though my meaning is excellent, have I the unspeakable pleasure of beholding you at Elm Grove; where you are so entirely welcome that I hope you will deem no apology necessary for it's poor accommodation. Well, but do tell us the news. How are lords, how are ladies, how is Harry; lucky dog! mount the pulpit without climbing a ladder to get at it. But zounds, Mrs. Bradbury, do you mean to starve Mr. Trelawney, now he has favored us with the honor of his company; is this the reception you give your friends, Mrs. Bradbury, upon my soul I am ashamed of you? where are Molly and Betty, why don't they come and give Mr. Trelawney something to eat?'

All this the doctor had actually uttered in one breath, to the no small amusement of Trelawney, at the moment that Mary entered the room with a delicate chicken, nicely boiled, some ham and some tarts, which were quickly spread on the table, and the doctor having fairly watched Trelawney till he began to swallow a few mouthfuls, ran down into the cellar to fetch a bottle of brown stout and some Madeira, desiring Mary to sing in his absence the favourite Scotch ballad of

> "Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
> And never brought to mind."

with which request, however, Mary certainly did not comply; and when the doctor returned from ransacking his cellar for the very best wine it could afford, both his daughters had very suddenly disappeared and had retired to their chamber, by the express command of their mother, and the earnest petition of Trelawney, who had intimated, in a sly whisper to Mrs. Bradbury, that his communications to Doctor Bradbury and herself were of such a particular nature as to render the absence of the young ladies an indispensible ceremony.

"Where's my gypsey Mary?" cried the Doctor, entering with a basket well stocked with bottles, and being informed by Mrs. Bradbury that the girls were gone to bed, and why she had so suddenly sent them, the doctor was fully satisfied, and having prevailed on Trelawney to swallow a bumper of Madeira, very cordially drank to his health, and sat down with the strongest symptoms of curiosity to attend to the communications which Trelawney appeared so anxious to give. And Henry Clarendale having been introduced in the foregoing conversation, the doctor could not be silent on his merits, any more than his benefactor, acknowledging that he had always thought him the finest young fellow in existence.

"And is this your real opinion of Henry Clarendale, Doctor Bradbury?" said Trelawney, with some apparent agitation.

"My real opinion!" echoed the doctor, "I tell you, Mr. Trelawney, that I never had but one opinion respecting Harry Clarendale! Zounds, have I not known him from his earliest infancy, were not him and his lovely sisters, my pretty fair Beckey and my little darling Rosa, exactly like bean blossoms, all growing on the same beauteous stalk; did I not always tell you, Mrs. Bradbury, that Harry would make a man of his father; please to understand me rightly, Mr. Trelawney, some sons make boys of their fathers, nay, they do not scruple to make them asses before they have done with them; and as I was observing, I never had such an opinion of Harry Clarendale."

"I am the more rejoiced," said Trelawney, "as it will doubtless give you no small pleasure, to hear of the rapid rise in his good fortune."

"I have heard it all," said the doctor, "I was with my old friend when he received the letter from Lord Fitzosbourne, and Lord help me, if I had not held my snuff-colored pocket handkerchief luckily to my eyes, I should have caught the infection from the whole family,—for there was not a dry eye left in the White Cottage;—I assure you, I began to tremble for my patient, poor Mrs. Clarendale, who was hardly recovered from her fever; what is this all about? said I, in my usual blustering manner,—you know my manner, Mr. Trelawney; 'Here,' said my old friend, thrusting his Lordship's letter into my hand, 'read this, Bradbury,

and judge of the feelings of a father;'—well, I did read it, and more than once I felt for my snuff colored pocket handkerchief; hang it, thought I, I wont cry neither, I hate crying, when a laugh is so much more pleasant to one's feelings, so what do you think I did?—I made my old friend almost as cheerful as myself; we got round the fireside in the old oak parlor, and made Phil and Beckey tell us all about the fine sights they had seen in London; this, and a few bottles of brown stout, concluded the evening."

The doctor now took a little time to breathe; and Trelawney, —more entertained than he had been for many a weary day since he had last beheld the doctor's hospitable mansion, and delighted with the genuine good humor and unsophisticated manners of nature, so truly and honestly pourtrayed,—exclaimed, taking from his pocket the letter of Lady Glenthorpe, addressed to Henry, to which was affixed a copy of his own, and spreading them wide on the table,—

"Well, Doctor Bradbury, it now remains for me to inform you of another part of Henry's good fortune, with which you are entirely unacquainted, and at which no doubt you will be equally rejoiced; what say you to his having actually received overtures of marriage from the Countess of Glenthorpe, Lord Fitzosbourne's sister?"

"Say," said the astonished and almost petrified Doctor Bradbury, and in so great a tremor that he could hardly sit on his chair? "say, Mr. Trelawney, that if Harry Clarendale marries her, I shall instantly revoke my good opinion of him, and say he has acted like the greatest scoundrel in existence."

"Why so?" enquired Trelawney, with apparent coolness.

"Because," said the doctor, now rising and pacing the room with hasty strides, "because I always thought he loved my Mary."

"And so did I, I am sure," said Mrs. Bradbury, with a faultering voice, "but riches and high birth have rivalled my poor Mary;" and the fond mother, disappointed and stung to the soul by the supposed ingratitude and apostacy of Henry, burst into an agony of tears which Trelawney could no longer withstand; he could have found in his heart to have besieged the doctor for a little longer; but a mother's tears were too much for him, he therefore exclaimed, turning to the enraged doctor,—

"And supposing Henry had been true to Mary,—supposing he had even sent me down here to intercede with his father and you, to grant him your joint consents to marry Mary to-morrow morning, would you, Doctor Bradbury, have consented to this arrangement?"

"Would I not?" uttered the doctor, some gleam of hope brightening his countenance, "would a father not wish to make his child happy? oh, Mr. Trelawney, if you were a father you would not ask me such a question."

"I can stand this no longer," said Trelawney, "though I am not a father, you shall ever find me respect the feelings of one. Doctor Bradbury, by that immaculate power that now looks down on truth and innocence, and by all the chaste ties of tender and honorable affection, Henry Clarendale does love, and will marry——"

"Whom?" cried the doctor and Mrs. Bradbury, almost in the same breath.

"Your Mary," uttered Trelawney,—"Mary Bradbury!" and Mrs. Bradbury instantly fainted in the arms of her transported husband.

CHAPTER XXVII.

Trelawney's overtures for the Marriage of Henry Clarendale and Mary Bradbury, and proposed liberality on that occasion.

PROGRESSIVELY had the clock of Elm Grove responded the hours of one, two and three, and still found the doctor, his amiable wife, (who soon recovered her sensibility,) and Trelawney in close consultation on the most proper and expedient mode of forwarding the union of Henry and Mary beyond the power of any earthly tie to dissolve it; and the doctor having given his free and unlimited consent, and Trelawney having as joyfully obtained his sanction, that Henry was at full liberty to come and claim his affianced bride, whenever matters could be brought to bear, for their nuptials to take place. The doctor after having commended greatly the

prudent letter of Henry to Lady Glenthorpe, and the generous and honorable acknowledgement he had made of his regard for Mary, resolved that he should go over to the White Cottage at a very early hour for the pastor, and bring him to Elm Grove, for the purpose of consulting him on the present very important crisis of affairs; Trelawney having previously declared, that he could not personally wait on Mr. Clarendale, for reasons most weighty to himself, and of consequence to his friends, and that he should probably leave Kenilworth and return to town the ensuing evening without once paying a visit to the White Cottage, the former scene of so much enjoyment and uninterrupted repose and rationality.

Trelawney did not declare this intention without betraying a considerable degree of agitation, which was fully expressed in his intelligent countenance; Mrs. Bradbury, as she responded a sigh in silent sympathy to the sorrows of their amiable and generous benefactor, felt most keenly for his peculiarly unfortunate destiny, in being attached to a tenderly beloved object, from whom imperious honor compelled him to fly, lamenting most poignantly as she entered into the nature of his present misfortune,—(for surely it is a misfortune to love those from whom we are obliged to be separated,) that he whose sole and unremitting delight and study was to render others happy, was in himself miserable.

Doctor Bradbury, however, who in some particulars greatly resembled his daughter Mary, could not enter into the propriety of so much ceremonious, and as he thought, unnecessary punctilios, with a man who had been the benefactor of a whole family, and imputing no small degree of blame to the over nice feelings, (as Doctor Bradbury termed it,) of his old friend the pastor, somewhat abruptly exclaimed, after he had bade Trelawney a very good night, or rather a very good morning, and as Mrs. Bradbury took up the candle to conduct him to the chamber which she had prepared for him,—

"And so, Mr. Trelawney, the sight of a beautiful rose at this season of the year is uncomfortable to your feelings."

Trelawney making no reply, the doctor bawled out in a louder key,—

"You understand me,—I don't mean to be impertinent, but

you really do not intend, Mr. Trelawney, to go over with me to the White Cottage?"

To which Trelawney, now obliged to answer, and shaking the doctor by the hand, in the most serious tone uttered,—

"I positively do not, Doctor Bradbury, and wish you would not pain me again, by tendering you a refusal."

"Well, well, please yourself, in the name of heaven," muttered the doctor, as he now retreated towards the staircase, which led to his own chamber, but if I was Rosa Clarendale I should not be much obliged to you, I protest; not so much as a 'how-d'ye-do,' or 'God bless you?' poor girl; well its a sad misfortune, a sad misfortune indeed."

"What's the matter, my dear?" cried Mrs. Bradbury, who just returned in time to hear the last sentence of the doctor, as she closed the door of their chamber."

"That folks in love are always playing at cross purposes," said the doctor; "zounds, if I had served my Phil so with the girl of his heart, I should never have danced a Scotch reel again as long as I lived."

"Surely you cannot attach any blame to our old friend the pastor?" said Mrs. Bradbury

"Yes, I do,—yes, I do,—by Jove I do," said the doctor, "he has made bad worse, and that's the fact; and has made the poor girl, and that fine young fellow, afraid to be seen in one another's company; and curse me if that is not the way to make them fall in love ten fathoms deeper."

By this time the doctor had whisked off his coat and his wig, betraying no inconsiderable degree of passion; and Mrs. Bradbury, accustomed to the whimsicality of his temper, never opposed any argument by the way of contradiction and on this occasion only smiled, while she mildly added,—

"But, my dear, you would not have Mr. Clarendale encourage Trelawney's attachment for his daughter, would you?—No, I am sure you would not, supposing it were your own case.—Suppose it was our Mary."

This was a home question, and the doctor could find no reasonable reply to offer to his very reasonable wife; he was, therefore, obliged to yield, and for this once, suffer Mrs. Bradbury to wear

the palm of victory; for the doctor felt, that if it was Mary he should act and feel as his old friend the pastor probably did:—that it was consistent with the duty of every father to be mindful over the honor of his child.

And with this reflection uppermost in his thoughts, the doctor went to bed, and slept soundly. But broken were the slumbers of Trelawney, and equally disturbed had been the sleep of Mary Bradbury; which produced the following conversation between herself and her sister Elizabeth:—

"What is the reason, Mary, that you cannot sleep? one would imagine, that the bed was made of thorns."

To which Mary instantly replied,—

"Well, and I don't find it a bed of roses, I assure you."

"I wonder, Mary, what you can be thinking of,—and perhaps if I was to guess you would not tell me," observed Elizabeth, in the most coaxing accents.

"I don't know that," answered Mary, bursting into a flood of tears, which she could no longer suppress, "for I am very unhappy indeed, Elizabeth, and if one cannot tell one's troubles to one's own sister, whom should we trust to for comfort and consolation?"

"My dear Mary, then pray dry those tears," cried Elizabeth, affectionately throwing her arms around her sister's neck, and kissing her "for I will impart to you all the consolation I am able, be it ever so small."

On this assurance, Mary began as follows:—

"Don't you think Mr. Trelawney's visit here to-night very extraordinary, and that something very serious has brought him all the way from London?"

"I have been thinking the same thing all night long," answered Elizabeth; "and then to tell mamma to send us to bed, just as if we had been a couple of children; I assure you, Mary, I had half a mind to quarrel with him, and if it had not been for the sake of Henry——Mary what makes you tremble so?"

"Henry!" answered Mary, "it is of Henry I am thinking, and for Henry I now fear;—should he have fallen under the Earl's displeasure, or offended any part of the family, there is an end of all his hopes to any appointment. I know his disposition, he would not brook an insult even from a Lord,—Henry is proud.

"But he is also humble," observed Elizabeth;—"humble where he is in fault,—and surely that pride which always goes hand in hand with humility must ever be deemed proper and becoming;—don't you think so, Mary?"

Mary, not a little pleased at the good-natured turn that Elizabeth had given to affairs, began in some measure to recover her tranquility; and the cheerful song of the sweetest rising lark, which had taken her station close to their chamber window, reminded them that it was very near the time when their father would expect them to shake off their drowsy slumbers; for the doctor never permitted his daughters to lie in bed late of a morning. It only, he said, encouraged laziness and was an equal enemy to health,—and they no sooner heard him bustling about in his chamber, than Mary quickly arose and dressed herself; but what was her surprise, when she went down in the parlor, to find a cheerful fire blazing, the tea things set for breakfast, and Trelawney stationed close to it, with a volume of Thomson's Seasons, repeating to himself aloud,—

> "Or when the mournful tale her mother told,
> Of what her faithless fortunes promised once."

"Mary," uttered Trelawney, with a look of pleasure, as he threw down the book

"Good morning to your night-cap, Sir," archly said Mary, but this was not said with her accustomed vivacity, and Trelawney easily guessed, that her slumbers had not been of the most pleasing kind.

"How refreshing is sleep!" exclaimed Trelawney, "and you look Mary——"

Trelawney paused, and Mary blushed, while she answered now with all the spirit she could muster to her aid,—

"And I will tell you how you look, Mr. Trelawney,—as if you was puzzled in what manner you could pay me a compliment at the expense of your sincerity. This, I believe, very frequently puzzles one half of your sex, to us silly women, but I shall not suffer you to do any such thing, for I will tell you plainly, that I have not had one wink of sleep the whole night long."

Trelawney now laughed, while he uttered,—"You are, Mary

Bradbury, altogether one of the most unaffected, ingenuous creatures in existence. And what banished sleep from your pillow, my dear little girl?"

"That is another part of the business," answered Mary, blushing however still deeper as she stirred up the fire.

"I will tell you," said Trelawney, "you are dying with curiosity to learn upon what errand I am thus suddenly come to Elm Grove, and you have ten thousand fears all secretly lodged in that little panting bosom for your Henry?"

"Well, suppose that I have," said Mary; "you are such an ill-natured creature, that you are in no way concerned at my anxious fears, which I am far from saying I do not feel; yet you don't look as if you was going to relieve them."

Trelawney could not help laughing in spite of his pretended gravity, though scarcely able to withstand the artless confession of the fascinating Mary, in whose eyes a tear had just started, as the doctor entered the room, but not before Trelawney had pronounced, with inexpressible kindness, taking the hand of Mary and pressing it to his lips,—

"I hope, my dear Mary Bradbury, the period is rapidly approaching for the consummation of all your hopes and wishes respecting Henry,—a period that Trelawney pants to behold with as much impatience as if it were the happiness of a dear sister."

"What do you mean, Trelawney? I cannot perfectly understand you," uttered Mary, with considerable agitation.

"But you will understand me, Mary, sooner, much sooner than you are aware of," answered Trelawney, "and remember there is a season for all things."

"A very good morning to you, my very good Sir," cried the doctor, in the best humor imaginable; "Mary, my girl, give your old father a kiss."

"Lord, father," cried Mary, but at the same instant complying with his request, "what has put you into such extraordinary spirits this morning? and where did you get those nice flowers at this gloomy season of the year? (for the doctor held in his hand a choice collection of some beautiful flowers, which he presented to Trelawney;)—"Oh, I can guess where, but I wont tell."

"What is that to you, you gypsey, where I have gotten them?" said the doctor, giving a sly wink at Mary, which she was at no loss to comprehend, "it suffices that they were presented to me by the snowy hand of one of my pretty patients, who charged me to give them fresh blowing as they are, to the lad she loved best."

"Then I am sure, doctor, that they cannot belong to me," replied Trelawney, exhibiting on his glowing countenance some confusion, at the same instant that he placed the pretty nosegay, without seeming conscious that he did so, as close to his breast as possible, gazing on them with transport and a delightful expression.

But the doctor, who, like Mary, could not bear the least shadow of affectation, burst into a loud and provoking fit of laughter, exclaiming,—

"Well, if you think they don't belong to you, I had better return them to the pretty creature who gave them to me, she won't mind a few flowers, though I must own she seemed to take a great deal of pains to collect them together;—'And mind you dont spoil them, Doctor Bradbury,' cried she, holding out her pretty little hand, which I think is as white as a snow ball; so I took them, and brought them, but I can take them back again if you have a mind, you know, Mr. Trelawney;—what say you?"

The confusion and evident embarrassment of Trelawney was now greater than could be imagined; but by no means willing to relinquish the flowers, he carelessly replied,—

"No, doctor, it is hardly worth while to give you so much trouble to return them."

The doctor was, at this apparent cool manner of Trelawney's, out of all patience, and roared out, without any further ceremony,—

"No, by Jove, I think not; and if you knew from whence they came, Mr. Trelawney,—if you knew, Sir, the fair soil from which they have just been transplanted, you would prize them a great deal more, that's all I have to say, Sir, on the subject,"

Trelawney could only now smile at the doctor's impetuosity; and Mrs. Bradbury and Elizabeth at this moment making their appearance, all further conversation on the flowers was suspended, and a more general one took place, to the entire satisfaction of all

parties and particularly to Mary, for it exclusively related to Henry Clarendale and his expected presentation.

"I suppose Henry will then live in Coventry," observed Elizabeth, "but the distance is not great, he can visit his mother every day, if he likes."

"Yes, if he can be persuaded to relinquish the society of a much nearer relative," answered Trelawney.

"A nearer relative, Mr. Trelawney," said Miss Elizabeth Bradbury, with surprise and astonishment pourtrayed on every feature, "has Henry Clarendale a nearer relative than his mother?"

"But he may have, Miss Bradbury," repeated Trelawney; "what do you call a wife?" and Trelawney fixed his eyes on the crimsoned cheeks of Mary.

Elizabeth, now perceiving his drift, only simpered, while stealing a sly and curious glance at her sister; but determined to have a little sport with poor Mary, she at length uttered,—

"Why, really, as to Henry having a wife, I never thought of such a thing."

"Nor you, Miss Mary, have never once surmised that Henry would be likely to marry when he is settled in the church?" said Trelawney, following Elizabeth in her attack on Mary.

"Me, Mr. Trelawney?—not I indeed."

"That's a good joke, by Jove," cried the doctor; "why, you gypsey, how dare you look Mr. Trelawney in the face, and tell him such a——! don't we know that its all a sham; not think of Harry Clarendale, zounds, I don't think you have thought of any thing else since you were born."

This turned the laugh against Mary to such a degree, that, had not the entrance of the pastor put them all to the route, that is Mary and Elizabeth, the former would never have been able to bear her father's raillery much longer.

"My dear Tanjore." exclaimed the pastor, "I rejoice in seeing you," and the expression of the pastor's countenance truly exemplified his words, as he extended his hand to meet the trembling one of the greatly agitated Trelawney; a thousand tender recollections crossed his mind, and ten thousand ideas of a pensive and melancholy impression, damped the fulness of his joy at beholding his father's respected old friend, beneath whose humble cottage he

first imbibed a taste for domestic happiness, which he felt assured, though in the gay and splendid scenes to which he had so long been accustomed in the mansion of Lord Fitzosbourne, would always remain with him;—"how extremely kind thus to visit your old absent friends," cried the pastor wishing to evade as sedulously as possible any personal observation on his own family; nor did Trelawney even venture to hazard an enquiry after the health of Mrs. Clarendale, well knowing that he could not do so without asking for, or mentioning the name of the beloved Rosa;—a silence therefore, painful in the extreme, because it was not natural, ensued; at length Trelawney, wishing to break the ice, uttered,—

"You are certainly, my good Sir, no stranger to the present purport of my visit to Doctor Bradbury, who doubtless has been sufficiently explicit on the pressing occasion which induced me to take a journey hither to serve my friend."

"Oh, when is it you have not been ever ready to serve us, dear amiable and generous Trelawney," exclaimed the pastor, with his fine eyes filled with tears, "heaven reward and eternally bless you.'

The pastor was again silent, wholly overpowered by the painful recollection of the peculiarly unfortunate destiny of that man to whom of all others in the created universe he was most obliged; he who had been the means, and sole promoter, of raising him from a state of almost abject penury and distress to a state of comparative independence, and even affluence, and who had now undertaken a journey of almost heavenly charity, to promote the happiness of his son, which son he had already provided for most amply and far beyond his sanguine expectations; yet this man, this generous disinterested being, he had partly banished from his house by the prohibition which his letter had contained; he who had brought rejoicings with him to his abode, he had sent from it lamenting, and for what? Because his own child had been guilty of the folly of confessing that she loved a man whom she before knew was the affianced husband of another woman? She had confessed it, but Trelawney never had; at least, not to the pastor had he ever acknowledged his regard for Rosa; but on the contrary, had ever observed the most chaste and delicate propriety towards her in his conduct and behavior, never o'er stepping the

bounds that modesty prescribed,—why then should he have dealt so rigidly and severely to the son of his benefactor and friend, and who was also at the same instant the benefactor of all his family? —and a something like ingratitude, as he sat beside of the amiable Trelawney smote the heart of the pastor.

And Trelawney going out of the room for a few moments to give directions to Mungo to get every thing in readiness for their departure at an early hour in the evening, the pastor unburdened part of his uncomfortable sensations to the doctor, who exclaimed in his usual manner, "Glad to hear it, very glad, upon my soul, that you have some little repentance left in you. I told you it was a shame, did I not, when the fine young fellow had been doing all he could to serve you, when he was absolutely making the fortune of Henry in as rapid a manner as possible, with this Lord Fitzosbourne, (what a long name,) plump you go and put a negator on his coming near your house, in the supposition that he would run away with your daughter, when all the world knows that he is going to be married to another woman, and would not do such a thing for the universe. I tell you plainly and honestly, my old friend, this may be morality, or fine feeling, call it what you please, but curse me if ever I saw any thing so like ingratitude in the whole course of my existence."

"Hold, Doctor Bradbury, you are now going considerable lengths, and pain me beyond expression by your accusations," cried the pastor, with warmth and energy, "I never forbade Trelawney my house; no, heaven is my witness, he is the last being on earth whom I should receive as an unwelcome guest. I only suggested the propriety that a separation should take place, and that decidedly, between himself and an object whom it appears he cannot behold with indifference, and therefore should not behold at all, since he cannot do so consistent with that honor which every man holds himself responsible to his Maker for, and to his fellow beings; and which you cannot deny is the fact. I only hinted this, Doctor Bradbury, in my letter to Trelawney, because I felt it necessary for the happiness of my child. Is there then aught of ingratitude in the reflection that I have done my duty, not only to my child, but to Trelawney himself? If there is, I de-

serve to be excommunicated from society, and all honest and just persons shall despise me."

Doctor Bradbury, at the conclusion of these words of the pastor's, felt his asperity greatly softened, and his petulence considerably lessened towards him.

"Well, well, we are all apt to make mistakes," uttered he, "and if I have made one in the present instance it wont't be the first I shall make in my old days, so give me your hand, my honest old friend, and let harmony be the only tune that shall be heard among us."

Trelawney now entered the room, and not only obtained the pastor's free sanction for Henry to marry Mary Bradbury, who shaking Trelawney most affectionately by the hand implored him to go over to the White Cottage, and see Mrs. Clarendale before he set off again to the Metropolis, an invitation which evidently gave great pleasure to Trelawney, but which he prudently declined, alledging that time would not permit him to avail himself of his kindness, having made a promise to the Earl of Fitzosbourne that he would immediately return to town on the final decision of the business he had in hand. "That business then is settled," continued Trelawney, and I am of opinion that the sooner Henry is married the better; this will effectually silence all overtures of Lady Glenthorpe, with whose love epistles it is then most probable he will never be troubled again.

It was then finally agreed between the pastor, the Doctor, and Trelawney, that as soon as Henry was appointed, his nuptials with the amiable Mary should take place on the Sunday following, in the village church of Kenilworth, which had witnessed the happy union of his sister Rebecca, though it was to be conducted in a more private manner.

"And the young folks shall have something to make the pot boil," cried the doctor, producing certain documents which he spread on the table to the astonishment of the pastor and his no less astonished wife, as these documents contained the most incontestible proof that the doctor was possessed of property of more sterling value than had been supposed from the parsimonious manner in which he had always conducted his affairs.

"Don't suppose," cried he, "that I let my son Phil run away

with the whole profits of my pestle and mortar, or that I had not an eye upon my girls as well as my boy. There's my Mary, she is the darling of my heart, I confess it, but then it would not be quite so pretty to leave poor Betty in the lurch, so here's four thousand between the two gypseys; and the rest my old girl and I will find sufficient to jog on merrily with for the remainder of our days, shant we Kate? Then you know, as Phil has got the start of his sisters, why I suppose the first grandson that is born, (and I have a shrewd guess it wont be long first,) must come in for our share after we are gone."

The volubility with which all this was uttered by the doctor, made it morally impracticable for any other person to advance a syllable, or to edge in a word while he was speaking; but when he had completely talked himself out of breath, Trelawney thus addressed him,—

"And if you have another grandson born before the year is out, Doctor, you may make him a present of the two thousand pounds you intended to give your daughter Mary?"

"I should be glad to know the reason why, Mr. Trelawney," cried the astonished Doctor Bradbury. To which question Trelawney calmly replied,—

"Because your daughter Mary will have no need of your bequest; for, on the morning that she gives her hand in marriage to Henry Clarendale, she will be in possession of five thousand pounds, the gift of Tanjore Trelawney, and the reward, the merited reward of her own virtues."

Astonishment, gratitude and rapturous feelings, too great for utterance, sealed in silence the lips of the transported parents, while the pastor burst into a flood of tears which he had found it difficult to suppress.

Doctor Bradbury, however, was the first to recover the use of speech, which he did so as to pour upon the already self-gratified Trelawney such an overwhelming torrent of praise, as to silence it from every other quarter, save in the tearful eye of the grateful mother, who, opening the door of the next apartment, led forth the blushing, ingenuous and conscious Mary.

"There," cried Mrs. Bradbury, leading her up to Trelawney, "there, Mary, there is your friend, your generous benefactor,—the

riend of your Henry also, who will shortly be your protector through life—your husband, ratified both by his parents' consent and your own. Oh, my child, whom have we to thank for this?—Trelawney! To whom do you owe your now smiling prosperous fortunes, but to that man, of more than mortal excellence, the generous, the kind, the ever dear and valued Trelawney."

"By Jove, Mrs. Bradbury," cried the old doctor, brushing away at the same moment an intrusive tear from his furrowed cheek, "you are enough to make any man jealous."

But the feelings of all parties were too powerfully excited by different sensations, to admit of that species of pleasantry for which Doctor Bradbury was so remarkable, and this morning it would not do; for poor Mary wholly overpowered by a deep sense of all the kindness of Trelawney, now summed up in one great debt of gratitude towards him, threw herself on his neck, notwithstanding the presence of the pastor, and wept out the thanks which her full heart could not by any other means express.

Be not too severe, ye sage critics,—a young, lovely and innocent woman may weep in the arms of an honest man, even though he be as young as herself, without one thought that would sully the breath of angels.

A quarter of an hour, however, soon placed every body in their proper stations; Trelawney positively declaring, that if any of them said another word more to him about any thing like obligation he would send Mungo to the Turnpike-House for the chaise, and vanish from them in an instant.

This was a complete muffle to the doctor's tongue, and the few hours that intervened previous to that fixed on by Trelawney to take his departure were passed in rendering every thing in Elm Grove, as agreeable and pleasant to his feelings as possible.

Mungo, however, who could not possibly guess at the extraordinary conduct of his master, in absenting himself from his friends at the White Cottage, did not look very well pleased when he found that Trelawney was actually going away without so much as paying them a visit to bid them farewell. Nanny Jones too, and Peter, were running in Mungo's head all the time he was assisting his master in dressing; in fact, Mungo was very much out of humor and out of spirits into the bargain, and it attracted

the attention of Trelawney, who easily divining the cause of the poor fellow's uneasiness, yet determined to have a little sport with him, exclaimed,—

"I suppose, Mungo, you are not a little rejoiced to return to town; you must not forget to desire Mr. Wiggins to send the chaise precisely at six o'clock."

To which Mungo replied, somewhat dryly,—"Mungo no forget what massa tell him," and looking wishfully in the face of Trelawney, the honest, faithful and unsophisticated child of nature added,—"Me wish massa tell Mungo something make poor Mungo happy? Mungo no sleep,—have all night long no wink him eye one bit."

"And why did you not sleep, pray Mungo?" cried Trelawney.

To which Mungo, without any ceremony, replied,—

"Because massa he no go near White Cottage, see good, good friends, and pretty Miss Rosy,—Mungo so happy see Miss Rosy, —Miss Rosy she so good to Mungo."

"Is there no one whom you feel anxious to see besides Miss Rosy?" said Trelawney,

"Oh, yes, massa," cried Mungo, his eyes sparkling with the reflection of gratitude, which is a more brilliant lamp than ten thousand luminaries, "me wish see Nanny Jones,—Nanny Jones good, good woman,—kind to Mungo, give Mungo good tings—no stingy."

"Upon my word, and so it appears," cried Trelawney, unable to resist from laughing; "and Nanny Jones seems to have made a considerable progress in your affections;—since that is the case I suppose you will have no very great objection to pay her, and your old friend Peter, a visit before your journey to London, which now you have done with me, I will permit you to do immediately."

The countenance of Mungo now began to change to one of the most natural and happiest expressions that ever shone on the face of an African black.

"Massa, massa, good massa," he exclaimed, "make poor Mungo quite happy."

To which Trelawney returned no other answer than by depositing into the hand of Mungo a certain sum, on which was written, "For the Servants at the White Cottage."

And with this deposit Mungo joyfully departed to enjoy a meeting with his old companions.

The pastor was easily prevailed on to stay to dinner at Elm Grove, and Trelawney requesting to be favored with his company for a few moments alone, they both repaired to the doctor's study, where, being seated, it was not without a fluttering heart and a considerable degree of emotion, that Trelawney thus addressed him:—

"I have already apprised you, my good Sir, that I am on the eve of departing from this country, with my friend Lord Sydney Belmont, and it is probable that I may continue absent for nearly the period of two years."

To which the pastor, with equal emotion, answered, while he heaved an involuntary and pensive sigh,—

"You have, my dear Tanjore, you have, and may the Father of mercies guide and protect you in safety back"

"And in the event that it may not please Providence to do so," continued Trelawney, with a firm and unshaken voice; "should I, like my father, now meet and behold you for the last time——"

The pastor held the hand of Tanjore Trelawney in the grasp of his own, but to articulate a sentence he had not the power, so strongly had the words of Trelawney wrought upon his feelings, and he suffered his young friend to proceed without once attempting to interrupt him, while Trelawney thus continued,—

"In this event, my dear Mr. Clarendale,—come, I will once more call you my father's Clarendale, I implore you to grant me one favor, and remember, if you should deny me, that it was the last request made by Tanjore Trelawney to his father's old friend."

The lips of the pastor quivered with emotion, his cheeks grew red and pale alternately, slowly he dropped the hand of Trelawney, in fearful doubt and uncertainty;—at length, after an apparent struggle, he burst into an involuntary ejaculation of—

"Tanjore, dear, beloved Tanjore, I can deny you nothing."

"What," cried Trelawney, "and can you then repose such confidence in one who, in spite of destiny, at this precise moment doats on your angelic daughter,—yes, Mr. Clarendale, you know I doat on your daughter Rosa with unutterable fondness;—but what of that, can Rosa change my nature?—No; I am yet unchanged in honor and prepared to yield me a willing sacrifice, (for

such I now feel that it is,) to 'the Will of my Father.' On myreturn to England, you will behold me the husband of Lady Alexina Fitzosbourne."

The pastor seemed to breathe more freely, he had now no doubts no fears, and he rapturously exclaimed,—

'Virtuous, amiable youth! heaven will surely reward thee."

"Now, then, to my request," uttered Trelawney;—'Rosa's education is but half completed,—it is my wish to behold the loveliest flower in creation expand its opening beauty to perfection,—let your daughter Rosa receive that polish which education and superior accomplishments alone can give. I am aware of the considerable expense that will attend the system of education I think necessary for Miss Clarendale—to you considerable, to me nothing.

"To you, Tanjore,—to you," exclaimed the pastor, in delighted accents; "surely you cannot mean, you cannot intend that this godlike charity is to flow from you?"

"My meaning and my intentions have ever been the same," said Trelawney, "and I am glad that you so perfectly understand me. Ask me no further questions. You will receive for such purposes as I have hinted, the money to be expended yearly on the education of your daughter, to whom breathe not a sentence of my confession to you; all the rest I leave to your discretion; and now 'farewell, my father's Clarendale, best and worthiest man, farewell.'"

Trelawney did not leave the pastor at liberty to reply, but immediately joined the doctor and Mrs. Bradbury, who were waiting to apprise him that dinner was on the table, and never was a meal partook of with more delighted sensations; in the breast of the pastor it was more than gratitude, volumes could not have expressed half what he felt; while in that of Trelawney, it was a consciousness of having created happiness to all around him.

Rapidly, however, the hour advanced for his departure from Elm Grove, and the chaise had already been in readiness nearly an hour before Trelawney had the courage to bid his friends adieu

Mungo also was very tardy, (who had returned on his errand of kindness from the White Cottage,) in coming into the parlor to tell his master that all was ready, as was his usual custom on such occasions.

At length Trelawney started from his chair:—Mary had sat next to him during dinner, and a presentiment, that perhaps it was the last time she should ever again behold her benefactor, depressed her naturally lively spirits to such a degree that she could scarce speak to him, when he adressed her.

"Mary," cried he, "you have a natural aversion to taking leave of your friends, and so have I,—so," (taking both her hands in his) he fervently exclaimed, "may angels bless you, my sweet, ingenuous, amiable girl, eternally bless you; bear my kind wishes to Philip and Rebecca when you see them."

Not another word did Trelawney pronounce, not even to the pastor; but springing from Mary, he was instantly seated in the chaise, and Mungo following, Trelawney drew up both the blinds, and the postillion, gently setting spurs to the horses, drove from the door with incredible velocity, with the tearful eye of a whole family, that lamented its departure from Elm Grove, so dearly beloved and highly respected was Trelawney, by almost every individual in the village of Kenilworth.

And while this scene had been passing at the house of Dr. Bradbury, one equally affecting had taken place at the White Cottage, though of a different description, between Rosa and her mother, respecting the conduct of Trelawney, of whose arrival the doctor had abruptly apprised them, when he called on the pastor in the morning, the intelligence of which soon faded the roseate hue on the complexion of the lovely Rosa.

But what was her emotion on hearing the doctor press her father to go over immediately to Elm Grove, at the particular request of Trelawney, circumstances not permitting him to pay a visit to his friends at the White Cottage.

"If you know his reason, for why and wherefore," added the doctor, "it is more than I do, that's all I can say on the business, but I am positive he will not come; for to tell you the truth, I was pretty sharp with him for it. But you know what a charming fellow he is, there's no such thing as falling out with him, it is morally impossible. He only smiled, and told me that his mind was made up. Well, my sweet little mountain rose, where's all your fresh color this morning?"

Poor Rosa made no reply to this question, not conscious that she looked paler than usual; but the truth was, that she felt her-

self near fainting, and would have done so, but for the kind, encouraging and supporting looks of her dear mother. For Rosa's was a combination of feelings hard to be described, but by those precisely in her situation.

Perhaps Trelawney was now actually married to Lady Alexina Fitzosbourne;—if so, what right had she to expect to see him? from whom a separation would be more highly necessary than ever.

But if Trelawney was not married, how unkind not to come and bid her farewell;—in what had she so greatly offended as to make him shun and avoid the sight of her?

There was another reflection still more poignantly painful to Rosa's feelings, it was even mortifying,—he could smile, and even sport with Doctor Bradbury, on such a subject,—he could smile, while she was absent and miserable; this was more intolerably provoking than all beside, and her little heart panted with a small portion of dignified pride and resentment, woman's very best auxiliaries for ill requited love and disappointed passion.

The doctor, however, in his attempt to make things better, always had a knack of rendering them much worse by ill-seasoned jokes and abrupt remarks, and suddenly demanded to know of the pastor, if he could give any reason for Trelawney's absenting himself from the White Cottage.

To which the pastor gravely replied,—

"The best of all possible reasons, Doctor Bradbury,—because he is forbidden to enter it."

That's a good joke, by Jove," exclaimed the doctor, now greatly enraged with his old friend; "and who has forbidden him, pray?"

"A father!" answered Mr. Clarendale, "naturally anxious to promote the happiness, by preserving with unsullied purity, the reputation of his child."

The doctor was completely silenced beyond the power of a reply, and immediately placing his arm in that of the pastor's they proceeded together to Elm Grove.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

Marriage of Elizabeth Bradbury to young Mr. Mildmay, and jovialities on the occasion;—appointment of Henry Clarendale to the Rectory of Coventry.

Is there a tie more sacred, is there a name more tender than the name of mother?—Can we confide in a dearer friend?—Can a bosom be more faithful than that from which we drew our first breath and received our first earthly nutriment, where our head was first pillowed and our cradle first rocked?—Ah, no; there is not a more sacred tie, there cannot be a name more tender than the blessed name of mother.

At the departure of the pastor and Doctor Bradbury, where did the panting, agitated Rosa rest her aching head? on whose bosom did she repose her sorrows? and who kissed away her tears, and bid her seek consolation where it can only be obtained, and where, rightly sought, it can never perish?

Who but a mother whispered this consolation,—who but her who having felt a mother's pangs, knew best how to teach a child its duty; but well was that tender mother sensibly aware, that severe or reproachful language was the most improper system she could adopt with her child, whose heart would have broken under it, and whose passion for Trelawney she lamented as a misfortune, and in the present instance a calamity, but could not be the offspring of guilt or depravity.

From a mother's lips hard indeed would have fallen reproach, —since the suffering heart of the wretched Rosa had already wept abundantly for her fault; and there is no greater pang to a feeling heart than that which is produced by the consciousness of our own indiscretion, it is superior to all others, and is more wounding to the soul than the observations of the whole created world and this pang Rosa now felt, as weeping on the bosom of

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Rosa weeping on the bosom of her Mother.

New York. Published by Burnett & Smith. 1833.

her mother she dared not lift her eyes up to meet the kind indulgent smile, which was ever so ready to be bestowed.

At length Mrs. Clarendale having given her sufficient time to recover herself, in mild, soothing, gentle and affectionate accents, thus addressed her,—

"Arouse from this overwhelming weakness, my beloved Rosa, exert your fortitude, which if you at present do not possess, hope, pray that you may shortly possess, and, under Providence look to a kind indulgent father and mother for your counsellors and friends, the error you have fallen into is to be repaired; nay more, it is to be overcome by time and reason, and we do not wish to correct it by severity, or add to your inquietude by reproach, well assured that my dear child is too pure and blameless throughout all the transactions of her life to have merited it; yet, my dear Rosa, (here Mrs. Clarendale paused while she strained the agitated and trembling girl still closer to her maternal breast,) will not see her poor father and mother made miserable by still continuing to cherish an unhappy passion toward an object for whom it will not be only unavailing but criminal;—amiable, I grant—praiseworthy, I own—your brother's benefactor—your father's friend—the friend of our whole family! All this I admit; but to Rosa, he can never be more than a friend! The husband of Lady Alexina Fitzosbourne cannot, must not, inspire a warmer sentiment in the breast of Rosa; instantly then, my beloved child, recal your scattered senses, dismiss this weakness, and all its attendant follies, from your mind, and never lose sight of what Trelawney is, and what you are—shrink not from the native truth! Think, my child, that there is a Providence who in its will and just dispensations can never err, though we are continually doing so, and every hour provoking its vengeance; think of this, my Rosa, and reject not a mother's counsel; turn your mind and thoughts to active and lawful pursuits, and rest on my kind indulgence to grant you all that is reasonable and just; banish from your recollection this too pleasing prepossession of an object that never can be yours, and let friendship, which is pure and sacred, supply the place of romantic passion in the bosom of my child! thus will you regain your soul's tranquility; and nothing will more certainly regain it than a consciousness that you are acting right, and thus will you

be more endeared to the hearts of your parents, and in the estimation of all your friends!—and shall a mother plead in vain," continued Mrs. Clarendale, "will not my Rosa conform, and prudently conform, to all my wishes?"

"Indeed, indeed, I will, my dear beloved and best of mothers," cried the agitated Rosa, now raising her head from her mother's bosom, and looking confidently up to that dear face that had taught her a lesson she could never forget, "I will be all you wish, all you require; do with me what you please, my dearest of mothers, I will forget all but what you have taught me to be.—Oh, let me ever be worthy of such a mother, and to night when I say my prayers I will heave a last sigh to the tender recollection of one whom I ought never to have loved, never to have thought of, but as the husband of another;—but indeed, dearest mamma, I could not help it, and that's the truth of it."——

Rosa paused on the reflection of the many struggles and conflicts her heart had sustained on Trelawney's account, and casting down her beautiful eyes as much as possible, to hide from the observation of her mother the bitter tears which now started from them at the idea that she must think of him no more.

Mrs. Clarendale softly and tenderly exclaimed, "This is not the way, my dear beloved child, to prove that you intend to profit by my counsel."

At which Rosa immediately started from her recumbent posture, threw her arms affectionately round Mrs. Clarendale's neck, and running into her own chamber returned in a few minutes with a little box, in which she had deposited the necklace, bracelets and ear-rings, which Trelawney had presented her, and placing them in the hands of her mother, sat for a few moments in abstracted silence.

"Well, my love," cried Mrs. Clarendale, with a half-suppressed smile, "and what am I to do with these?"

"Keep them, mamma, till—till—I," Rosa stammered and blushed a great while, before she could completely finish her sentence; "till I—I mean, mamma, you must keep them, till I have almost forgot who gave them to me."

Mrs. Clarendale could scarcely resist smiling, but she preserved her gravity while she uttered,—

"A very prudent plan I think, my love, and so I will; you must not ask me to return them, remember, but on these conditions."—

"No, mamma, indeed I never will," answered Rosa, with great spirit, and instantly taking out her work-basket, she began to employ herself much to her satisfaction, and seated beside of her mother, endeavored to assume a cheerful composure, on purpose to please her; on this day assumed, on the following it was less so, and on the ensuing one and many succeeding ones, it became more natural; thus, day after day, encouraged by the kindest support and indulgent smiles of her fond parents, did the lovely, innocent and youthful Rosa by degrees recover a portion of that peaceful tranquility which she once imagined would return no more. The affectionate caresses of her tender mother, and the unwearied attentions of her excellent father, so well able to instruct her, soon wrought on her mind a pleasing change, which almost transported them.

But Trelawney was not forgotten by Rosa; he was only remembered, to put her more strongly in mind of her duty; and she at length associated his idea with one whom she hoped to meet in another world, but was forbid to behold in this; and when conversing with Mary Bradbury on the subject, in which she seldom permitted herself an indulgence, she would exclaim, while a melancholy smile lighted up her pure angelic countenance,—

"Ah, Mary, how delightful is the thought that those dear loved beings whom we could not mix with in this earthly existence without censure and without pain, we shall,—when all is perishable here, and even their loved forms be no more remembered by the hand of time,—behold again, again in freshness and in health behold them, ten thousand times more beautiful; and be a thousand times more endeared to our recollection;—tell me, Mary, is not this thought delightful?"

Rosa uttered this with no affectation, and with no apparent agitation, there was a calm serenity in her beautiful and expressive features, a dignified composure in her manner, that proved she had often reflected seriously on this happy thought, which drew tears from Mary's eyes, which however she took great care Rosa should not see.

Mary would then resume her wonted and charming vivacity, and rally the spirits of her pensive friend, by exclaiming,—

"Pray, Rosa, are you determined on sending me home, to take a bason of water-gruel, put my feet in warm water, and go moping to bed?"

At which speech, most gravely uttered, Rosa could not resist laughing, while she added—

"Lord, Mary, no; how can you think of such a thing?"

"How can I think of any thing else," said Mary, "when you talk to me of such things; come, let us go instantly down stairs, my mountain rose, and see if you can afford me a dish of tea, before I return to Elm Grove; and then, who knows but to-morrow I may favor you with my agreeable company to Woodlands; I protest I am more than half ashamed to see Beckey, she has invited me so often."

On the strength of Mary's promise, Rosa accompanied her lively companion down stairs, and found Mr. and Mrs. Clarendale had been waiting tea for them,—

"Well, I am glad you are come at last, my loves," cried the pastor, to whom the society of the lively Mary was always a relaxation, "now, Mary, when you have had a dish of tea, I shall beg the favor of your opinion of a new purchase I have been making for my daughter."

"Ah, Mary, you are a better judge of these things, that I am," said Mrs. Clarendale, "though I confess, it appears to me to be one of the most beautiful I ever saw."

"A purchase for me, my dear papa," enquired Rosa, "how kind; yet indeed quite unnecessary, because I have as many new things as I think will probably last for some years. Mary, you remember my new gown, I have only worn it once since we went to London, and then my last new bonnet——"

"Well, well," said the pastor, 'don't complain of my extravagance, for in this purchase I have made no addition to your wardrobe. believe me, though I hope you will find it a very material addition to your amusements."

"Mary Bradbury, do be so good as to make haste and drink your tea," cried Rosa, "I cannot but express my anxiety to see what papa has been so kind as to purchase for me."

"Indeed, but you will not be permitted to be of the party," said the pastor, "Mary is only to be my companion in the next room, in the meanwhile let your mother tell you if she dares."

"But I'm sure mamma will," cried Rosa, in the most coaxing accents, as the pastor and Mary rose from their seats.

"But I am sure mamma won't," said Mary, laughing as she followed the steps of the pastor into the old oak parlor, and Mrs. Clarendale remained silent to all the enquiries made by the curious Rosa, till the return of the pastor and Mary, the latter of whom expressed in the most rapturous terms her approbation of his purchase.

"You will absolutely be charmed, Rosa," cried Mary Bradbury, "for what can be more charming than that which constantly gives us an opportunity of charming others."

"May I now be trusted with the secret, papa?" enquired Rosa.

"Yes, my sweetest," answered Mr. Clarendale, "come with me now into the oak parlor, and you shall there be presented with a gift, which is indeed worthy of your *gratitude* and your acceptance."

The strong emphasis which her father had placed on the word gratitude, arrested the attention of Rosa, and for a moment made her start with almost involuntary emotion.

Could this gift come from Trelawney, and if from him, her father had thought it proper to accept of it; and if it was not the gift of Trelawney, it was of little consequence by whom it was presented.

Soon, however was the curiosity of Rosa gratified, and her doubts at an end with respect to the gift and the donor; for on coming into the oak parlor, her eyes were saluted with a beautiful harp, most delicately but not splendidly ornamented, with books, full of the most appropriate music, adapted for lessons, every one of which seemed to have been carefully selected by no mean proficient in this truly elegant accomplishment, as they evidently marked superior taste and judgment.

Astonishment, surprise and pleasure for a few moments kept poor Rosa entirely silent; at length she ventured to enquire, with a faultering voice, to whom she was indebted for so flattering a compliment—"for flattering you know it is, papa," cried she, "be-

cause I am entirely unacquainted with this charming accomplishment."

"But is there not a possibility of your being able to acquire it, my dear?" said the pastor.

"Oh, yes, papa, if any body who understands it will take the trouble to teach me, doubt not but I will learn most aptly," said Rosa.

"We will try that very soon, my darling," said the pastor, and without hesitation, immediately informed her by whom this gift had been presented to her, as also the further kind intentions of Trelawney, in his having expressed a wish that she would perfect herself in every useful and ornamental accomplishment suitable to her age, and begin a course of studies immediately for that purpose; "in order to do this, my beloved child," added the pastor, "it is necessary to go actively about what you have to perform, and to fix your mind exclusively on that and nothing else, otherwise you will frustrate the benevolent intentions of your friend, who has supplied me with the means to put his excellent and praiseworthy design into execution; an uncultivated mind presents a bland, for having no resources in itself, it is inevitably obliged to others, and is therefore often misled in its opinions, which renders it not only habitually but naturally the slave of prejudice, and too frequently illiberality;—forbidding vanity, ridiculous pride and virulent malignity are often the consequence of want of intellectual acquirement; but an infinite number of virtues, my dearest Rosa, will spring from the cultivation of the mind. Benevolence and sincerity form the principal virtues of man or woman,—for the love of humanity will make you a friend to every fellow-creature, and together with the approbation of your own heart, general esteem and admiration will follow."

The first sensation which took possession of the breast of Rosa at sight of the beautiful harp, which was designed for her alone, was surprise and pleasure; the next, on being told that it was the gift of Trelawney, was that of unbounded and rapturous delight, that he had not in any degree, (whatever were his motives for not seeing her,) lessened in his attention towards her.

But when her father had apprised her of the whole of his generous intentions, and that Trelawney himself wished her to excel

in accomplishments, and had actually made a provision to her father, in order that no expenses should be spared in perfecting her education, the transports she felt could neither be concealed, nor the grateful and tumultuous tide of joy she experienced be disguised, for Rosa was the child of nature, and tears and smiles often contributed to heighten that exquisite beauty in her countenance, which formed also the sweet variety in her disposition; and the first questions most natural for her to ask, on the discovery of this instance of almost unexampled generosity in Trelawney, were—why he interested himself so strongly in her welfare?—of what consequence to him could be her education, since to him she could be nothing?—and why should he feel so anxious to see her possessed of those elegant accomplishments in which he himself could take no share, and consequently no pleasure, as probably he would never witness or hear of them? From what then sprung this generosity in Trelawney? so uncommon, so unheard of, and so little selfish, that Rosa for a moment doubted whether love for her had any thing to do with it; yet to be all he wished filled her heart with emulation she had never felt before; and not daring to be too inquisitive with her father, to enquire why Trelawney should be at such pains to render her education so perfect and highly finished, she cast her eyes down in silence, and resting them on the harp, the loveliest blush mantled in roseate hues on her fair cheek, while she passed some slight remarks on its beautiful, delicate and appropriate ornaments—an enchanting figure of hope, crowning love with a chaplet of myrtle flowers, being placed at the head of it.

The myrtle is an emblem of constancy, thought Rosa, but blushed, and checked herself in the recollection, that with the constancy of Trelawney she should have nothing to do,—that belonged to another, and she turned from the soul-harrowing reflection; yet when taking her lessons, which she soon did, from some of the most approved masters, sent for the express purpose, by order of Trelawney, the figure of hope and the myrtle often caught her observation, and if a pensive sigh too frequently followed, Rosa must be forgiven, for its impertinent intrusion, we hope by the most rigid critic.

Meanwhile the lovely pupil soon made quick advancement in

her studies, she had Italian masters and French, while the pastor himself superintended her selection of English authors. He also furnished her mind with the treasures of antiquity, and the philosophy of nature; nor was the more light and amusing entertainment of the Belles Lettres forgotten, well knowing that the study the former would enrich, and that of the latter, embellish the mind.

Thus did the amiable Rosa daily improve under the hands of her many able instructors, and from works of taste and harmony she learned to admire all that was truly beautiful in moral life; in a short time she played and sung with the most exquisite taste, though she had not yet acquired science. So much was Rosa rapidly advancing towards perfection in every accomplishment, that her fond parents, often gazing on her with the most rapturous delight, no longer wondered that Trelawney loved so sweet and engaging a creature, highly gifted as she was with all the charms of youthful beauty.

Mary, however, still continued to charm and amuse the listening throng with one of her merry ballads in the old oak parlour, whenever the Bradbury family were invited over to meet a snug party of friends at the White Cottage; the doctor bluntly declaring, that though the voice of Miss Clarendale was uncommonly fine, and her songs admirably executed, that he preferred Mary's old gypsey ballads to the finest compositions of Mozart.

It was utterly impossible, indeed, for Mary Bradbury ever to be thrown in the back ground, even beside of her more beautiful and accomplished friend; for the simple tone of Mary's voice was melody itself, in which there was also a peculiar archness of expression, fascinating because it was natural, and entirely free from affectation.

Woodlands, the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Philip Bradbury, was now frequently resorted to, as the seat of domestic happiness and social harmony, by the two happy and amiable families of Doctor Bradbury and Mr. Clarendale; and Rebecca was the happiest of wives, as she was shortly likely to be the happiest of mothers, a circumstance which on its first appearance had given the doctor no inconsiderable pleasure, for having long anticipated the period when he should be made a grandfather, he could not

easily have brooked a disappointment to his wishes. It was all settled, therefore, that the forthcoming little stranger should be a boy, and that boy should be gifted with the two thousand pounds he had intended as the portion of Mary.

"So mind, Beckey," cried the doctor, one evening as they were all assembled to tea, at Woodlands, "mind you don't give us a girl instead of a boy,—if you do, by Jove, I will have nothing at all to do with it; girls are so troublesome, they are such a plague to——"

"Their fathers,—are not they, Sir?" cried Mary, placing one of her delicate little hands on the mouth of her father, while she adjusted his wig with the other. "There now, father, you will do," cried she, with one of her most winning smiles; for the doctor, who had never consulted much ceremony, had made poor Rebecca blush extremely, as young Mildmay, the lover of Elizabeth Bradbury, and several visitors were paying their first congratulations to the young married couple at Woodlands.

Mary however soon reconciled the amiable Rebecca to herself again, by diverting her father from the present subject he had thought proper to entertain the company with, and as they were no strangers to the doctor's whimsicalities, the conversation took a different turn; all eyes resting with delight on the lovely Rosa, now grown more mature in beauty and dignified in her deportment, and improved by every polished grace and accomplishment; nor was there a greater admirer of those graces, nor one who felt more gratified by witnessing those elegant accomplishments, than the truly amiable Rebecca herself,—attached to her youngest sister from the days of her earliest infancy, with the warmest and most disinterested affection, although only her senior by two years, yet how carefully, and how tenderly had Rebecca watched her infant steps, how eagerly supplied her little wants, and attended to her plaintive cry.

This disposition, this strong attachment to her beloved Rosa, had increased with years; and it had received no diminution from her marriage and its subsequent consequences,—for when a mother, Rebecca felt that she should love her sister more dearly, and dearer still as they both approached maturer age.

"I have but one wish now, indeed, dear Philip."

To which he would languidly reply,—

"Oh, my love, don't say so, you women have so many;—but come, out with the wish. I hope you don't want me to convert the garden into a fish-pond, or make a Chinese building over the wall."

"I will positively scold you, if you are so impertinent," cried Rebecca, but not parting with her sweet, placid and good tempered smile; "I was thinking of my sister, when I said I had but one wish more to make me happy, and that was——but I shall make you vain, so I have half a mind not to tell you."

"But with the other half, I am persuaded you certainly will," answered Philip Bradbury; "come, I will tell you,—you was thinking of your sister Rosa, and wishing——"

"That Rosa was as happy as I now am," cried Rebecca, with a most enchanting smile, which gratified the heart of her transported husband, "oh, that she was but married to one who could truly appreciate her merit."

"For my part, my dear Beckey," answered Philip, "I have but one wish about the matter, and that is, unless Rosa is united to Trelawney, I am quite indifferent whether she marries at all."

"Married to Trelawney!" cried Rebecca, "my sister married to Trelawney; oh, fie, Philip, how can you think of such a thing, when you know how utterly impossible that is."

"Impossible, or possible, she will never marry any body else," cried Philip.

"Nonsense, Philip, how strangely you talk," said Rebecca, "will not our dear and excellent friend very soon become the husband of Lady Alexina Fitzosbourne? answer me that question."

"I will answer nothing," cried Philip, "nor till I see Trelawney the husband of this Lady Alexina Fitzosbourne, will I believe that he has ever such intention."

Rebecca gave a severe lecture to her husband for this speech, and ever after avoided the subject as much as possible, well knowing the sentiments of her dear and honored father; and that even were Trelawney to renounce the will of his father, and not marry Lady Alexina Fitzosbourne, he would never obtain his consent to marry Rosa, under a forfeiture of so sacred a vow.

The ensuing week, however, at Woodlands, was notdestined for the happy pair to enjoy the society of each other a company;

and Philip and Rebecca were not much by themselves, in consequence of Elizabeth Bradbury's being led to the hymeneal altar by young Mildmay; the doctor being very impatient, as he was on a former occasion, to have every thing brought to a conblusion with the young couple, making use of the same arguments with which he had persuaded his son Philip to address Rebecca Clarendale, and precisely the same expression,—"That it was no use to stand shilly-shallying when people had made up their minds on the score of matrimony."

So the fair Elizabeth, who was in this matter 'nothing loth,' became the wife of Richard Mildmay, three months before she had intended, merely because her father would never cease importuning her on a subject by no means disagreeable 'to a fair maiden's ear,' who was going to marry the lad of her heart.

Away posted, therefore, Doctor Bradbury over to Woodlands, to invite his son and daughter to the wedding, which was carried on with the same spirit as had been that of Philip's and Rebecca's, only a little more riotous; for the millers had all come over to Kenilworth, by the invitation of their young master, to celebrate this joyful and important era of his life; and the sports continued for many days in the village, the doctor declaring, that it was morally impossible to have too much of a good thing.

When they were tired, however, with dancing and feasting, the pastor reminded them, though in the mildest terms, that it was now time to depart in peace, each man according to his respective station.

Thus was order and sobriety kept within proper bounds, and the village of Kenilworth once more serene and quiet as 'spring tide flowers;'—a pebble might have been thrown into the brook, and its progress been watched without interruption;—a bird might have nestled on the branches of a tree, and its sweet notes would have been heard by the passing stranger, so tranquillized were all the beings that dwelt in the sequestered and peaceful village of Kenilworth; to which, and to the rural scenes which surrounded it, might well be ascribed the following beautiful lines of GOLDSMITH, in his charming description of the Deserted Village, often had it occurred to the mind of the pastor, as he took his evening walk contemplating the sublime and the beautiful, the

grand and the simple, all formed and constructed by the same benevolent hand:—

"Sweet Auburn, loveliest village of the plain,
Where health and plenty cheer the laboring swain,
Where smiling spring its earliest visit paid,
And parting summer's lingering bloom delay'd.
Dear lovely bowers of innocence and ease,
Seats of my youth, where every spot could please.

Though Mary Bradbury had the good sense and spirit to treat the letter of Lady Glenthorpe to Henry, with the contempt it so justly merited; yet Mary had too much the woman in her heart to be pleased with its contents, or feel quite satisfied that she would not again molest him while he remained in town.

Not that Mary Bradbury could be jealous of such a woman as Lady Glenthorpe, or doubt for one moment the unerring principles of Henry Clarendale; yet Mary was certainly uneasy, and she could not tell why.

Was this jealousy, or was it love?—at all events it was not a pleasing sensation that she experienced; which, however, she did not chose to disclose to her father, as the doctor would only have laughed at her.

Accident, however, sometimes reveals the state of our hearts and minds when we least expect it, and so it happened with poor Mary; for one afternoon, when the whole family, including Philip and Rebecca, and Mr. and Mrs. Mildmay, were invited to dinner at the White Cottage, the inquisitive doctor Bradbury, suddenly turning to his son, exclaimed,—

"I can get nothing out of the women, because they don't like to praise one another, but tell me, Phil, what sort of a woman this fine lady is, that was so kind as to want to jump into Mary's place with our Harry,—this Lady Glenthorpe, what is she like?"

"Very much like a woman, Sir," answered Philip, "to the best of my recollection;" and set every body in a roar of laughter, and especially the young bridegroom.

But the doctor, by no means satisfied with this assurance, and notwithstanding the blushing cheeks of Mary, went on in his usual style,—

"Well, but I suppose she is a prodigious fine one, is she not, Phil?"

"What makes you suppose so, Sir?" answered Philip.

"What makes me suppose so?" said the doctor, "Why what the dickens can make me suppose any thing else? When an old woman falls in love with a young man she is———"

"Decidedly ridiculous, Sir, said Philip Bradbury, but I really do not think Lady Glenthorpe either old or ugly. She is a beautiful woman."

"Mary, my dear girl, what ails you?" said Mrs. Clarendale, observing the pale hue of Mary's complexion, for whom this description of her now detested rival was enough, but making some slight excuse to Mrs. Clarendale, she endeavored to conceal her perturbation from her brother, while she exclaimed with great spirit—

"Yes indeed, I am quite of your opinion, Phil, Lady Glenthorpe is—is—is—a very—very——that she certainly is—one of the most disagreeable women I ever beheld in existence——"

The whole laugh was now turned against poor Mary, who, in attempting to dissemble, had actually revealed the real state of her feelings; she had intended to praise Lady Glenthorpe at the expense of her sincerity, but truth, like a beautiful cherub child, stood at the door and would not permit her.

Her father, however, was the first to rally her, and he did it without mercy, judge or jury, till Mary was obliged to cry out for quarters to the pastor.

"I will not suffer my dear little girl to be so tormented," said he, "come, Mary, sit by me, and I will protect you against a multitude of these railers; let them laugh if they please, 'tis we that shall win; not all the Lady Glenthorpes under the created sun will banish your sweet image from the breast of my Henry, take my word for it."

"But if she will wear yellow stockings," said the doctor, "you know we cannot help it; but come, Molly, give me a kiss, and tomorrow I will give you something out of my sly purse."

Mary would not kiss her father till he coaxed her pretty handsomely, and the yellow stockings were never mentioned again.

But Mary was not destined to wear the yellow stockings long.

a happier fate and brighter prospects awaited her; for not many days after they had all met together at the White Cottage, the pastor was one morning, as he sat at breakfast, most agreeably surprised by the following intelligence from Trelawney, written in apparent haste and agitation, but the contents of the transporting letter nearly overpowered the feelings of the pastor, and the no less transported mother, as Trelawney wrote thus—

"My dear united friends of the White Cottage and Elm Grove, I hasten not only to inform you but to congratulate you, on the tidings I now communicate; Henry, your dear Henry, has this morning received his ordinance, from the Bishop of L——, and is thought qualified by his Grace, with whom he has obtained an interview, to enter into holy orders, by which he will be immediately appointed to the vacancy, and be gifted with the presentation of the living of Coventry.

"My dear friends, if I add that my heart is too full on the present occasion, I shall only do justice, and that barely, to say no more, to my feelings, for I now feel it utterly impossible to express them; Henry is all agitation, and you must not expect to hear from him till he is more collected, to acquaint you with the result of his good fortunes; remember that it will now be a momentous time with him!

"Yours sincerely and faithfully,

"*Tanjore Edward Trelawney.*

"If there be an angel in the semblance of a human form, that angel is Trelawney," exclaimed Mrs. Clarendale, casting a look of such unutterable fondness at the agitated Rosa, that spite of all the resolutions she had made, she burst into an agony of tears, fervently blessing the hand which had raised her brother, her only brother, to a station where his merits would meet their just reward.

"These are the tears of gratitude, father," said the weeping Rosa, "ah, do not chide them, for indeed they are sacred to Trelawney."

"To chide you, my dearest girl, is not in my nature," cried the pastor, "but let me not see your tears, Rosa. Fanny, my love

you are to blame, and not your daughter, for this trial of her sensibility; she would have been collected had you been so; but you are a mother, and a mother's weakness must ever be indulged."

"Oh my Henry, my pride, the darling of my soul," said Mrs. Clarendale, still weeping and forgetting all but him, "my dear, dear boy, never did your mother feel a transport equal to this; no, not when your beauteous eyes first opened to the new-born light; not when on my bosom I first received your balmy breath, did your mother feel such joy as now!"

"Not when your little Rosa was born, and my dear sister Rebecca," cried Rosa, in the most winning accents, "oh, yes, mother, you loved us all, say you did, and let not Henry bear the victory from me and Beckey? did you not love us all, mother, as you did Henry?"

Whether it was the look of Rosa, so innocently lovely, so pure, so affectionate, at this moment, that pleaded in the heart of her mother, and conquered all her weakness, it is a difficult matter to determine, for Mrs. Clarendale caught with transport her beloved child to her maternal bosom; and the pastor, wholly overpowered by the excess of the variety of emotions which for the sake of Rosa, and for another, he at this instant most poignantly felt for, hastened to communicate the joyful tidings he had received to the participator of all his family and domestic concerns, the eccentric, but no less worthy Doctor Bradbury.

CHAPTER XXIX.

Trelawney gives the Portrait of Rosa to Henry, to return to Mary Bradbury, and explains to him the cause of her apparent familiarity with him formerly.

No sooner did Trelawney arrive in town than he hastened to Grosvenor Square, though eagerly longing to know how his fair friends were at Valencia Lodge, and wishing to obtain one hour's

conversation in private with his friend Lord Sydney Belmont, to whom his absence at this particular crisis of affairs might have appeared extraordinary, and to whom he deemed some apology necessary; but Trelawney was not one of those who ever lost sight of his duty for the gratification of his own pleasures, and he conceived his first duty was due to Lord Fitzosbourne, whose affectionate conduct during the unpleasant business pending between him and the Marquis of Montrevoirs, had much endeared his Lordship to him, and bitter was his reflection, that Lady Alexina, in private and domestic virtues, so little resembled her amiable father.

Little thought, however, was to be bestowed on her at the present moment, in which his mind was engaged by more important concerns,—the establishment of Henry Clarendale, and the necessary arrangements for his more permanent happiness, in his union with the amiable Mary Bradbury, all which he hoped to see completed before his departure from England, and then his mind would, he felt, be comparatively at ease. Nor was the consciousness of having strictly performed his duty during his short stay with his friends at Kenilworth, without its full reward; for he had not only laid the foundation of Mary's happiness with the man of her heart, but he had provided for his beloved Rosa, in such a way that her delicacy could not be hurt, by the respectful regard he had evinced towards her welfare, and this had met the full concurrence of her father, and his approbation of all he had done to secure her felicity, he was satisfied. He had, therefore, only to overcome the pang of leaving England without beholding the idol of his heart, and to return to it again as hopeless and as despondingas ever, of all that related to her,—return to become the husband of Lady Alexina Fitzosbourne, with the certain probability of Rosa being lost to him for ever; for which, however, there was no alternative, but a humble submission to the will of Providence, and he endeavored to bear it as became a man.

In this frame of mind, he once more passed the threshold of Fitzosbourne House, and without ceremony, in his travelling dress, presented himself in the saloon, where he was agreeably surprised at finding the whole of the Valencia family present.

"Trelawney returned, thank heaven!" said Lord Sydney, rising in transports from his chair to welcome him

"My dear boy Tanjore," said the Earl, affectionately, "I have been anxiously expecting your arrival these two hours."

"And I have been out of patience this quarter of an hour," said Lady Frances Belmont, laughing with her usual good humor.

Lady Alexina Fitzosbourne was at this precise moment that Trelawney entered the room, playing with a gold chain, which was suspended from her bosom, and being a new purchase that morning, was honored with some extraordinary marks of her Ladyship's attention, and from which she did not condescend to remove her eyes, and neither rose nor spoke, when Trelawney, approaching her with a kind enquiry after her health, she poutingly answered him in the following manner:—

"What is it to you how I am?"

"Alexina," exclained the Earl, "Alexina, is this our reception of Trelawney?"

"Oh, pray do not give yourself a moment's uneasiness on my account, my dear Lord," said Trelawney, smiling with the greatest good humor, in order to soften the anger of the Earl, "I am not in the least surprised that I should be just now an unwelcome guest with my fair cousin, for here is my formidable little rival," pointing to the marmozet, which she had placed on her lap, "who is more fortunate in her Ladyship's good graces than I am."

"How ill-natured you are, Mr. Trelawney," said Lady Glenthorpe, biting her lips with passion, "always to be making remarks on my niece's little pet. Lady Honoria Belmont, did you ever see a more beautiful creature?"

This sudden appeal made to Lady Honoria, occasioned a momentary suffusion on her fair cheek, and she replied, with modest ingenuousness,—

"I really have no predilection in favor of monkeys, Lady Glenthorpe, and must confess myself wholly ignorant of their personal qualifications."

"I am very glad to hear it, my dear young lady," said the Earl, "and wish you could persuade my daughter to adopt so reasonable an opinion."

Lady Alexina's folly now extended itself a little further to raise disgust in all present, by lavishing on her favorite a thousand absurd and ridiculous caresses, while she pettishly exclaimed,—

"I will love my monkey, in spite of all you can say, that's what I will, papa."

The Earl made little or no reply to this very amiable speech of his dutiful child, having entered at this moment into very deep and interesting conversation with Trelawney and Lord Sydney Belmont, on the subject of their intended departure, which was immediately to follow the presentation of Henry Clarendale, who had that morning been some hours with the Bishop of L——, by whom he was received most graciously; but Trelawney in the chop-fallen countenance of Lady Glenthorpe, soon perceived what reception Henry's letter had met with from her mortified and offended Ladyship, which did not occasion him even a momentary surprise, being literally what he had expected, and he found it difficult to suppress a laugh, when making some slight enquires after Henry, he was answered by her Ladyship with a most disdainful toss of her head, while she uttered the following sentence with bitter acrimony,—

"Really, Mr. Trelawney, neither Lady Alexina Fitzosbourne or I, are Mr Henry Clarendale's keepers,—though my brother has so greatly condescended in becoming his patron."

"A patronage of which I feel assured he will ever prove worthy," answered Trelawney, smiling: "but do you not know, Lady Glenthorpe, that when the truly great condescend to bestow favors on their inferiors, they add to their exalted rank instead of lessening it, and to their private virtues an illustration far more valuable than their armorial bearings, or the proudest monument which can be erected to their memories."

To which Lady Glenthorpe haughtily replied,—

"I shall not dispute the argument with you, Sir,—nor am I a judge of your friend's qualifications sufficiently to prove him worthy of the high honors to which he is approaching by Lord Fitzosbourne's interference, without which he would doubtless have remained in obscurity.'

"Unless your Ladyship had been pleased to have exalted him to a much higher rank and station," said Trelawney, with great point, determined at least to punish her rancorous mode of expression, if he could not expose her folly in the manner she deserved,

Instantly her Ladyship's cheeks became influenced with a color of the deepest scarlet, and her quivering lips could scarcely articulate,—

"Me, Mr. Trelawney?—me raise your friend to rank and eminence;—I confess I do not comprehend you."

"Yet your Ladyship is of all women in the world the least dull of comprehension," replied Trelawney, with a calm, cool and deliberate accent; and Lady Glenthorpe exhibited a confusion and embarrassment which she in vain attempted to hide, and which was perceptible even in the eyes of her weak and silly niece, who bursting into one of her childish laughs, exclaimed,—

"Gracious me, aunt, what makes you blush so?—I never saw you blush before; do tell me what it is all about?—dear, how funny and comical."

"Lady Alexina, I beg you will retire with me to my dressing room, for a few moments," said the now completely enraged Lady Glenthorpe, and dreading lest any further explanation should take place between herself and Trelawney, in the presence of her niece, she forced into her accommodating countenance, what she could at any time command, an apparent smile of placidity, (which like the wily serpent, concealed under flowers, was at the same instant ever ready to dart its venom at its intended prey,) and curtseying to Trelawney most graciously, bade him good night,

"Parting is such sweet sorrow'"

uttered Trelawney, and assuming, for the first time in his life we believe a theatrical accent.

To which her Ladyship instantly adopting his manner, replied, with the most intolerable effrontery and affectation, in the words of the love-sick Juliet,—

"That I could say good night till it were morrow.'"

And hurrying Lady Alexina out of the room, who exclaimed to Trelawney, that she thought her aunt extremely funny, left him in doubt to imagine whether woman was not altogether a complete problem, which it would be no easy matter for him to elucidate.

This conversation having taken place in the supper-room, soon

after the departure of the Valencia family, was not heard by the Earl, who had taken the earliest opportunity of stealing to his chamber the moment his guests had departed; and Henry Clarendale, agitated with the business he had been engaged in all the morning, and unable to encounter the cold, proud, disdainful looks of Lady Glenthorpe, who now treated him with an indifference bordering on contempt, felt his situation in the absence of Trelawney, extremely uncomfortable in Fitzosbourne House, though under it he had experienced such good fortune, and pleading, what he really had, a very severe head-ache from the effects of agitation, he sent his respectful duty to the Earl, requesting that he might be permitted to stay that evening in his own apartment, a request cheerfully subscribed to on the part of the Earl; he was, therefore, freed from the disagreeable society of Lady Glenthorpe, though banished from the presence of the Duke's amiable family, who had honored him with an attention which he should ever feel grateful for; and in the interval between tea and supper Trelawney had arrived at Fitzosbourne House, and agreeably surprised his friend Henry, just as he was retiring for the night.

"You shall positively have no sleep to-night, Henry," said Trelawney, after he had satisfied his enquiries as to the healths of his dear relatives at Kenilworth, "because I am going to talk of nothing to you but Mary—Mary, dear Mary, will be the theme of our conversation for some considerable time, I promise you,—a blush, Henry,—what, jealous again?"

"Jealous, my dear Sir," said Henry,—"jealous of Mary? Oh, no, I am cured of that."

"Upon my soul, I am glad to hear it," uttered Trelawney, though with rather a forced laugh, "for jealousy and love are two of the most quarrelsome companions that ever met together to tire one another's company; and you must candidly confess, that it was once very near getting the better of your good sense;—jealous of me too, at the very moment that I was actually making a voluntary confession to Mary of my love to your sister.—You look surprised, but it was even the case; but I will now justify Mary Bradbury, and clear the slightest imputation which may now remain on your mind, of her ever having merited your suspicion, which you may remember was first excited by my paying the amiable girl some attention;—do you remember, Henry?"

"Oh, Sir, I would banish the recollection if possible, and chase it from your remembrance altogether, fearful that it might lessen me in your good opinion," answered Henry, in some embarrassment.

"Then, Henry, you must also banish gratitude and Mary at the same time,' said Trelawney, "how shall we contrive to manage that?"

Henry was silent;—and Trelawney proceeded in the following manner,—

"I was one morning paying a visit at Elm Grove, Henry, and conversing with the amiable mistress of the mansion, when the lively Mary unexpectedly broke in upon us, I shall never forget her arch expressive countenance, as she held in her hand a portrait of her own painting, you know that Mary excels in this exquisite art, and never did she give a finer finish, or execute a drawing more to perfection, than the charming and heavenly countenance she had been at such pains to obtain a correct likeness of, but which the tantalizing little hussy would not permit me to steal more than a transient glance at. This portrait, Henry, which I then longed eagerly to call my own, was that of your lovely sister; imagine, therefore, my embarrassment and confusion, when the tormenting Mary held it at a still greater distance from me, laughing all the while with the most provoking *nonchalence*, till the good-natured soul, Mrs. Bradbury, who probably guessed at the nature of my feelings, left us together, when Miss Mary again began her siege of tormenting me, and thus a second time punished my affected indifference towards her prize, by still withdrawing it from my view; I had no alternative then, Henry, of escaping from my little tyrant, but by an ingenuous confession of my love for Rosa, to get possession of Mary's treasure, and I disclosed in confidence to Mary Bradbury, a passion that had never been revealed to mortal,—that, notwithstanding the fatal contract which bound me to marriage vows with Lady Alexina Fitzosbourne, my heart was alone in possession of your sister Rosa, and would ever remain so in spite of the destiny that awaited me. Now, Henry, mark the sequel of this mutual confidence, which was exchanged between me and Mary Bradbury, for to this confidence was owing your ungenerous doubts and suspicions of an amiable girl who

has never ceased to love you with the truest sincerity. I entreated Mary to make me master of the precious portrait, at the same instant that I demanded an honorable and implicit secrecy of a circumstance which might not only have been deemed a glaring want of propriety in the opinion of Mr. Clarendale, but which situated as I then was, I should have blushed to have acknowledged to any body else. The necessity, therefore, of binding Mary to secrecy was obvious, while on her part she demanded, that I should never reveal to Rosa how I came in possession of the picture. Thus was mutual confidence exchanged, and a mutual promise passed between us. The picture became mine, and Mary, the amiable, the ingenuous, and the innocent Mary, became subject to the ungenerous impressions and the cold suspicions of her once kind and adoring Henry."

"Ah, do not make me blush, by pleading guilty to the unwelcome truth, my dear Mr. Trelawney; for my dear Mary is now justified, and her Henry, her transported Henry never more can doubt her chaste and true affection," said Henry. And Trelawney smiled, while he uttered with considerable emotion,—

"Yes, Mary has kept her promise sacred, though it was at the risk of forfeiting the good opinion of the man she loved; yet Mary has never betrayed the confidence of Trelawney, and I have not broken mine;—from her promise Mary is now released, because concealment is no longer a necessary duty, and I hold it as indispensibly necessary to return her kind present—the picture of Rosa."

"Return the picture of Rosa again to Mary," exclaimed Henry, expressing the greatest astonishment and surprise; "ah, wherefore, Mr. Trelawney, when the sight of it is so necessary to your happiness, and will give you so much pleasure?"

"Necessary to my happiness," repeated Trelawney, now agitated beyond expression, and his fine countenance undergoing a variety of emotions as he spoke; "Give me pleasure,—can a miser feel pleasure in thinking on his gold, when he has lost it in the stream? Can he contemplate with satisfaction the treasure when it can return to him no more?—The picture of Rosa give me pleasure?—Henry, no; no honest man ought to contemplate with pleasure the portrait of another, (though she may have had pos-

session of his heart,) when his hand is pledged at the sacred altar, and the marriage vow once passed his lips;—I must not think of Rosa, and behold myself in the same instant the husband of Lady Alexina Fitzosbourne. The thought would be madness; take then, Henry, the precious deposit while I am possessed of the fortitude to part with it, the picture of your sister; and as soon as you have an opportunity of beholding your beloved Mary, and I think the period is not very far distant when you will not only behold but be united to her, inform her from whose hands you received this deposit,—once Mary's gift, but now the gift of Trelawney."

Henry bowed his head in silence, for he was too much affected by the emotion of the generous Trelawney to utter a sentence.

"There," said Trelawney, opening his bosom, and discovering, in a rich case of gold, the innocent and blushing features of the lovely Rosa, traced by the hand of Mary but a few weeks after Trelawney had been an inmate of the White Cottage, "there, Henry, behold the portrait of your sister,—remove it, I beseech you, from my breast, lest that in one extatic glance of her dear remembered features I forget all my boasted resolutions, and prove again how weak and inconstant is the nature of man."

Henry instantly obeyed the order, though with a trembling hand, of his friend and amiable benefactor, while his heart felt most poignantly for him and his beloved sister, whose state of health and languid spirits during the time he had visited his paternal abode was no longer a mystery, for it was plain that the lovely girl then labored with a secret attachment to Trelawney, and vainly endeavored to suppress it.

When Trelawney had resigned Rosa's picture to the hands of her brother, (which Henry immediately conveyed to his own breast for security,) his face was covered with tears, and he exclaimed with a deep desponding sigh,—

"Farewell, Rosa,—beloved of my soul, eternally farewell! I could not possess thee with honor, and without honor there could be no happiness for thee or Trelawney."

He then grew more composed, and with a placid smile entered into the bright and shining prospects of his young friend, and the

arrangements which he conceived would be necessary for his future and permanent establishment soon as he had taken holy orders; informing him by degrees of all that had passed between himself and Doctor Bradbury, and his more particular conversation with his father.

"Your mother I did not see."

"Not see my mother," said Henry; "then of course you had no opportunity of seeing——" Henry checked himself;—but Trelawney immediately replied,—

"You are right, Henry, I did not see Rosa;—I would not again behold Rosa for worlds, in the frame of mind I now am, it would tear the fibres of my heart asunder. But though I have not seen Rosa should I perish in a distant country (and who can tell, Henry, that I shall not,) I have thought of Rosa,—ah, who shall prevent true love from thinking,—should this be the result of my destiny, your sister, Henry, is provided for; Mary too, do you think I have forgotten Mary, my little miniature painter?" And Trelawney smiled as he wished Henry good night; but it was in truth but a melancholy smile, and Henry felt it from the bottom of his soul, as he ardently pressed the hand of his benefactor and the benefactor of all his family,—he wished that providence had been kinder, and made Trelawney happy;—Henry paused, as he breathed this wish, having too much piety to doubt its unerring goodness, which had been abundantly shed on him, consoling himself with the reflection, that Trelawney would meet a brighter reward for all his virtues hereafter, than if he had obtained the consummation of all his hopes and wishes here, in this frail and uncertain state of our existence.

Who shall pierce the impervious veil of mortal destination?—None; however upraised by rank, or exalted by station, or bloated by affluence.—And even the veil withdrawn, dare we behold it? should we not tremble at its just and awful dispensations?—Is there one of us perfect enough to behold it, though we believe ourselves to be so? not from conviction, because the best of us are not free from faults or indiscretions; but from vanity and that principle of self-love which is stationary in the human heart, from the cradle of our youth down to the pillow of our age, and this principle actuates the most virtuous, and leads the wisest of us too frequently astray

Such were the reflections of Henry Clarendale on his pillow; while sleep gently closed the weary eyes of Trelawney, the faithful monitor beat securely, calmly and quietly on his brilliant throne, an approving conscience! that blest reward of all earthly trials, afflictions and disappointments, to which there is nothing superior, not even health, for those who have it not, cannot hope to retain that, or any other blessing, while destitute of this brighter gem of existence; And Trelawney arose at an early hour the ensuing morning, greatly refreshed and tranquillized by his pleasing slumbers; having as he imagined made every necessary arrangement before he once more quitted the shores of Albion, and having made an early appointment with his friend Lord Sydney Belmont, he took breakfast in his own apartment, and hastened to Valencia Lodge much sooner than he could possibly suppose any of its fair inhabitants had arisen; what therefore was his surprise when he entered the drawing-room at the Duke's, to find Lady Honoria already out of her dressing-room, and engaged at work, so intently that she did not perceive the entrance of Trelawney till he addressed her, and Lady Honoria started with an almost involuntary emotion of surprise and pleasure.

"Mr. Trelawney, I had no expectation of seeing you thus early from Fitzosbourne House," uttered her Ladyship.

"Because there is a reversion of day and night at Fitzosbourne House, my sweet friend," enquired Trelawney, seating himself, without ceremony, beside her; "do you mean that?"

"No, indeed, I did not mean to be so unnecessarily severe, answered Lady Honoria, with a sweet smile.

"Lady Honoria Belmont is not apt to speak without meaning, answered Trelawney, observing the kindling blush that rested on her fair cheek, as her mild blue eyes encountered his, with a sensation little short of the most poignant concern. Perhaps it was pity that she should still cherish an unfortunate predilection in favor of one from whom she could meet no return; perhaps it was respect for the very superior virtues and accomplishments of such a woman as Lady Honoria Belmont. But certainly it was not love that made him heave a responsive sigh to her's, as she remarked the short period which must now intervene before the departure of her brother from England, and the uncertain probability of his speedy return to his native country.

"I will not promise for its being speedy," said Trelawney, "but surely, my sweet amiable friend has no occasion to indulge in such melancholy presages as the present, rather let me prepare you, dear Lady Honoria, to anticipate the pleasure resulting from a happy meeting; in the mean time Lord Sydney will cherish the sweetest remembrance of his beloved sister, nor will you be banished from the recollection of one of your very sincere and grateful friends and admirers, Tanjore Trelawney."

Trelawney had said more than prudence ought to have dictated, to a woman whom he was well aware was decidedly in love with him, and he should have stopped at the word friend, and left out the admirer, says rigid criticism; but warm-hearted benevolence and gentle sympathy say no; for Trelawney never once recollected, in the kind sentence he had uttered to Lady Honoria, his own personal vanity, or that she regarded him any more than her brother.

It was the warm and spontaneous effusion of a benevolent and god-like disposition, for which he was at all times so remarkable, that prompted him at this moment to impart peace and consolation to the heart and feelings of the gentle Lady Honoria, who had too much good sense and discernment to receive his compliments in any other light, and who had entirely recovered her spirits, which were a little fluttered at the unexpected visit of Trelawney, when Lord Sydney and Ladies Catherine and Frances Belmont entered the room.

"Fanny, it is all your fault, I positively protest," said Lady Catherine, curtseying with unaffected grace to Trelawney; "now we shall be tormented all the morning with his company, when you know I had appointed to call on Madame de Valmont, precisely at twelve."

"But I shall not plead guilty for all that, Lady Catherine Belmont," said the lively Lady Frances, enjoying her sister's confusion, "and I make my appeal to you, good gentlefolks, if I am not right in rejecting the idea that the company of Mr. Chandois Queensbury, who is coming to take a family *dejune*, sans ceremonie, can be so disagreeable to my sister as she represents,—truly I invited him on purpose to please her."

"The company of Mr. Chandois Queensbury is an acquisition

at any time," said Trelawney, "but to Lady Catherine Belmont, I should conceive his society has additional charms."

"From whence have you taken your conceptions, pray, Mr. Trelawney?" cried Lady Catherine, with a deep crimson overspreading her naturally fair complexion.

"From observation, Lady Catherine, and your Ladyship's avowed opinion; how frequently have I heard you declare that eccentricity was pleasing, and if it is so, you must candidly acknowledge the gentleman we are alluding to is amply gifted with the power of pleasing his most partial admirers."

"Now your Ladyship is fairly caught," said Lord Sydney, laughing, "for of all the eccentric creatures under the sun your very eccentric lover is the most singular."

"My eccentric lover!" exclaimed Lady Catherine, "gracious heaven, Sydney, how came you to imagine that Mr. Chandois Queensbury is any lover of mine."

"I will adopt Trelawney's expression, and say it is observation, my dear sister," answered Lord Sydney.

"And I have had my observations," said Lady Frances.

"And I mine," repeated Lady Honoria.

"Bravo," said Lord Sydney, "now escape if you can, no, no, Lady Catherine, there you stand confessed——"

"'A maid in all her charms,'"

instantly exclaimed a familiar voice, and Mr. Chandois Queensbury presented himself at the door, "Pray, ladies and gentlemen, have you heard the Robin's Petition," cried he, "if so, pray give me a place by your fire, for I have been literally perishing in the cold these two hours, to behold somewhat of a whimsical exhibition, I confess; heaven defend me from ever beholding such another; but this is a wonderful age, it advances rapidly towards perfection; Belmont, picture to yourself a fine lady endeavoring to learn the art of skaiting,—I have actually witnessed a personage of exalted rank and fashion, before a numerous and mixed multitude, exhibiting her delicately proportioned limbs on a sheet of ice on the Serpentine River, purposely to set the fashion for all the high-bred ladies in the purlieus of St. James's."

"Come, this is a hoax, to all intents and purposes, Queensbury," said Lord Sydney Belmont.

"By my honor, I have told you the truth," answered Chandois Queensbury; "surely you are not wholly unacquainted with the character of the beautiful and accomplished Lady Sarah D——, 'twas even she!"

"Beautiful I never thought her," exclaimed Lord Sydney, "and as to her Ladyship's accomplishments, the specimen you have given has amply satisfied me. A female skaiter in Lapland might cease to astonish the natives, because it is there practiced for convenience and utility; but I confess were I to see one of my sisters on the Serpentine River, displaying her abilities in this sort of way, I should blush to acknowledge her."

"Oh, it is nothing with her Ladyship," said Lady Frances, "she always affects singularity. Honoria, do you remember the summer when her Ladyship chose to wear a fur cap, tippet and muff in the middle of July, and sat on the coach box with her own coachman as she drove through Bond Street, to the extreme amusement of all the loungers."

"And the laughing-stock of all her acquaintance," exclaimed Chandois Queensbury, "by my soul, had I such a wife, I would transplant her to that island which is only inhabited by monkeys, which Don Quixotte so humoursly describes, for positively I should hold her unfit for the society of any human being."

"Oh, you severe ill-natured creature," said Lady Frances, Laughing.

"Severe, Lady Frances, said Chandois Queensbury, "by no means, I should only be doing justice to your gentle sex, who, when they step out of the bounds which delicacy prescribes as their principal ornament, rest assured, cease to charm us, however alluring for a moment may be their personal loveliness, or fascinating their conversation; what say you, Gentlemen, to this remark?"

"Who cannot heartily subscribe to any remark made by Mr. Chandois Queensbury," exclaimed Trelawney, "for my own part, I enter so decidedly into your sentiment in this particular as to declare that I never yet could admire beauty without modesty."

"Oh, how you will then admire Madame de Valmont's new

song, I protest it is a case in point," said Lady Catherine Belmont. "Fanny, have you not a written copy of the words, hand them to Chandois Queensbury, and he will read them to Trelawney."

Lady Frances now, with one of her resistless arch smiles, took the song from her port-folio, and while presenting it to her sister, added, very provokingly but very prettily,—

"Lady Catherine Belmont can always read by proxy—in the person of Mr. Chandois Queensbury!"

"Because she is probably of opinion there are none so likely to do justice to Madame de Valmont's compositions," said Trelawney.

The cheek of the now conscious Lady Catherine was suffused with blushes, and perhaps she never looked more lovely in the eyes of her equally conscious lover, who affecting a carelessness, which he did not feel, exclaimed,—

"I am always happy to deserve the good opinion of the ladies, but unfortunately, Lady Frances, I do not at present merit that of your sister; you may remember, Lady Catherine, that we quarrelled yesterday, and have not since had time to make it up again."

"Did we," cried Lady Catherine, "well, I declare I have quite forgotten what it was all about."

"Indeed," said Mr. Chandois Queensbury, "that is more than I dare say for myself, I never forget what Lady Catherine utters, even though it is only a monosyllable."

Mr. Chandois Queensbury said no more; but as he took the song out of the snowy hand with which Lady Catherine presented it to him, it is not very clear whether he did not give it a gentle squeeze; but whether Lady Catherine was offended or not cannot be determined, for she recovered from her confusion, and resumed her smiles of charming vivacity more than ever.

"Queensbury, you forget that Trelawney and I are impatiently waiting for Madame de Valmont's beautiful song," cried Lord Sydney.

It is not certain whether Mr. Chandois Queensbury thought of any thing but Lady Catherine Belmont at this precise moment, nor

was he much indebted to Lord Sydney for this remark; but he lost no time in recovering himself, and instantly began as follows:

The Rose that is blushing on Modesty's cheek.

The bright silver lily to love I compare,
Yet never was lily to me half so fair,
So fragrant, so blooming, so chaste and so meek,
As the rose that is blushing on Modesty's cheek!

I have seen the soft blush of the fresh rising morn,
I have seen the sweet cowslip peep under the thorn,
But I never saw beauty, the beauty I seek,—
Where the rose was not blushing on Modesty's cheek!

I own there's a charm in the love beaming eye,
I own there's a spell in the love breathing sigh,
But where is the charm that her eyes would bespeak,
If the rose is not blushing on Modesty's cheek!

If beauty is charming, I'll bend to its shrine,
And perhaps I may own the sweet nymph is divine,
But that beauty I love, and the charmer I seek,
Is the rose that is blushing on Modesty's cheek.*

"I have always admired the delicacy of this Lady's compositions," cried Trelawney, as Mr. Chandois Queensbury concluded the song, to the entire approbation of his attentive auditors, "but I own the words of this little air surpass them all, there wants but one finish to render it truly charming."

"And what may that charm be, pray, Trelawney?" said Lord Sydney.

"The charm which always captivates the listning ear, the voice of Lady Honoria Belmont," cried Trelawney, respectfully approaching Lady Honoria, as he requested she would accompany her voice to the music, by Dr. Jay, which proved the taste of that excellent and approved master, it was like all his compositions, full

*The above song had the honor of being noticed and admired by her late Royal Highness the Princess Charlotte of Saxe Coburgh, when presented to her by the author in a collection of Poems, of which her Royal Highness was a liberal patroness.

of melody and sweetness; and Lady Honoria did it ample justice, never was her voice in finer tune, and Trelawney, as he contemplated the uncommon perfections of this sweetly interesting and accomplished young lady, could not help making the avowal to his own feelings, that had he never loved Rosa Clarendale, such a woman as the amiable Lady Honoria Belmont could not have failed to have become the object of his choice; and how happy would such a connection have rendered Lord Sydney; this, however, was not to be thought of; no human tie could dissolve or lessen his affection for Rosa, whom he wished to see as accomplished as the being before him; and well he knew that she had a mind capable of the instruction which would be given her; her heart, and the qualities of her disposition wanted no additional aid, and her manners, combining simplicity and fascination without art, he would not have exchanged for those of any other female in the created world.

"I suppose you will visit Florence, if you go to Italy," suddenly demanded Chandois Queensbury, addressing himself to Trelawney.

"Ask my friend," answered Trelawney, "for it is really of little consequence to me where I go, I am pleased with all nature wherever she spreads her flowers;—can drink water with the simple Gentoo, and partake of the flowing banquet with the luxuriant sons of affluence, sleep on a hermit's rushy couch, or repose in the pavilion of a palace; in short, Mr. Chandois Queensbury, I am one of those beings not easily discontented with fortune, even when she frowns; though not ungrateful for her favors when she condescends to yield me her smiles."

"Sir," said Chandois Queensbury, very gravely, "you talk like one unacquainted with adversity and all its bitter streams."

"Believe me, no," answered Trelawney, with great warmth and energy, "you are led astray by this supposition, I have entered the haunts of extreme wretchedness, have entered the abodes of peculiar misery, have seen gray hairs washed with tears and the cheek of youth made pallid by sorrow and affliction."

"But it was your fortunate lot to relieve the sufferers because you were blest with the power," said Chandois: "ah, Mr. Trelawney, it is when we cannot relieve, that the heart sustains a

pang too great for human utterance, it is when we are suffering ourselves, and beholding others suffering with us, that we taste of the bitter draught; 'tis when we are denied the means to prove that we are not destitute of feeling, that, our load of sorrow is then insupportable."

"I will admit, and thank heaven, that has never been my case," said Trelawney.

"But it has been mine, Mr. Trelawney," said Queensbury; "it has been mine,—though I now cannot sum up half my wealth, I have been a poor man: there is no shame in the confession, for shame does not belong to poverty, though it may be, and surely is, the legitimate offspring of vice. I am not ashamed, therefore, of acknowledging that I have been poor, and if poor men cannot feel for one another, they must not expect to find compassion in the rich. Now as I have been a traveller, Mr. Trelawney, I must recommend you to visit Florence."

"Why so we intend, do not we?" said Lord Sydney, "I would not miss it for the world."

"You will do well," continued Mr. Queensbury, "for every corner of this beautiful city is full of wonders, in the arts of painting, statuary and architecture, but the celebrated Venus de Medici is thought to be a standard in female beauty and proportion, and stands in a room which they call the Tribunal, it is of white marble, and is surrounded by other master-pieces of sculpture, all the works of Greek masters. There is, beside, the chapel of Lorenza, which of course will not escape your notice, as being perhaps the finest and most expensive habitation that ever was reared for the dead."

"Well, I own I had much rather rear habitations for the living," said Lord Sydney.

"Which they are sometimes unworthy to possess,' replied Chandois.

"Oh, how I should like to see this Venus," exclaimed Lady Frances.

"I see one now," exclaimed Chandois, "and if you go and look in that mirror, Lady Frances, you will behold one too."

"Queensbury, I thought you never attempted to flatter the ladies," said Sydney.

"Well, but I don't thank him for this compliment," said Lady Frances, "for it is not clear to me that he did not mean *one* of my sisters,—they are both reflected in the same mirror, you know."

'Fanny is too hard upon you, Queensbury," said Lord Sydney; "by the bye, I have been thinking you will be an excellent guide to Trelawney and I, on our travels,—suppose you accompany us as far as Italy."

"I accompany you and Mr. Trelawney as far as Italy, Lord Sydney," said Chandois, staring with astonishment. At which Lord Sydney exclaimed,—

"Certainly I spoke English, Mr. Queensbury, but if you do not understand that, I will talk to you in French."

"I certainly shall not go to Italy, Lord Sydney," answered Chandois.

"Pray do, that's a good soul," said Lady Frances, scarce able to refrain from laughing at the gravity of his countenance, and the sly glance he stole at Lady Catherine.

"And why, pray, Lady Frances?" demanded Chandois.

"Because we can spare you to be sure," said the lively Frances; "for when you are gone there's nobody will miss you."

A general laugh now prevailed, and Lady Catherine tried to laugh too, and so did Queensbury, but nature was too powerful a pleader in both their hearts to join in the deception; for the one was too conscious of the charms of his society to relinquish it without pain, and the other too much attached to the loved being before him to separate himself from her, with the doubtful uncertainty of not exclusively possessing her affections.

CHAPTER XXX.

Henry Clarendale's final appointment to the Rectory of Coventry, and his Marriage to Mary Bradbury;—Happiness of both Families;—interesting Conversation at Fitzosbourne House.

Before Trelawney left Valencia Lodge, at which he was strongly solicited to stay and partake of a family dinner, but which propriety induced him to decline, he retired with Lord Sydney to have some private conversation relative to their intended plans, in which the Duke of Valencia was also a party concerned; and it was now agreed, that they should finally take their departure on Henry Clarendale's ordinance being obtained, for the shores of Italy.

The Duke then paid Trelawney the hightest compliment he could receive, by declaring he could not have selected a companion for his son in whom he could place such implicit confidence, or on whose friendship he could so faithfully rely; "not that I shall ever suspect my dear boy of disgracing his ancestors, or wounding the feelings of his father, Mr. Trelawney," said the Duke, with proud but becoming dignity; "honor is too strongly implanted in the breast of my Sydney,—but he is young and impetuous, and with the impetuosity of youth, has also its inexperience,—and young men of the present time are not all Trelawneys."

"That I may be ever worthy of your Grace's favorable sentiments towards me, I shall feel proud and happy," said Trelawney, bowing to his Grace, "but I am unwilling to receive a compliment, however gratifying, at the expense of Lord Sydney.

Thus ended the conversation with the Duke; and Trelawney departed for Fitzosbourne House, where he found the Earl impatiently waiting to behold him, to communicate the pleasing intelligence of Henry Clarendale being now ordained,—the Bishop having been pleased to declare, that he was fully satisfied with

all the documents which had been laid before him for investigation, and sent most graciously to inform the Earl of his entire approbation

"My dear boy, my dear Tanjore," said the Earl, meeting Trelawney on the stairs, with the Bishop's letter in his hand, "I am glad you are arrived, I have been seeking to find you all over the house, till honest Mungo told me you were gone out; here is most excellent news for your friend Henry,—summons him here immediately, to tell him of it."

Henry was in a few moments in the presence of the Earl, and received the confirmation of his good fortune with such modest grace and enthusiastic gratitude, that the Earl was greatly affected by his manner.

"May every blessing wait on my noble benefactor and my friend," exclaimed the agitated Henry, bending one knee before his Lordship, who kindly raised him from his suppliant posture, and heartily congratulated him on his success.

Meanwhile, the no less agitated and ever generous Trelawney sat down, and wrote to the pastor what the present feelings of his warm and benevolent nature dictated, in a hurried epistle to his friends, the contents of which are already known; and in a fortnight from the above-mentioned period, the fond and happy parents had the inexpressible felicity of beholding their darling son appointed to the station he was so calculated to fill; and entering into holy orders, he was fully presented with the living of Coventry, amidst the warm plaudits of the parishoners, and the heartfelt congratulations of all his friends,—the aged and the young, the infirm and the sickly, all breathed forth their prayers, and blessed the pious son of the no less pious pastor of Kenilworth, that his days might be long and happy.—And when was the pious prayer ever disregarded, or the voice of gratitude unheard?

Could Henry receive any addition to the happiness which then surrounded him?—Father, mother, sisters and friends, all greeted him with smiles of love and rapture. But there was another smile yet in store for Henry, without which all his present prospects would have faded on his sight, like the colors of a gloomy landscape; and Henry had another gift to receive, far more precious than a diadem enriched with jewels of the most costly val-

ue, the hand of Mary Bradbury, which was pledged to him, according to promise, at the sacred altar in the village church of Kenilworth, exactly one week after his presentation, to the no small joy of her delighted parents, and the equally gratified feelings of Mr. and Mrs. Clarendale; Mary was their favorite from a child; for whom they had long discovered Henry's early partiality, which time matured and had ripened into love; nor could they have selected a more deserving or more appropriate object for the wife of their son.

The parsonage-house was selected as the most proper residence for Henry and Mary, as being most convenient for his professional concerns, and to which the superlatively happy pair removed after staying a few days at Elm Grove, and making every body happy around them, and the whole parish of Kenilworth resounded in their praise.

As to Doctor Bradbury, on the marriage of his daughter Mary, which had transported him beyond all bounds, he positively declared he would shut up shop, in spite of the widow Camomile, who was one of his best customers, because she was never out of the doctor's lists; in short, the doctor was weary of business, and business was weary of the doctor, and finding they were no longer fit for one another, and that he had provided for his family through a long course of laborious industry, and that they were now settled beyond his most sanguine expectations, he very soon retired from the fatigues of his profession, resigning the whole of his business to his son Philip, who was beginning to acquire the same respectable name as his father had done before him, being high in estimation with the doctor's patients, on account of his perseverance, industry and attention: the last requisite will, perhaps, render a medical man a greater favorite than he is aware of, and will be of more service to him than a name handed down to posterity.

The doctor had now, like a skilful pilot (to use his own phrase,) brought his sheet anchor into harbor safe and sound, nor heeded now the tempestuous gales that blowed over the ocean. He purchased a neat cottage, about a mile from Woodlands, where, retiring with his still lovely old woman (for so the doctor always called Mrs. Bradbury,) he occasionally passed his time in the pleasantest and most agreeable manner to his feelings, by alternately sharing it with the three young happy married pairs.

Philip and Rebecca being nearest his own residence, he was with them most; besides, he anticipated the birth of a little grandson very shortly in this quarter, and he often paid Rebecca a visit when she least expected it, to make the necessary enquiries after her health.

The doctor would then post away as far as the parsonage, to see Mary, where he felt most at home; for Mary was still the darling of his heart, she still set his wig to rights whenever it was awry, tied his neckcloth, and sung old gipsy ballads on purpose to amuse him, as he occupied a large elbow-chair, in the warmest corner of the fire-side; or sometimes the doctor would be so extremely vulgar as to choose to smoke a pipe under the spreading branches of some of the venerable shady trees which surrounded the parsonage-house, while he regaled himself with a jug of home-brewed ale; on these occasions Mary generally followed her father with her work-basket, and sat by his side, while Henry, ever pleased to be where his Mary was, would often accompany them with a book, not more delighted in paying every respectful attention to his father-in-law, than he had ever been remarkable for his affectionate duty to his own father; while Mary was the happiest of women,—her rosy lips often confessed it to her adoring husband, and her cheerful countenance, which beamed with smiles of vivacity and good temper, proved that her assertion was incontestibly true.

If ever there was a pensive expression over shadowed the lively features of Mary, it was sometimes when she beheld Rosa, who was often at her brother's, and reflected on the destiny of the absent Trelawney, deeply lamenting that he was not united to the woman he had so long loved with the tenderest and most unabated affection, and if Mary had not reflected on Trelawney in the midst of her own happiness, she would not have merited her fortunate lot, for the generous Trelawney had created it, he had promoted it, and he had completed it; and when Mary thought of him, she heaved a sigh to his recollection, and often a tear unseen was dedicated to his memory.

Meanwhile the lovely Rosa was daily advancing in those acquirements which promised to render her the most accomplished of her sex, and exceeded the most sanguine expectations of her

masters, while she amply repaid the attention they had bestowed on her, and gratified the wishes of her fond father; she had become so great a proficient on the harp (the favorite music of Trehawney,) that several of her masters were no longer thought necessary to attend her; in all other accomplishments of polite learning she was also making improvements, so greatly that Mr. Clarendale, with an exultation which a fond father could not conceal, acknowledged that his beauteous daughter surpassed all the expectations he had ever formed, (since she had commenced her studies,) however flattering, of so early a completion; for Rosa now painted beautifully, and began to give specimens of this exquisite art in several admirable sketches of the delightful scenery, which on every side of this charming country was luxuriantly scattered with nature's happiest productions; but while the sweet maid, lovely as the blossoms which her own pencil so accurately portrayed, and pure herself as the dews which fell on the opening flowers, while she sedulously employed every moment towards the attainment of every useful and ornamental accomplishment, she still found opportunities of assisting her mother in domestic and family occupations, lessened indeed by the absence of her sister and brother, yet never neglected by Rosa, who was frequently the only mistress of the White Cottage for whole days together, Mrs. Clarendale being much at Woodlands with her daughter Rebecca, with whom a momentous period was rapidly approaching,—a period when a mother's presence is doubly endearing, and the timid apprehensions naturally attending a delicate female at such a crisis, were greatly lessened on the mind of Mrs. Philip Bradbury, by the society of her tender and affectionate parent.

At her brother's marriage Rosa had evinced great fortitude, and conducted herself as became a female of sense, by endeavoring to check that excess of sensibility which on other occasions she had so strongly indulged in, and which indeed was the only fault (if a fault) she was possesed of; but this is sufficient to lay us open to the severe animadversions of the cold and the rigidly prudential party of the world, who for that world seem to live alone, since they never step from its prescribed rules.

The union of her darling Mary with her no less darling brother, made the heart of Rosa bound with the most rapturous sensations

of joy; Mary had long been the sister of her heart, and she was now really so by this tender and sacred connection with her family.

But poor Rosa, with all her virtues, all the purity of her character and the chaste principles of her disposition, and with a heart as innocent as our frail nature could possibly be gifted with, was yet a woman, and a woman in love, and when she witnessed the happy union of her brother, when she marked the rosy blush and the sparkling eye, which spoke the full measure of an enraptured heart, which could ask heaven of nothing more, in her friend Mary, poor Rosa did sigh and think of Trelawney;—and we must forgive her for it,—it is not in mortal to be perfect;—in this earthly state of our existence we can only endeavor to become so, as far as we are able, or Rosa had been an angel, not a woman. Elizabeth was neither forgotten or neglected, in the general happy congratulations,—she and her husband were both present at Mary's wedding, and they frequently visited Woodlands and the Parsonage; old Doctor Bradbury (for Philip was now styled the young doctor,) setting himself in the midst of the happy group, and while the cheerful glass went round, often sung the old song of "Ere around the huge Oak," with great sensibility and feeling, and which was felt in the hearts of his children and numerous friends. While these happy scenes were alternately passing in this sequestered spot, congenial to peace and happiness, which folly and dissipation never dream of, much less can they ever feel,—while the roseate hours swiftly but soberly flew beneath the domestic roofs of the White Cottage, Woodlands, and the Parsonage, let us pay a visit to the splendid mansion of Lord Fitzosbourne:—alas, no bosom there tasted of peace but the amiable and generous Trelawney, and that peace was only reflected to him from the happiness he had created to others; all else would have presented a dreary blank to the existance of Trelawney, for the conduct, the manners and the character of Lady Alexina Fitzosbourne every hour exhibited fresh proofs of the utter impossibility of his ever becoming attached to her; and Trelawney beheld it with an indifference which had now become almost habitual, but with a deep and poignant regret, that it was operating too powerfully on the feelings of her father, whose health was rapidly undergoing a very material change,

which increased as the time fixed for the departure of Trelawney approached; to which, however, Lady Alexina and her aunt looked forward with a degree of pleasure they endeavored to conceal, though sufficiently betrayed to the discerning eye of Trelawney.

Lady Alexina, having again contracted a gambling debt, which she was ashamed of acknowledging, and was apprehensive would shortly be discovered, impatiently longed for the hour of Trelawney's departure, in hopes of being able to coax her father (at whose visibly declining state of health she evinced her usual insensibility) into a good humor to settle her demands.

And to the feelings of Lady Glenthorpe we must ascribe but one powerful motive—self-interest, which had been the leading principle of her mind from her earliest days, and now continued to operate, though with much greater force, in the autumn of her life. The superior virtues of such a character as Trelawney excited her envy, (virtues which she could never imitate, and therefore could never feel,) but the many proofs evinced towards her of the liberality of his disposition, convinced her that such an acquisition to the family was of the most immediate consequence; and wealth being her idol, neither her ambition nor her avarice had ever induced her to regret the idea of his becoming the husband of her niece, to whom she had given him before Lady Alexina was born, and for the consummation of this marriage her Ladyship looked forward with a combination of feelings, every one of which tended to promote her own private concerns and interest; the power of her influence, and the ascendancy she could always gain over the weak mind of her niece, made her imagine that Trelawney, through Lady Alexina, would ever be subservient to her means, and that she could obtain as much money as she thought necessary, from so rich and abundant a store; still Lady Glenthorpe anticipated the absence of Trelawney with no small degree of satisfaction, because the discovery he had made of her ridiculous passion for Henry Clarendale lessened her in his opinion, and exposed her to his contempt; and owing to another circumstance of no very trifling moment—her brother would be more solicitous for her society, and she should in consequence, regain that power over him, and that influence, which since the arrival of Trelawney

she had lost. She beheld the day fixed for his departure, therefore, with a transport she could not hide, even from the observation of her brother. Trelawney, however, had many private conversations with the Earl, of a most affecting nature, in which he carefully disclosed his sentiments on the conduct of Lady Glenthorpe, beseeching him to take his daughter under his own immediate inspection, during the time that he should be absent with his friend Lord Sydney; and that on his return again to England, he was then willing, as soon as his Lordship proposed, to marry Lady Alexina, according to the marriage contract by the Will of his Father. "In the meantime, I hope to receive a favorable account of your health, my Lord," said Trelawney, in the most affectionate manner; "nay, I beg you will not hesitate to demand my immediate return, should necessity require (which I hope it will not) my presence at Fitzosbourne House; be assured your wishes shall be complied with, although at the hazard of my life."

Trelawney pressed the feverish hand of Lord Fitzosbourne to his lips, while a burning hectic flushed the cheeks of the agitated Earl as he exclaimed,—

"Dear, noble, amiable, ingenuous boy, ever more solicitous for the happiness of others than your own, and will you, my dear Tanjore, will you indeed come back before the period of two years is expired, if I should require your assistance,—will you, dear boy, glad an old man's heart, and smooth the pillow destined to receive my last breath?" The Earl paused, and Trelawney, now deeply affected, held his hand in respectful silence till he had recovered himself, and then uttered,—

"In the period of two months, my Lord, if you wish it; nay, had not my word of honor been passed to Lord Sydney and the Duke of Valencia, I would decline altogether my intended expedition, and remain to devote my whole exclusive duty to your Lordship."—A smile of joy lighted up the languid features of the Earl:—

"Virtuous, amiable youth," uttered he, "the blessing of all who know you,—the pride, the glory of my existence; oh, Tanjore, my heart is indeed full while I make the painful, the mortifying confession—I have a daughter, but she is not worthy of you,—no, by heaven, Alexina is not worthy of you; she is,—oh, Tanjore,——

"The child of Lady Fitzosbourne! my dear, my ever honored aunt!" exclaimed Trelawney, "and I will not suffer you, my dear Lord, to say any thing more."

"Louisa has been the ruin of my girl,—she has totally destroyed my child!" repeated the Earl, with strong emotion; "oh, why did I not remove her far from her pernicious example, which has taught her to be dissipated, allured by fashionable follies, and attached even to the pleasures of the gaming table!"

"From which folly I hope she is reclaimed, at all events," said Trelawney, wholly unconscious as well as her father, of the new indiscretion which she had so lately been guilty of; "my dear Lord, I intreat you to compose yourself, for I positively will hear nothing more of Lady Alexina's little foibles;—I know them all, and would amend them if possible, but that not being likely at present, I must remain content, that time will bring about, what my persuasion cannot,—reformation; in the meantime, be composed, regain your health and tranquility, and do not despair, my Lord."

"Despair and I have long been companions, my dear boy," uttered Lord Fitzosbourne, with a deep sigh, "but for your sake, I will endeavor to enjoy the reflection of happiness,—more I can neither look for, nor reasonably expect, for I buried happiness with my lovely Alexina.

"But her gentle virtues——" exclaimed Trelawney,

"Live in my heart," said the Earl; "alas, I hoped to see them reflected in her child, but——"

The Earl now paused, for the shrill voice of Lady Alexina (for her voice was never melodious) was at that moment calling to her marmozet, which had broken its silver chain, and was now running all over the house, pleased to regain its liberty, and had found its way into the library, where Trelawney and Lord Fitzosbourne were sitting, but was quickly followed by its enamored mistress.

"Pray, papa, have you seen my monkey," exclaimed she, in the utmost anxiety lest her favorite had escaped, and without attending either to the pale agitated looks of her father, or to Trelawney, who rose at her entrance.

"Your monkey, foolish girl," said the Earl, "my thoughts and

attentions are, I thank heaven, otherwise engaged; I cannot converse with an animal."

At which Lady Alexina by no means regarding the serious tone in which this sentence was uttered by the Earl, and anxious only for the recovery of her truant favorite, applied to Trelawney, exclaiming in her usual childish tone and manner,—"Oh, Trelawney, if I have lost Pug I shall be so unhappy."

"For a day and a half, probably," said Trelawney; "but can my fair cousin imagine, that I can be very solicitous about finding the little urchin monkey, who is so dangerous a rival in your affections.—Should I not be kinder to my own interest, to suffer him to escape now he has found his liberty?"

"Ah, you know where Pug is, and you wont tell me, you ill-natured creature," said Lady Alexina; "and papa wont tell me neither, because he dislikes Pug so extremely."

"You are right, my love, in your supposition," said Lord Fitzosbourne, "I am like Trelawney, and do not find it very pleasant to be rivalled in the affection of my daughter by a monkey."

Though the Earl uttered this with great expression, it had but small weight on the feelings of Lady Alexina, who lamented the absence of Pug more than she would have done that of her father.

"What shall I give you, Tanjore, if you will but find Pug?" cried she, in the most coaxing accents, and approaching Trelawney in a more agreeable way than she had ever done before, which was by no means unpleasing to the Earl, though of little consequence to Trelawney, who answered very gravely,—

"What your Ladyship has never given me yet—a good word."

The cheek of Lady Alexina was now crimsoned with blushes of the deepest dye, and she stood in the attitude of a beautiful statue drawn for the figure of embarrassment, conscious that she had fully merited the accusation of Trelawney, who when he conceived he had sufficiently punished the fair culprit, gently drew aside one of the green silk curtains which shaded an arcade of beautiful, fragrant and flowery shrubs, and there, in sly ambush, sat Mr. Pug, who finding he was discovered, did not attempt again to escape from his hiding place, but on being called by his enamored mistress, flew into her arms, and was almost stifled by her kisses."

"Ridiculous girl," exclaimed the Earl, "thus to bestow caresses on one of the most hideous animals in creation." But Lady Alexina staid but a short time in the hearing of her father's reproaches, for she darted out of the library, with pug in her arms; not without condescending to thank Trelawney, however, for the recovery of her prize. "I have heard of being able to tame lions and other animals of the brute creation," said the Earl, after a long and painful pause, "but to tame an unruly woman, when she is determined to act in direct opposition to our wishes, I hold to be a task as difficult as were the labors of Herecules."

"It is wise, therefore, my Lord, to give up the attempt," said Trelawney, with a smile of the most perfect good humor; and they both separated to dress for dinner, at which the whole of the Valencia family were invited as a sort of farewell, previous to the young friends departing for the continental tour.

Mr. Chandois Queensbury was also solicited by the Earl to meet the Duke's amiable family, on the same day, because his conversation in general was an acquisition to society, and because it was very perceptible that he stood high in estimation in another quarter, and Lord Fitzosborne imagined that the time would not be very far distant when he should behold him a branch of the Valencia family.

Lady Glenthorpe, who could not bear to be out done in magnificence at the Duke's table, in which, if she had given herself a moment's time, she would have observed, a neat and uniform elegance without ostentation, and economy without parsimony, entreated the Earl to suffer her to manage the order of this day in her usual way; and she had no sooner obtained the Earl's consent to this arrangement, than her Ladyship set about ransacking her memory in order to procure all the delicacies and dainties of the season; and the dinner which was served up on this day at the Earl's table, exceeded all the style of luxuriance that was ever yet seen at Fitzosbourne House, and which, had the palate or taste of each guest been consulted, would have been wholly unnecessary; for the Duke of Valencia never ate himself but one dish, and the young ladies were never solicitous to procure luxuries only for themselves, Lord Sydney being equally content with the fare, however simple, which his sisters were pleased to provide for him.

But Lady Glenthorpe was a vain, ridiculous and ambitious woman, and neither simplicity nor frugality were her leading propensities, though in her brother's establishment there had been such repeated and frequent calls for it.

This, however, availed nothing, and if the Earl's whole fortune had been expended on her own and Lady Alexina's artificial wants, (for to real want they were strangers,) Lady Glenthorpe had never repined at the desolation which would have surrounded him.

Is it then to be supposed that under such auspices the niece was likely to be more provident than the aunt, with such an example constantly before her eyes? and as example is always more dangerous than precept, could it be imagined, unless gifted with most extraordinary talents to have resisted it, that Lady Alexina could have been any otherwise than what she now appeared, uniting at once the character of an excessively spoiled child and a simpleton, not to say almost an indiot! nor was it to be expected that any reformation would take place at the present period.

The Duke's carriage arrived at the door of Fitzosbourne House nearly ten minutes before that of Mr. Queensbury's, whose equipage and liveries were entirely new, the elegant neatness of which attracted a crowd of admirers as it drew up before the Earl's.

"Oh, my heavens, there is Queensbury come to sport his new chariot for the first time," said Lady Frances Belmont, as she occupied a seat close to the window.

"I protest it is extremely elegant," exclaimed Lady Glenthorpe, "only much too plain for a young man of his splendid expections, —I mean to say, his present large fortune;—I beg ten thousand pardons, Lady Catherine."

This sudden address to Lady Catherine, brought the bloom of roses instantly into her fair cheek.

"Beg pardon of me, Lady Glenthorpe!—for what, may I ask?" replied she, in some confusion.

"By making my remarks so freely on Mr. Queensbury," uttered her Ladyship.

"Surely your Ladyship's observations in that respect cannot apply to me," answered Lady Catherine; but every body laughed, as at that moment Mr. Queensbury entered the saloon, and took his station by the side of Lady Catherine, and never had her ec-

centric lover (for such he evidently was) appeared to such great advantage, not only from the unstudied and easy elegance of his dress, but from the unaffected charms of his conversation, always sensible and pleasing, and from an expression in his countenance, which certainly was quite unusual with him, for it was that of vivacity; but whether Mr. Queensbury only borrowed it from the reflection of animated pleasure which beamed from the eyes of Lady Catherine as he silently approached her, is a point hard to be determined.

It may be remarked, that the dress of a gentleman is always the same; it is invariable from fashion, because it never departs from propriety, consequently escapes from all vulgar observations being made, either one way or the other, and this alone constitutes the dress of a finished gentleman, whether his rank be exalted, or his station humble.

"I have been admiring your carriage, Queensbury," said Lord Sydney.

"Which is neatness personified," exclaimed Lady Glenthorpe; "I assure you, Mr. Queensbury, it does credit to your taste."

"I am proud to merit your Ladyship's approbation," said Queensbury, bowing to Lady Glenthorpe's compliment.

"Don't you think it rather too grave?" observed Lady Frances Belmont.

"I always choose my color to the complexion of my mind," answered Queensbury; "you, Lady Frances, for instance, would make choice of a more lively color."

"Dipped in Iris's bow, positively," exclaimed Lady Frances; "I am fond of variety,—are not you, Lady Alexina?"

"Oh dear, that I am," simpered out the childish beauty; "I never could bear any thing ten minutes and a half without being quite tired of it, and wanting something else to amuse me for the next half hour and so on, you know, my dear Lady Frances, to the end of the chapter."

A general laugh ensued; and Lord Sydney, in a half whisper to Trelawney, exclaimed,—

"This is by far the most sensible speech I ever yet heard Lady Alexina pronounce."

"At least it has truth to recommend it," said Trelawney, in the

tone under tone; and dinner being announced, here ended the conversation in the saloon,—a dinner which in magnificence might have suited the Emperor of the Turks; which was followed by a desert almost unequalled in the palace of St. James's; every fruit of most delicious quality was here introduced, intermixed with the most choice of wines and preserves; while flowers the most rare ornamented each silver vase, yielding fragrant perfumes; and while the Earl of Fitzosbourne headed the table, Lady Glenthorpe took her station in conscious triumph, well knowing that such an entertainment as the present could not be excelled, if equalled, at Valencia Lodge. Her Ladyship's extravagant disposition was here, therefore, most fully gratified, and her ambition flattered, and she appeared what she really was, in the most exhilarated spirits; nor were the rest of the company much depressed, save only the gentle and the amiable Lady Honoria; but her depression was visible, though she labored to conceal it on the present occasion by every effort in her power; and if a sigh escaped from the beauteous confines of its snowy prison, it was attributed to the parting which must so shortly take place between herself and brother, to whom she was passionately attached, the Saturday following being the period precisely fixed for his departure from England. Nor was Lord Sydney without his share of sensibility, on bidding adieu to his beloved sister, Lady Honoria being his favorite, because she resembled him more in mildness and sweetness of temper than either Lady Frances or Lady Catherine, and because, being the two elder of the children of the Duke, they were nearly of the same age, and had been greatly attached to each other during their infancy; yet there were times when Lord Sydney felt an undisguised joy at parting with his sister, having long discovered, with sensations of the most poignant and heartfelt regret, her passion for Trelawney, which could only end in a sense of bitter sorrow and disappointment to her youthful bosom. Long had he observed her tearful eye, her languid cheek, and her faded bosom, and most impatiently had waited for that hour when this too seducing object of her affections would be removed from her sight; Lord Sydney, who had never been under the influence of the tender passion himself, vainly imagining that absence was the only effectual cure for love.

Whether it would prove so, however, with the gentle Lady Honoria, it was for time to elucidate.

Their approaching departure was now introduced, and being a subject in which the two families were mutually interested, nothing was talked of for the succeeding part of the evening by the Duke of Valencia and the Earl of Fitzesbourne, in which they occasionally referred to Mr. Chandois Queensbury, for some very important information, he having been a traveler to the remotest part of the world.

"Come, Queensbury," said the Duke, "be not sparing of your counsel, I beseech you, to these young and inexperienced adventurers,—you, who have traversed even 'India's barren sands.'"

"Return but still a pilgrim, your Grace," answered Chandois Queensbury, "to offer my vows in my own country to the only shrine I can adore."

So delicate, but at the same time so direct a compliment to his daughter, who blushed extremely, for a moment silenced but could not fail to gratify the feelings of the Duke of Valencia; at length he demanded to know of Mr. Queensbury, how he had liked Madeira and Madras, in which he had been so long resident?

"So extremely," replied Queensbury, "that I must endeavor to persuade Lord Sydney and Mr. Trelawney, when they are over the Atlantic, not to return without taking a peep at Madeira.—The climate is there so truly delightful, that the scorching heat of summer and the icy chill of winter are equally unknown, for spring and autumn reign continually, and produce fruits and flowers throughout the year. There also flourishes the cedar tree, which is extremely beautiful."

"Is not also the dragon tree a native of this island, Mr. Queensbury," enquired Trelawney.

"Assuredly," answered Queensbury; "and even the plants and flowers which are nursed in the English green-houses, grow wild there in the fields; I have seen some of the hedges in Madeira mostly formed of the myrtle, the rose, the jessamine and the honey-suckle, while other flowers, which are here considered exotics, spring up spontaneously in the meadows. The goldfinch, too, is found in the mountains so numerous, that prodigious are the quanties sent to this country."

"Pray, Sydney, let us have some birds," said Lady Frances; "but you are so forgetful a creature, you wont think of your poor sister, when you are transplanted to these happy isles."

"Saucy girl," exclaimed Lord Sydney, "I don't know whether I shall not have half a mind to punish you for your impertinence. Remember, Trelawney, to leave my sister Fanny out of all our little presents."

"I do not know whether I shall assent to such an arrangement," replied Trelawney; "apropos, Mr. Queensbury, his Grace was speaking of Madras."

"Or, Fort St. George, commonly so denominated," answered Queensbury; "I was there an inhabitant, Mr. Trelawney, nearly a period of six months; it is situated close on the margin of the Bay of Bengal, and you will be delighted with its appearance, which is beautiful and interesting in the extreme, the houses being covered with a stucco which nearly resembles the finest marble, and bears as high a polish, which gives a freshness grateful in so warm a country; in short, Madras is all that the eye can conceive of a Grecian city in the age of Alexander. The clear blue cloudless sky, the polished white buildings, the bright sandy beach, and the dark green sea, present a combination totally new to the eye of an Englishman just arrived from London."

With this, and many other descriptions of the country through which he had travelled, Mr. Chandois Queensbury favored, and greatly entertained his friends, giving further conclusive evidence of the superiority of his judgment, and the cultivation of his mind.

Meanwhile the young travellers anticipated with delight the pleasure they would receive in visiting the places he had been at such pains to favor them with an accurate account of, and in projecting plans for the order of their intended route, in which they were assisted by the grave philosopher occasionally interwoven with the remarks and conversation made by the ladies, which concluded the rational enjoyment and pleasure of the evening.

CHAPTER XXXI.

Departure of Trelawney and Lord Sydney Belmont for Italy, who are driven by a storm and adverse winds on the Scotish Coast where they land.

Bright beamed the sunny rays through the windows of Trelawney's apartment on that morning which was destined to behold his departure from Fitzosbourne House, and from which his feelings would not permit him to depart without experiencing some very painful emotions at the deep depression of spirits which the Earl of Fitzosbourne so evidently labored under, and to whom Trelawney had become greatly attached, from the discovery of the many noble and amiable traits in his Lordship's character.

In the first place he had been ready to forward all his plans to secure the establishment of Henry Clarendale. In whom he had proved a warm and zealous friend, for which Trelawney felt that he should ever owe his Lordship a debt of gratitude, and throughout the whole of the danger which threatened him in the affair of the Marquis of Montrevoirs, Lord Fitzosbourne had evinced towards him the tender sensibilities of a parent; in short, there was no instance in the conduct of the Earl, during his long residence under his roof, that did not betray his sincere attachment; he had been uniformly kind and solicitous to render him happy, and reconciled to the Will of his Father, without wishing to enforce him to act contrary to his own inclinations; and though his heart was set on the marriage of his daughter, agreeable to the contract, yet that contract had never once been mentioned by the Earl with an air of authority; he had only lamented, that Lady Alexina had not created in the heart of Trelawney that impression of tender regard which the nature of their connexion required.

Trelawney, therefore, could not behold the emotion which so deeply affected the Earl on the eve of his departure, without par

ting in a great degree of his feelings, consoling and soothing his agitated spirits as much as he could, in a separation which he assured him should only be protracted to the limits of his wishes: on which assurance the Earl grew more composed, exclaiming as he rung the hand of the now equally agitated Trelawney,—

"Remember, I live but on the expectation of the promise you have given me,—a speedy return to Fitzosbourne, on which you will instantly become—"

"The husband of your daughter," uttered Trelawney, and taking a hasty leave of Lady Alexina, who suffered him to imprint a kiss on her cheek, with as much sensibility as if it had been composed of Parisian marble, he took the hand which was presented to him before he jumped into the chaise, and pressing it for a moment to his lips, softly ejaculated,—

"If you would secure your own happiness, and merit the future good opinion of Trelawney, cease to follow the example of your aunt,—beware of the gaming-table!"

It was well that his caution was conveyed to her Ladyship in so low a voice as not to be heard, and that the carriage of Trelawney at this moment instantaneously drove from the door, leaving Lady Alexina in a sort of flutter of spirits, resembling that of a child who felt afraid that some of its faults would be discovered, and that it should not escape whipping, and she burst into tears, as the only means of relieving her full heart, in which her noble and generous lover had not, however, the slightest concern; throwing herself in the arms of the agitated Earl, who never having seen her evince so much sensibility before, and totally mistaking the cause, tenderly kissed her cheek, while he passionately exclaimed,—

"Oh, my child, how much more grateful to my feelings are these tears than a thousand of my Alexina's smiles, for they prove that you have some value for Tanjore Trelawney;—but cease to weep, he will soon return, and then——"

But Lady Alexina had already ceased to weep, and in truth, was almost ready to laugh at the mistake which her father was under, in the supposition she had been shedding tears for the absent Trelawney; not one had been sacred to him, they were for her dear self, and arose from apprehension of her follies being discovered, and from no other sensation whatever.

Lady Glenthorpe had given a cold adieu to Trelawney, which, it must be confessed, did not call forth a much warmer one on his side: he had too many potent reasons for continuing his dislike towards her Ladyship, and her Ladyship too much cause to admire those virtues which she affected to despise.

Wondering, therefore, at Lady Alexina's tears, she could not help expressing her surprise and astonishment when they were alone:—

"What did that prudential, ill natured creature say to you at parting, my sweet love, to occasion you to shed tears?—Some old text, I suppose, preached by some frump of a country parson; it may do for the parson's daughters, but for my beloved Alexina, it is highly ridiculous and excessively absurd."

Lady Alexina, however, from some secret cause, did not choose to satisfy her aunt in this particular; for in the first place, she was but too conscious that the parting words of the excellent Trelawney contained just reproaches on her conduct, and did not convey a very flattering compliment on that of her Ladyship's; she made use, therefore, of a little artifice to evade any explanation on the subject, by carelessly observing, that he had only told her to take care of her health, and not to keep late hours in his absence; and this being so very like the precaution that Trelawney would have given, perfectly satisfied the curiosity of Lady Glenthorpe.

"Well, my love," cried she, "he shall see that we are not to be dictated to, or governed by the caprice of this proud East Indian; it is time enough for him to count his authority when you are married to him, but till then he dare not control you in the innocent recreations so necessary to your youth and beauty;—we will enjoy ourselves, my sweet angel, shall not we? in the absence of your bashaw, who, for aught we know, may be a very Blue-Beard."

"Lord, aunt, how you frighten me," cried Alexina, "for if you take Trelawney for Blue-Beard, I hope you don't think he will treat me as he did Fatima, and cut off my head with the rest of his wives."

"Oh, my love, there is no knowing what he maydo," replied the insidious Lady Glenthorpe, "if you tamely submit to be governed by him;—but come, my sweetest, we have talked enough of him

time to think in what manner we are to lay out the pleasures of the day; your father, you know, is too much overcome in parting with his favorite to attend to any thing else, and has shut himself, almost inconsolable, in his own apartment, from which we dare not disturb him; suppose we take an early dinner, and peep in at our old friend's to enjoy a snug rubber under the rose;—what say you, my Alexina, to such an arrangement?"

Lady Alexina blushed deeply,—she hesitated, stammered, and blushed again,—she felt irresolute, and knew not how to comply with her aunt's abominable request, for it was to the house of Lady Beregarde she had asked her to go. Trelawney's parting words still found a place in her recollection, and this was the moment of repentance in the thoughtless and inexperienced breast of the youthful Alexina: had the form of lovely virtue now interposed, had her snowy mantle been spread at this critical moment over the shoulders of the lovely victim, she had been spared a life of sorrow and reproach,—had even the commands of her parent forbade her to transgress, it would have been at this moment sufficient, and Lady Alexina had been saved;—but her father was not present when he should have been, and, like many other lovely victims, she fell in the fatal snare which dissipation had spread for her, allured by the folly and the pernicious example set before her by her artful relative, whose intoxicating draughts of flattery, together with the vanity of her own heart, led her astray from delicacy and propriety, and but too well succeeded in completing her ruin.

Parents, never part with your children, however near the relatives, however dear the friends, to the guidance of others,—an aunt is not a mother, an uncle is not a father.

None but a mother's hand should rear her daughter,—none but a father's counsel direct the son; if death has dissolved these tender connections, it were better that your offspring be cast at once on a wide and merciless world, than leave them subject to either the tyranny or the follies of relatives, who do not know how to govern themselves.

It is true, that this was not precisely the case with Lord Fitzedwards,—but he had submitted his daughter too much to the tuit-

of his artful and dangerous sister, and instead of shutting himself up to weep for the absent Trelawney, he had more wisely stuid with his child, to have corrected those follies of which he was already aware that she was capable, and denied those indulgencies which he knew would be tolerated, and encouraged by her aunt.

In this was the Earl extremely reprehensible, for the weak-minded Alexina could not resist the tempting proposal made by Lady Glenthorpe, who, taking her hand, led her willing captive to her dressing-room, where she assisted her maid to decorate her beautiful person, on which she passed the most extravagant encomiums, smilingly telling her, that she looked like the beauteous Cleopatra when she captivated Mark Antony; and after taking a slight refreshment at Fitzesborne House, ordered the carriage, which instantly conveyed them to the glittering, but false, deceptive mansion of Lady Renegarde, who received her votaries with smiles of ill-concealed triumph, and where in a few hours, mixing with her vile associates, the thoughtless Alexina once more became the dupe of her own indiscretion and the false pleasures of the gaming table.

Meanwhile, Trelawney, with his silent companion, Mungo, who was indifferent to any change of climate or situation, if shared with his beloved master, proceeded to Valencia Lodge, where he had appointed to meet Lord Sydney Belmont, and whom he was sorry to behold surrounded by his weeping sisters, who were unable to bid him farewell, from the excess of their emotions, till gently, the Duke, who was himself greatly affected, begged that they would retire.

"Ah, I do not find parting such 'sweet sorrow,' Trelawney," cried Lady Frances, smiling through her tears, "and begin to find that I love Sydney better than I thought I did."

"Honoria, heaven preserve and bless you," cried Lord Sydney, straining fondly to his heart, this tenderly beloved sister; but the fainting girl could not answer him, and bestowing on Trelawney a silent but expressive glance, which sunk deep into his soul, she suffered her sisters to lead her out of the apartment; and the painful conflict was now over with the feelings of the amiable Lord Sydney; he had found it difficult to resist the tears of his sisters, but with his father he could part as became a man.

"There is nothing so completely subdues my feelings as the tears of a woman," uttered he, attempting to recover himself.

"And he who could not be affected by a woman's tears, is unworthy of the name of man," exclaimed Mr. Queensbury, who was present on the occasion, and who had till now been a silent but by no means an insensible spectator of the scene, and who had found dispatch necessary in all tender adieus with beloved and sacred connections, and now hurried Lord Sydney from the presence of the Duke, but not before he had taken his affectionate farewell of his greatly respected sire, leaving his Grace a few moments alone with Trelawney.

"Trelawney, my prayers and blessings attend you," said his Grace, pressing his hand with fervor, "be a kind Mentor to my dear boy, though your counsel be given in the form of a Telemachus."

"Rely on my allegiance to your Grace," said Trelawney, bowing, and instantly seating himself beside of his friend, he nodded once more his kind adieus to Mr. Queensbury, who stood at the gates till the carriage was completely out of sight, and Lord Sydney many miles distant from his paternal mansion, and on the high road to Dover, from whence they were to embark for their continental tour.

Parting with objects tenderly beloved, and with friends highly respected, is certainly one of the most sorrowing sensations that the heart can feel, one alone excepted, and that is when death utterly dissolves all human ties, and all connection is broken; but we do not surely reflect that in common separations there is as great a probability of our meeting in another world, as in the uncertainty and casualties of this, in which there is not even a momentary security, if divested of the care of Almighty Providence.

We shall not follow the travellers in their journey to Dover, we shall only say, that they arrived there safe, and meeting with accommodation suitable to their wishes, for themselves, servants and baggage, embarked in a few days from that port for Italy, had not contrary winds, which lasted not only successive days, but for many weeks, destined their skilful pilot to steer for another part of the ocean, in which they had been hurried, had they not put in for safety on the Scotish shores, on which the tempestuous gales had

for several days blown them; and when they at last cast anchor in a safe harbor, the captain of the ship congratulated his passengers on their lucky escape from all the horrors of shipwreck, to which they had been for the space of ten days hourly exposed.

"Here, however," cried the captain, "I am apprehensive we shall not be able to obtain much assistance, this being the most northerly part on the coast of Scotland, where a few herring fisheries is all the commerce of the inhabitants, and from the shattered state of the vessel she must be repaired ere we can attempt to proceed on the voyage; at all events, gentlemen, we will try what can be effected," continued the captain, well aware of the rank of his passengers, "my greatest anxiety being for your accommodation in this desolate place, where, I am afraid, while the vessel is repairing, you will find it difficult to procure a habitation suitable to your station." The Captain bowed very low as he made this remark, and waited in respectful silence.

While Lord Sydney replied, "birds of passage must be content with any station which Providence may be pleased to assign to them. I am not very solicitous about accommodation, I assure you, Captain, when reflecting on the dangers we have escaped.—On what part of the Scotish coast are we now situated?"

"The island to which we are now lying adjacent is called Inchcolm," said the captain, "near the coast of Fife, but within the county of Edinburgh, and in the Forth. On it stands the ruins of a monastery, founded in 1123, by Alexander the First, in gratitude, it is said, for his escape when driven on this island in a tempest, such as we have lately witnessed, for the hospitable treatment which his Majesty received from only a hermit, who entertained him with the milk of his cow for three days and three nights."

"I have always admired the brave Scots," said Lord Sydney, "and since chance has thrown us on their hospitable coast, shall be happy of improving my acquaintance by personal communication with so hardy, vigorous, and industrious a race of people."

"Your Lordship does not conform to the avowed opinion of Dr. Johnson, then," said the Captain, "respecting the natives of Scotland, to whom he was not partial."

"Because, I am no friend to prejudice or illiberality," answered Lord Sydney, "though it comes clothed in the learning of a prelate."

'Your Lordship s sentiments I admire," said Captain Finchley, for that was the name of this son of the ocean; "it is unpardonable to reflect on the men of any country whatever; for go where we will, we can see none without faults, which we should not be so ready to condemn, without sprinkling a little of the milk of human kindness, which would render the task a little more agreeable to our feelings."

Captain Finchley now bowed, and retired to his cabin to think of means most expeditious to repair the damage which the vessel had sustained, leaving Trelawney and Lord Sydney together, to consult on their own immediate arrangements; and it was finally settled that they should land on the island of Inchcolm, and remain there while the ship was under repair: and the ensuing day being favorable to their wishes, Trelawney and Lord Sydney, including there respective servants, Mungo and Le Sage, with some part of their luggage, were conveyed on shore by Captain Finchley and four of his most able seaman.

When landed, and inhaling the fresh breeze of the mountains, which were romantic and picturesque, Lord Sydney, to whom this scene was more novel than to Trelawney, could not help exclaiming,—

"Well, thank heaven, we are again safe on terra firma.—Oh, the blessings of land and liberty! Are they not grateful to an Englishman's heart, Trelawney?"

And to every man's heart, who knows how to appreciate them," uttered Trelawney: "yet there are those who repine under those blessings with frowning discontent; and because they cannot gather all the roses which life scatters on its path, crush beneath their feet those few which are given for their acceptance."

Captain Finchley listened with admiration to the conversation of these amiable young men, as they proceeded to the only house of entertainment which the island afforded for the reception and accommodation of travelers, such indeed as one of our meanest houses in England would not have presented even to mendicants passing on the road side.

It was seated on the brow of a stupendous mountain, the sign exhibiting the mountain goat, the milk of which animal was here truly delicious; but this was all it had to boast of. They had nothing to offer to their unexpected guests but some very coarse barley cakes, a few dried herrings, and some very indifferent whiskey, which, with a few potatoes, presented their whole "bill of fare," which would have made a city alderman die of starvation.

The host belonging to this very elegant and sumptuous house of entertainment, styled himself the "Laird of Creggy," possessing not only the poverty, but all the pride of the ancient Scots, which they carry about them as a sort of protection, wherever they wander in their native mountains, availing them but little when they sojourn to other distant countries.

Notwithstanding, however, this national trait in the character of the Laird of Creggy, he inherited great good humor, and cheerful vivacity, blended with a willingness to oblige and please his guests, which was not untinctured with hospitality; he had "*two bairns*," as he called them, and a "*gude wife*."

The wife was stately and proud, and took snuff in prodigious quantities, presenting her *mull* or box, so denominated from its peculiar quality, to Trelawney and Lord Sydney, the very moment they came in; but the daughters were beautiful, and wild, and simple as the goats which broused on the top of their mountains.—They had yellow hair, blue eves, and fresh cheeks, which would have mocked the deeply blushing rose in the fairest gardens of England.

They partook of a great share, however, of the family pride, which they inherited from their ancestors; and whenever Lord Sydney or Trelawney glanced towards them, they evinced, by a chaste and dignified demeanor, that those glances would only be welcome while kept within bounds of the strictest propriety.

Yet these were Scotch girls, without either shoes or stockings, the daughters of a petty Highlander, whose sole inheritance was the house he possessed, with a field of potatoes.

Yet these girls could furnish you with an account of their ancient country, and were by no means unacquainted with the histo-

ry of others, nor unlettered in the muses. They adored their Creator; not merely by external forms, but in purity and native simplicity of heart; taught from their earliest days to hallow the shrine from whence they sprung.

Blest, happy country! uniting perseverance and industry, labor and instruction. Children of health, innocence, cheerfulness, and virtue! for ever honored be the tombs of your chieftains, peaceful your valleys, respected your snowy mountains, and sacred your ancient shades!

What delighted Trelawney and Lord Sydney most during their visit at the Laird of Creggy's was, to hear the whole of this family chaunting forth the melodies, with all the ancient ditties, of their native country; and while Isabel and Jessy sat at their spinning-wheels, without being conscious that they were overheard, often has Trelawney listened with rapture to the ballads of "Auld Robin Grey," "John Anderson, my Jo," and "the Yellow hair'd Laddie," given in so pure a style of sweet simplicity, that they would have made many a modern belle blush at her own languid expression and total want of feeling.

One evening when they were thus engaged, and the Laird was expatiating on the noble deeds of his ancestors, now and then interlarded with a Scotch ditty as he recounted over the battles which had been fought and won, a fine grey horse, richly caparisoned, came up to the door of the Mountain Goat, having on his back, a rider who appeared to be of some importance, as with the air of no common vassal, (though such was his habit, and the dress of a Highlander,) he vociferated, "Andrew," which was the name of our host, and the Laird of Creggy almost instantly arose at his command, carrying out a large bottle of whiskey, of which they each took a bumper. The gude wife ran and presented her snuff box, and Isabel and Jessy seemed solicitous to offer him attentions —no persuasions, however, could induce him to dismount from his charger and enter their abode, though repeatedly requested to do so by his friend Andrew; but he did not refuse his pressing solicitations without smiles of the most perfect cordiality, intimating that he would visit him another day, but that he was now sent on an errand of some emergency for his "bonnie lady;" after which Andrew held some few minutes of close conversation with

his Highland friend, often glancing at Trelawney and Lord Sydney and in which it was very probable that the Laird of Creggy was boasting of the rank of his guests, and informing him of the accident to which he owed the honor of having the company of such exalted personages at the Mountain Goat. The Highland servant (for such he was) listened with great attention to Andrew's detail, and then rode off with great alacrity and spirits.

There were times when Trelawney and Lord Sydney found it difficult to understand their host, as his dialect was that of a broad Highlander, which from his frequently conversing with men of different nations, was rendered still more unintelligible, as he introduced a variety of words from each, for the interpretation of which they were obliged to apply to a stranger, an Englishman, who frequently resorted to the Mountain Goat, to smoke his pipe, and drink whisky punch, as a relaxation from the fatigues of business, and being now present, he entered into conversation with Trelawney.

"The Highlander you have just seen, Sir," said he, "conversing with the landlord, is in the service of Lady Jean Campbell, who is the sole heiress of a fine domain in this land, Dumfairling Castle, about three miles north of this mountain; it is built on a solid rock, and of such a stupendous magnitude, that in days of old it was thought impregnable by the English army. A bloody battle was fought there, however, under the command of the brave General Campbell, great grand father to the present Lady Jean, in which it is said that near ten thousand men were slain and wounded, the General himself having fallen a victim to his bravery, Dumfairling Castle then became the inheritance of Wallace, Earl of Campbell, who dying left issue an only son, Alexander Campbell, the bravest and most noble of all their clan; followed by the brave Scots, he stood foremost in the battle's heat, animating by his courage and magnanimity his soldiers; in war a lion, and in peace a lamb. He was destined, however, to receive a blow more mortal than any he would have sustained from the hands of an enemy,—the death of Lady Campbell, who died in giving birth to a daughter, his only child, and the sole heiress of his large domain, the present Lady Jean, who is renowned in these parts for her uncommon sweetness and beauty, with no more pride, Sir, than the humblest of her vassals."

T. S. Wallcut Sc. N. Y.

Dumfairling Castle.

Published by W. Barnett.

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"Nor probably half so much," said Trelawney with a smile; "but pray proceed,—your account of the Campbells is interesting."

"But," continued the narrator, "you have not heard the most affecting part, for Lady Jean became an orphan and an heiress almost in the same hour. Lord Campbell did not survive the intelligence of his lady's death, of whom he was so passionately fond, that desiring his infant daughter to be brought to his bedside, her uncommon likeness to her mother operated so powerfully on his agonized feelings, that invoking a blessing on her beauteous, cherub face, he was seized with a convulsive spasm, and suddenly expired, leaving his infant angel at once unconscious of her orphan state, or the splendid title that awaited her.

"At this awful crisis, nothing could be done by the long and faithfully attached vassals of the Earl of Campbell, but paying every duty, and bestowing the tenderest care on his child, now their sole mistress, and heiress of his proud domains. Lady Jean in consequence was placed under the care of Margaret Ferguson, who had been her mother's favorite and principal attendant, and who performed both the kind offices of nurse and governess to her tender charge, till she attained those years when it was thought necessary to inform her of her rank and exalted situation. All the vassals of her farther's clan, among which were many whose heads were silvered o'er with age in the service of the brave Campbell, were now summoned to the presence of their young mistress; and bending on one knee before her, all swore, with firm, unshaken fidelity, allegiance to their mistress,—that should the hour of peril ever assail the Castle of Dumfairling, in that hour they would shed the dearest blood in their veins, ere they would desert their beloved mistress, or cease to protect the house of Campbell.

"The lovely Jean, then only fifteen years of age, affected by a scene so novel, and possessed of a mind far superior to her years, burst into tears, while in a voice of angelic sweetness, she bade the old men rise from their suppliant address.

"'Brave followers of my father's fortunes,' uttered she, smiling through her tears, and blushing with timidity, "friends of the house of Campbell, receive a daughter's thanks;—brave chieftains who have followed my father through a path of glory, mine be the

task to smooth the pillow of your rugged age, and reward your faithful services. In this castle, my paternal abode, and where lie buried the remains of my ancestors, rest in peaceful security of all your future cares, none of you shall be displaced in your authority. In the mean time, act for an inexperienced child; I am this day only fifteen years of age; chieftains, you are better able to govern than me, and you cannot please your mistress better than to exercise the duties of humanity. Let not the weary traveler go unrefreshed from my gates, nor the wandering pilgrim without his alms,—chide not the sons and daughters of misery, with bestowing cold contempt on their supplications,—give to the child of want food, and to the naked raiment; so, chieftains, shall the house of Campbell be prosperous and happy, under the immediate protection of the great Eternal, who protects us all."

"With these words, Lady Jean Campbell modestly covered her face with a veil, and curtseying to all her vassals, retired with Margaret Ferguson, amidst the warm plaudits and congratulatory blessings of her father's deeply penetrated, admiring and grateful chieftains. I need not tell you, Sir, that from this day Lady Jean Campbell was the idol of her people, to whom she grants such liberty and indulgence, that they have learned to love her, it is positively attested, more as an engaging beautiful child, than their mistress, though there is not an attendant in the Castle who I believe would not risk his life in her service."

"And if they did not, they would be unworthy of such a mistress," said Lord Sydney, who had listened with great attention to this history of the Campbells, given by the stranger, who, having been resident on the island of Inchcolm for near a period of thirty years, was well acquainted with every particular he had related.

"Good heavens, Trelawney," exclaimed he, "did you ever hear such a picture given as that of Lady Jean Campbell?—what an enchanting creature! I confess I cannot help feeling some little curiosity to see a female, who, possessing the simplicity of a child, unites also the mind of a heroine."

"That is exactly what a woman ought to be," said Trelawney, with a suppressed sigh, the idea of Rosa Clarendale at that moment crossing his imagination: "but pray, Belmont, don't fall in love with the picture before you have seen the original."

"Love," said Lord Sydney, laughing, "is entirely out of the question; I might as well attempt to enter the seraglio of an imperial Turk, as besiege the walls of Dumfairling Castle, to obtain a sight of its fair mistress."

"That your Lordship may obtain without difficulty," said Mr. Harrison, for so was the stranger called, "for every body will see her to-morrow that chooses to go over the mountain."

"And why to-morrow?" enquired Lord Sydney.

"Because," answered Mr. Harrison, "it is Lady Jean Campbell's birth-day; she will be eighteen years old to-morrow, and there will be such rejoicings up at the Castle as never was known, —among our vassals I mean, and strangers who choose to go there to be entertained with good cheer, of which there is plenty on that day; as she never controls them, though she I am told, passes the whole of this day in a very different manner herself."

"How?" enquired Lord Sydney,

"In visiting the tombs of her father and mother," said Harrison, "on which (assisted by Margaret Ferguson, who is now very aged and infirm, and to whom she is particularly attached) she sprinkles a profusion of fresh-gathered flowers, and remains there a considerable time in silent devotion, after which she enters the chapel veiled, where prayers are read by her chaplain, and hymns chaunted by the vassals, chieftains and attendants belonging to the Castle. When this is over, she receives their congratulations in the great hall, and distributing her customary presents and alms to the poor, desires they may all meet to rejoice and be happy, and drink success to the house of Campbell."

"What an angel!" exclaimed Lord Sydney; and Trelawney smiled, on perceiving that his young and noble friend was intoxicated with the pleasing description given of this admirable young female, and that if he continued in this mind, to see and to fall in love with Lady Jean Campbell would be one and the same thing.

All that Harrison had asserted, however, was strongly seconded by the Laird of Creggy himself, who protested that she was "the bonniest wee lassie," that ever drew breath in auld Scotland.

To which his gude wife and her two daughters heartily sub-

scribed, protesting to Trelawney and Lord Sydney, in their Scotch accent, that Lady Jean Campbell was the bonniest and prettiest lady in aw the country, and that they were going over the mountain to see the feast at the Castle in honor of her birth-day, on the following day, from which they always returned "wi' mickle siller and mony a gude thing."

The health of Lady Jean Campbell was now drank, and toasted with the most heart-felt congratulations by all the party, much to the satisfaction of the host himself, as Lord Sydney and Trelawney ordered a large bowl of whiskey punch to be prepared for that purpose, of which they invited Captain Finchley and Mr. Harrison (who had been at great pains to afford them information on the subject of the country) to partake; and at the particular request of Trelawney, the Laird of Creggy's bonnie daughters were prevailed on to sing some of their native airs.

They had none of that extreme timidity and affected bashfulness, which so strongly marks, and sometimes stupifies the English peasant girls, who first titter, simper, and rudely break out into a perfect horse-laugh before they have finished their song. They had been taught better, and Isabel sang, "Nannie, wilt thou gang wi' me?" with great sweetness and simplicity; while the lively Jessy gave them the more sprightly air of "There is nae luck about the house," in such a pure style of Scotch melody, that Trelawney several times exclaimed,—

"Bravo, bravo, my little mountain daisy."

And Lord Sydney insisted on an *encore*; and this enconium being passed on the musical abilities of their daughters, did not a little flatter the feelings and gratify the vanity of the gude wife and her mon, when they reflected that these praises came from the mouth of an English nobleman.

The next day this intelligence was conveyed to the potatoe merchant, who carried it to the whiskey merchant who lived in the market town, where it was blown about the ears of all the lasses, who vied with Jessy Creggy in the vocal line, and many a snowy bosom now swelled with ambitious emulation to rival Jessy and Isabel;—but all would not do.

The herdsmen, when they drove their flocks over the mountains, were sure to call at the Mountain Goat, not so much to taste of Andrew Creggy's whiskey, as to hear Jessy sing.

And custom, which had till now been very moderate, began daily to encrease at this house of call for travellers, much to the inexpressible joy and satisfaction of the Highland family, who, by the accidental tempest, which had thrown Trelawney and Lord Sydney on their rude coast, felt the full force of an old adage strongly verified,—"That it is an ill wind that blows good to nobody."

CHAPTER XXXII.

Lord Sydney Belmont's anxiety to behold Dumfairling Castle, and Lady Jean Campbell;—Meeting with her Ladyship's Page.

It was one of the most transcendant mornings that ever peeped through the kindly heavens, and the most enchanting perfume of a thousand opening flowers yielded their delicious fragrance, which entwined around the lattice of the windows in the chamber where Lord Sydney reposed; birds poured their sweetest molody from their mossy nests; and the ships lying in the harbor of Inchcolm seemed to kiss the white bosom of the silvery wave, so tranquil, so calm, so transparent was the ocean. Scarce a breeze fanned the honeysuckles which the hands of Jessy and Isabel had planted in the little garden which their father had allotted to them for their industry—small indeed, but full of nature's sweets, and that for humble happiness was sufficient. The goats skipped over the mountains, while the happy and contented herdsman, who, turning his pipe with a merry Highland ditty, never repined because fortune had not made him a greater and a richer man. He had health and peace,—he loved his Maggy and she loved him, and this was ambition enough to warm a shepherd's heart.

And this was the happy morn which seemed to welcome in the natal day of lovely Jean; she herself the fairest flower of the gay

chaplets which were preparing to be presented to her by the grateful vassals of her father's house.

When Mungo brought the goat's milk into his master's chamber, which Trelawney and Lord Sydney usually preferred for their morning repast, he desired him to go and tell Le Sage to inform Lord Sydney, that breakfast was ready. Which order Mungo obeyed; but no Lord Sydney appeared; he was not to be found by Le Sage, who went in search of him to every part of the Highland habitation; at which intelligence Trelawney would have been under some alarm, had not the sly looks and simpers of Jessy and Isabel left him at no loss to surmise to what quarter his friend had directed his steps; he remained, therefore, perfectly content, only enquiring if Lord Sydney had taken a guide to conduct him on his walk.

To which Isabel, placing one finger on her rosy lips, archly replied, "I munna tell," and merrily turned her spinning-wheel, while Jessy employed herself in preparing the croudy and porridge for their accustomed morning meal, to the great amusement of Trelawney, to whom such scenes were so perfectly new, that he thought he had never beheld more innocence, cheerfulness, and industry, than that which he now witnessed in the bosom of this Highland family.

Curiosity to behold Lady Jean Campbell had been such a predominant sensation with Lord Sydney, that he had found it utterly impossible to sleep the whole of the night; his imagination having taken such an unusual flight that he at first pictured the sweet maid in the earliest days of her orphan state, as Harrison had described her, in the arms of her brave father, "a beauteous cherub babe."

From this thought he progressively strayed to where the lovely Jean, only fifteen years old, stood in the midst of her vassals, and surrounded by her father's chieftains. The delicacy and sweetness of the speech she had delivered to them, excited his ardent admiration, and from thence he beheld her by the side of the venerable Margaret Fergurson, kneeling before the tombs of her father and her mother, and scattering roses with her snowy hands.

His imagination now carried him a step farther, and following

her as far as the chapel, where, breathing from her pure and spotless heart fervent and pious prayers he left her covered with a modest veil that shaded her lovely features.

And here Lord Sydney stopt—he could go no farther—and starting from his restless pillow, he exclaimed to himself, "She is an angel! Lady Jean Campbell is an angel!" and Lord Sydney threw on his clothes with the utmost expedition, resolutely bent on that day to behold her.

It was scarce break of day, therefore, when he left his chamber, and presented himself to Isabel and Jessy, who were just returning from milking the goats; and desiring that they would procure him a guide to take him over the mountain, as he wished to taste the fresh breeze before the sun had shed its powerful rays too warmly, and throwing down a handful of silver, he begged they would accept of it to buy ribbon knots to tye up their hair*

As this present was given in the presence of their father "they took no shame," (to use their own phrase,) in accepting of it, and the herdsman now having stept in with the goats, offered his services to conduct Lord Sydney to whatever part of the island he wished to go; and being told that he was desirous of seeing the remarkable rock on which the castle of Dumfairling was situated, Isabel and Jessy could not help smiling at one another, believing that the English gentleman felt a much stronger curiosity (which they had observed the night before in the countenance of Lord Sydney) to behold the bonnie lady of the castle herself than any thing belonging to it.

But Lord Sydney did not hear these remarks which the lasses made to one another, and if he had it would not have deterred him from his intention.

The herdsman, therefore, and him set off together over the mountain, and proceeded, by short cuts and certain bye-ways with which the Highlander was well acquainted, till a most stupendous rock overlooking the sea met their view, on nearly the summit of which the Castle of Dumfairling reared its proud and lofty towers, which seemed to bid defiance to the ocean which rolled beneath its battlements.

It had an awfully grand and majestic appearance, and yet was

* A mode of ornament very becoming to the dress of the Scotch girls

on all sides diversified with little hillocks, glens and mountains, on which were shrubs and trees of the most beautiful verdure. A clear and almost transparent stream flowed at the foot of the battlements, which emptied itself by windings into the bosom of the sea, the banks of which were covered with an innumerable quantity of flowers, which in England are called blue bells, being of an azure color, but in Scotland "bonnie lasses;" and these in such profusion as gave a lively and charming appearance to the otherwise gloomy shade of the stately towers and tremendous huge battlements. There were besides large porticos, on the top of which projected the head of some monster.

In short, in days of old this castle must have made a very formidable resistance to the enemies that would have attempted to have besieged its interior parts, the bare exterior of which was so ably defended; here then, thought Lord Sydney, the brave General Campbell breathed his last sigh in the midst of Glory, and in the arms of his faithful followers; here expired the valiant warrior amidst the tears and unutterable groans of his sorrowing chieftains; alas! victory too dearly gained, yet will the tears of his country sprout among the cypress which shadow his remains, and his memory be ever sacred in the hearts of his friends

Wherever a brave soldier falls who has fought nobly in his country's battles, though unburied be his head, he does not fall unlamented even by his enemy: respect hovers on his shade, and angels wafts his sighs to heaven.

So died Horatio Nelson, a nation s glory and a nation's pride, over whose valiant and whose noble soul the icy hand of death had no control to damp the victory he had so gloriously obtained over England's foes: he died in the full consciousness of immortal triumph, a Christian hero and a glorious chief. Peace to thy remains, oh gallent Nelson! eternal honors flourish round thy tomb; thy virtues sacred. and thy name renound in ages yet to come.

On the brow of the hill the travelers stopped,—Lord Sydney, to take a more particular survey of the Castle of Dumfairling and its surrounding prospects, the boundaries of which extended over a vast part of the mountain; and the herdsman, to inform him (while he pointed to a little cabin, over the door of which was suspended

a painted sign, but of what it would have been difficult to determine, though it is believed that it was intended for a ship, under which was deciphered, in almost as unintelligible characters.

Highland Whiskey sold here,
Entertainment for Man and Beast,
By Donald Mac Donald ;)

that he would find very good accommodation if his Lordship wished to rest himself in yon " wee house on the brae," and that it was remarkably noted for "as gude whiskey as any in aw Scotland."

Lord Sydney, however, notwithstanding this positive assertion felt no predilection to taste of this exilarating draught proposed to him, and a much less inclination to enter the "wee housie" so tempting for the recreation both of man and beast, but he judged rightly in supposing that it was not a matter of equal indifference to the honest Highlander and telling him that he might stay at the cabin till he required his attendance on his return over the mountain, while he amused himself in walking round the Castle, gave him money to procure some refreshment, for which the Highlander, taking of his bonnet, bowed down to the ground, and directing his Lordship to the most unfrequent paths, left him to persue his peregrinations, making the rest of his way to his friend's " wee bit housie," and longing to boast of the presents of silver he had received from the " bonnie braw English gentleman."

Meanwhile Lord Sydney rambled at his pleasure near the boundaries of the Castle, casting many an anxious, impatient and inquiring glance towards that part of its stupendous structure which he imagined was inhabitated by the family and attendants, and, lastly, honored by the immediate presence of its fair mistress.

Not a human being, however, met his welcome eye, or satisfied his eager curiosity—all was hushed, calm, peaceful, and silent as the now silver bosomed wave; he continued therefore to ramble on without interruption, unmindful of every object he had in view, and heedless of the hours which swiftly flew. At length he found himself near the river's banks, where a thousand wild and beautious flowers met his view, with here and there a moss-grown seat, which invited him to repose, if weary, from the fatigues of his walk —he had not wandered many paces, however, when he was suddenly surprised by a figure which actually had the appearance,

from the distance where he surveyed it, of something angelic, so beautiful was the cherub face, so light and ariel the form, yet this object was not Lady Jean Campbell, nor was this figure resembling that of the Caledonian maid, still was Lord Sydney enchanted with its peculiar and striking character of beauty, for it was that of a lovely boy, habited like a page, whose age did not seem to exceed that of nine years; he had a dress made tight to his polished limbs, composed of silk of a celestial blue, a tartan plaid over his shoulders, and a Highland bonnet decorated with a plume of black feathers, sweetly contrasting with the uncommon loveliness of his complexion, and his beautiful bright and golden locks, which flowed in great profusion over his white forehead

His cheeks, exhibiting a color fresher than the buds of roses, were flushed with youthful exercise; and at the precise moment when Lord Sydney beheld him, he had thrown off his bonnet, and was dexterously employed in culling the wild and simple flowers on the river's bank, which he put into a little wicker basket that he carried on his arm.

As Lord Sydney approached him, he was by no means intimidated at his appearance; but looking as if accustomed to the sight of strangers, continued to go on with his employment, about which he seemed very solicitous, but Lord Sydney seemed rooted and spell bound to the spot, and venturing to enter into conversation with the little Cupid (for such he seemed,) was answered by him with the most engaging sweetness and cordiality; and his Lordship enquired his name, he replied, "I am Robert."

"Robert, and have you no other name, sweet boy?" said Lord Sydney.

"Yes, Robert Duncan," answered the child.

"The name of your father, perhaps," enquired the curious Lord Sydney—for men can be curious as well as women.

"I don't know, indeed—I have no father," said the beautious boy.

"But you have a mother, my lovely innocent," cried Lord Sydney, drawing nearer to him, and examining every feature in his beauteous face, and feeling at this moment a very uneasy sensasion. Was it curiosity in his Lordship? No—it was that bane of mankind, Suspicion; while the sweet child innocently said,—

"No: I don't want one."

"Not want a mother," cried Lord Sydney, viewing the child with astonishment, blendid with stronger symptoms of curiosity than ever; then I suppose my little fellow, you are in the service of some gallant lord?"

'No," cried little Robert very archly, "I serve a bonnie lady—Lady Jean Campbell is my mistress."

"Indeed, what I suppose you are her page.

"Yes," said Robert.

"And do you love Lady Jean Campbell?" enquired Lord Sydney.

"Oh yes," cried the child, "every body loves her, and I love her most, that I do, because I am her page, and she loves me too; sometimes she kisses me till I am almost out of breath, and calls me her dear, dear, sweet little Robert.'

Lord Sydney looked at the lovely boy, as if he could have pressed him to his heart with the most unutterable affection for the sake of Lady Jean Campbell; but then who was the father of this little Robert? Could any body tell? Yes; Lady Jean Campbell.

"But would she tell? And why not?" thought Sincerity and Innocence.

"Because," answered Suspicion, and "perhaps," cried Jealousy.

"We don't know what," said Suspicion—but here Suspicion stopt, and Jealousy could go no farther.

And Lord Sydney gazing at the child with tenfold rapture began again to make his enquiries of the unconscious innocent.

And how do you pass your time, sweet boy, with your lovely mistress," cried Lord Sydney.

"I don't do any thing but try to please her; she s never angry with me. I am with her all the day long, but I don't sleep with her now as I used to do," said the boy.

"Sleep with her," cried Lord Sydney, "sleep with Lady Jean Campbell—I should think not indeed."

"But when I was a very little boy I did, in the blue chamber where she sleeps now," said the boy, "but now I sleep in a pretty little green room by my own self, where Margaret Ferguson puts

me to bed, and after I have said my prayers, then Lady Jean always comes and kisses me, and bids me good night, and then I fall fast asleep, for do you know I am not one bit afraid, because Lady Jean says while I am good that nothing will harm me."

What an angel is this Lady Jean Campbell, murmured Lord Sydney to himself as he gazed with delight on the happy and angelical countenance of the little prattler, who now having formed an acquaintance with his new companion very reluctantly told him that now he had filled his basket full of flowers he must leave him, because they were for Lady Jean.

"For do you know it is Lady Jean's birth day," said he, "and every body gives her as many flowers as they can on this day I am glad my basket is quite full, yet it is not heavy; do but feel it, I shall carry it into the chapel for all that, for do you know,—but I must not tell."

"And why not?" cried Lord Sydney, again becoming very curious.

"Because it will make you cry if I do," said the boy, "but perhaps you don't mind crying—I don't for when Lady Jean cries in the chapel, every body cries with her, and so do I."

"And what makes Lady Jean so sorrowful, my sweet little Robert?"

"Oh she is never sad but when she is there," replied the boy, "throwing about the flowers on the white marble images, and then she cries as if her heart would break; and so does Margaret Ferguson, and so do we all, for do you know once she told me all about it, who the white marble lady was, and the great soldier that was on the white horse. Margaret Ferguson would not tell me, but Lady Jean did though for all that—says she, Duncan, mind what I am going to tell you, and never forget it, and then she pointed with her pretty finger to the white horse, and she said, that gentleman you see on the horse was Alexander the Earl of Campbell, and he was my father, Robert; and that lady with the little baby in her arms was my mother, but they are now no more. I suppose, cried I, they are gone up to heaven, where you tell me all good men and women go and are made angels of, and she said, yes, Robert, and kissed me, and then we all went out of the chapel."

At this precise moment Lord Sydney, the child of enthusiasm and sensibility, caught the beauteous boy to his breast, and bestow-innumerable caresses.

Oh that I were but one half hour a little page, thought Lord Sydney, as he walked in the same path with the child, totally unmindful how far he was proceeding on the limits prescribed for travellers on the boundaries of the castle, while his little cheerful prattler seemed very unwilling to relinquish his society, and trotted by his side. At length they approached the grand entrance to the Castle of Dumfairling, but the boy pointed to a little grated gate at which he said he was going to enter as the nearest way to the apartments inhabited by his mistress.

"Won't you go with me," cried the little page, looking wishfully in the face of Lord Sydney, "you may if you please: there's nobody wont be angry, no not even Harold Gray—he is a very big man, a great deal bigger than you, but he wont frighten you, because it is Lady Jean's birth day, and a great deal of company comes to the castle to drink her health with old Harold Gray; there will be such nice cakes, you cannot think. Do you like cakes? Do come in, pray do, and then I will tell Lady Jean that a gentleman, for you are a gentleman, an't you? you look like a gentleman."

"I hope so, my sweet little fellow," uttered Lord Sydney, "but I cannot accept of your kind invitation to day, because I have left some friends who are waiting for me to return, but be assurred I will see you again very shortly."

"Shall it be to morrow?" cried the boy with great earnestness. I shall go again to the river's banks to-morrow to gather flowers I always gather flowers every morning for my mistress."

"Indeed," cried Lord Sydney, "well then to morrow on the river's banks I will meet you again, my dear little friend." On this assurance, the little page seemed perfectly content, and tapping at the grated door, he was instantly admitted, but not before he again nodded his adieu to Lord Sydney, exclaiming, "Good bye, Mr. Gentleman, I sha'nt forget you."

The grated door had been opened by a vassal apparently of an inferior order to that Lord Sydney had beheld at the Mountain Goat, and as the page passed him, he held his cap in his hand and bowed respectfully.

Lord Sydney was now left to his meditations, and to pursue his walk homewards without his cheerful little companion, with whom he was facinated and charmed, and whose portraiture of his lovely mistress, given with such faithful simplicity of truth and nature, in the semblance of artless purity, from the mouth of an innocent child, conveyed to the already charmed bosom of Lord Sydney a sensation which at no period of his youthful days he had ever experienced before, a sensation which had a something delightful in its combination, and nothing painful or depressing, and if this was the beginning of love, Lord Sydney wondered why so many drooped or pined under its impressions, or mourned through its influence, and if the sensasion was not love that he now felt for Lady Jean Campbell, it was one of a more agreeable nature, he thought, than any he had heard described, for it was loving the virtues of a woman before he beheld her person, and to pay a woman a greater compliment is not possible. The homage which men pay to the shrine of beauty is too common, too hackneyed, to be acceptable, and where it is so universally bestowed it loses half its value; but when the object is not present, when unseen her virtues, her graces and goodness of heart excite admiration and call forth respect and praise, then, indeed, the approbation of the opposite sex conveys to woman's heart her proudest exultation, and the esteem, the affection of such a man is to be relied on; but direct flattery, levelled only at personal charms, is disgusting to the ear, and repulsive to the feelings of a truly sensible female.

Lord Sydney then with a sensation springing in his heart little short of love, we will suppose, though far more lasting, for Lady Jean Campbell, measured his steps back till he came within sight of the wee housie on the side of the brae, where he was again informed by Donald Mc Donald, that whiskey was to be had within, and entertainment given for man and beast; to enter its roof was now an act of necessity, and not of choice, in order to enquire for his Highland friend, to conduct him over the mountain, whom he very quickly discovered in a situation which induced his Lordship to dispense with his services on the present occasion: for the merry Highlander, to use his own phrase, had gotten quite fu' with Donald's gude whiskey, and was at the moment when Lord Syd

ney made his appearance, displaying a specimen of his vocal abilities, by roaring out some popular airs of his native country, with some of his fellow herdsmen, who led up their goats to the mountain, but could never pass the inviting sign, so temptingly held out; the result was that when they called at the wee housie, they never left it without being quite fu' with a wee drap from Donald's inexhaustible store. Notwithstanding, therefore, the invitation given him by the loquacious host, to remain at the cabin till another guide was procured for his attendance, Lord Sydney departed and explored his path alone, but not without difficulty, and he at length arrived at the Mountain Goat in safety at a very late hour, incredibly fatigued, and almost exhausted for want of refreshment, having tasted nothing since he had set out in the morning, but to the great joy and satisfaction of Trelawney, who had began to be extremely uneasy at his unusual long absence.

"The day's uncommon heat has overcome me," said Lord Sydney, extending his hand to his friend as he threw himself, panting into a chair, "otherwise, I am quite well, and have been gratified beyond expression."

"Le Sage, instantly bring some refreshment for your master," said Trelawney; and Lord Sydney, taking a glass of wine and some biscuits, which had been removed to the Mountain Goat from the vessel, for their accommodation, felt himself considerably relieved from his fatigue, and during supper, which was immediately prepared for him, entertained and amused his friend with the whole account of his adventure over the mountain with Lady Jean Campbell's beauteous little page, with a humerous description of the situation he had found his guide in at Mr. Donald Mac Donald's wee housie on the brae, at which Trelawney laughed heartily; not, however, without observing the fine animated countenance of his Lordshtp, who dwelt with peculiar delight and even enthusiasm, on that part of his narration which related to Lady Jean Campbell, describing in colors of the most glowing fancy, the beauty of the fascinating little Robert Duncan.

"But you shall behold him," said Lord Sydney, "and judge for yourself, Trelawney. To-morrow you shall be my companion in my journey over the mountain to the river's banks, where the sweet boy will be employed in gathering flowers for his lovely

mistress." A more heightened color as he uttered this mounted to the cheeks of Lord Sydney, which Trelawney observing, smiled and shook his head.

"Beware, my Lord," said he, "beware of the sly attack of the little urchin Cupid, who is only waiting in ambush to surprise your heart; you have heard of young love among the roses, have not you? I premise that the moment you behold Lady Jean Campbell you will fall desperately in love with her. This little Robert is the sly god of love in disguise, take my word for it."

"Oh, there is nothing more likely," said Lord Sydney, "and surely by no means an unnatural supposition, than to love the woman whose virtues we already adore. Tell me now Trelawney, had so sweet a portrait been given you of Lady Alexina Fitzosbourne, would you not have loved her from the first moment you beheld her?"

"Had ten thousand portraits been given me of Lady Alexina Fitzosbourne," uttered Trelawney, with a suppressed sigh, "and each one more charming than the other, there would still have been an utter impossibility of her ever engaging my affections."

"Good heavens, Trelawney, and why?" exclaimed Lord Sydney, with astonishment and surprise; "could you be insensible to worth and beauty?"

"It is because I am too highly sensible of both," answered Trelawney, "that I could not give my heart but to one exclusive object in the whole created world; yet that object, your Lordship must be well assured, is not Lady Alexina Fitzosbourne."

Then who is? would have been a very natural enquiry made by Lord Sydney; but this enquiry his Lordship was too delicate to make of his amiable friend—his sister Honoria for a moment suggesting itself to the imagination of Lord Sydney, but it was only for a moment, for never had the conduct of Trelawney, on any occasion, exhibited itself in stronger or warmer colors towards her Ladyship than that of ardent friendship and respectful esteem; and had that friendship been ever softened by a sentiment of a more tender nature, Lord Sydney now felt that it could not have been concealed under a mask of indifference. It is not easy to hide the heart, and such a heart as Trelawney's had no disguise.

"What is your Lordship so intently meditating upon?" said

Trelawney, with a smile, less animated than usual, to which Lord Sydney immediately replied,—

"I was think of my syster Honoria."

"Your sister Honoria!" exclaimed Trelawney, with considerable warmth and energy, "may every kind and blest spirit attend her, guard her gentle slumbers, and visit her with such repose as angels taste of," and a sigh now escaped from the breast of Trelawney, which Lord Sydney, in this tender apostrophe made to his sister, totally mistaking the nature of, began to attribute to a confession of a real passion for his sister, and not knowing what to say, how to console Trelawney on the certain consequence of disappointment on his having formed such an attachment, remained for a few moments in silent embarrassment, till at length he exclaimed,—

"Oh, this Lady Alexina Fitzosbourne, she prevents all our hopes and wishes, and this will of your father's; but for that, my dear Trelawney, I might have looked forward to the happiness of calling you by a dear title, though even you could not be dearer in my regards."

"As how, my dear Belmont?" enquired Trelawney, very eagerly, for he perceived, with a deep and poignant regret, the error into which his friend had fallen, from which he now felt in his indispensible duty to awaken him, "by what dearer title could you claim your friend Trelawney?"

"By your becoming the husband of my sister," answered Lord Sydney, "Honoria, whom you have just spoken of,—Honoria whom you love."

"Honoria, whom I respect, and ever shall," said Trelawney, "whose gentle virtues I venerate, whose accomplishments I greatly admire, to whom I could be friend and brother; but, my Lord, I could be nothing more."

"Not if Lady Alexina Fitzosbourne," said Lord Sydney, "was, ——"

"Entirely out the question," now uttered Trelawney, in a firm, dignified, yet softened voice, while he grasped the hand of Lord Sydney, "I could not be the husband of your sister! could I, oh Belmont, while this devoted heart remains in the possession of another? and that it will ever remain her's while the pulse of life

animates this breast; that her loved name will quiver on my parched and feverish lip when all that is perishable here will fade on my sickly sight, yes, even in that hour, Belmont, the name of Rosa will be dear to Trelawney!"

"Rosa!" exclaimed Lord Sydney, now deeply affected at the emotion of his beloved friend.

"Rosa Clarendale," uttered Trelawney, "the daughter of my old friend, Mr. Clarendale, of Kenilworth, my father's friend—the father of Henry Clarendale."

There needed no further explanation for Lord Sydney; the whole secret of Trelawney was divulged. He remembered his earnest and pressing entreaty, when the affair of the Marquis had rendered a private conversation on the nature of his affairs necessary at Fitzosbourne House; he reflected on the words of Trelawney: "If I perish, Belmont, let this packet be instantly conveyed to Clarendale:" and shocked that he had so indelicately alluded to his sister, or unintentionally revived painful recollections in the wounded mind of his friend, besought his pardon and forgiveness which were readily granted, and before they retired to their respective chambers for the night, Trelawney unburdened his full heart to the sympathizing confidence of his friend, imparting every circumstance freely in all that related to his attachment for his beloved Rosa, and the families of the Clarendales and Bradburys, a communication which occasioned Lord Sydney Belmont still more to venerate the character, sentiments and principles of his so greatly admired friend, and they bade each other good night, more endeared by the mutual bonds of reciprocal regard than ever, though perhaps a sigh was given to the gentle Honoria more than once by the affectionate brother, who could only hope, as he rested his head on his pillow, that absence would be an extinguisher to love; and that her good sense, of which she had no mean share, would, aided by the ameliorating hand of time, exterminate a passion, which, even if it had glowed with mutual ardour, in the event of Trelawney's marriage with Lady Alexina Fitzosbourne could only have been clouded with sorrow and chilled by disappointment, which was now unhappily the destiny of poor Trelawney himself, in his attachment to Miss Clarendale; and Lord Sydney began to imagine that love was not quite so pleasant a

sensation as he supposed, when crossed by disappointment, and barriers such as the present interposed; however, Lord Sydney thought of the lovely Lady Jean, notwithstanding love's thorny labyrinth, and congratulated himself on the reflection, that when heaven first implanted it in the breast of man, it was not intended to be the torment of his existence, but ordained to be the blessing.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

Introduction of Lord Sydney and Trelawney to Lady Jean Campbell;—her hospitality and amiability of disposition;—their timely assistance to her.

Jessy and Isabel returned from the castle of Dumfairling, as they had predicted, with mickle siller and many braw presents, which was the customary gift of Lady Jean on every anniversary of her birth-day, to all the young lads and lasses who were invited to the dancing and the feasting by the vassals, with whom the honest Laird of Creggy was no small favorite; and if he was not quite fu', he was a little on that way when he returned to the Mountain Goat to entertain his guests with the good cheer he had partaken of, and the fine sights he had seen at the castle—and "here's to the bonnie Jean, the flower of a' Scotland," was drank in full bumpers in many a noggin of auld whiskey before the cock crowed to remind the shepherds that it was time to bring up their goats to the mountain.

The Laird of Creggy had made no little boast, when he was up at the castle, of what braw English gentlemen he had got beneath his roof, with plenty of siller and bonnie gude hearts as ever beat in ony mon's breast, and invited many of the vassals to come to the Mountain Goat, when they should see and crack* a wee bit with the English gentlemen's bonnie serving men, one of whom

* Chat.

was black and came from the distant Indies, and that money a gude tale they could tell, na minding what mickle siller they spent on the reckoning.

"English noblemen," exclaimed Annot, the principal attendant on Lady Jean Campbell, who heard the conversation of the Laird retailed by many of the vassals, and lastly from the mouth of Harold Gray himself, who was the steward of the castle, and in whose hands was invested great authority,—"English noblemen wrecked upon our coast, and in the house of Andrew Creggy for accommodation! Accommodation at the Mountain Goat! The tale is incredible."

"It is no less credible than true, Mrs. Annot," said Harrison, who, being a master carpenter, had been employed for several days with some of his men in repairing some wood work belonging to the castle, "for I have seen, and had the honor of conversing with the gentlemen myself, at Andrew Creggy's, where they have taken lodgings till the ship in which they were sailing for coast of Italy is again able to pursue her voyage. They were driven on the rocks in our last dreadful tempest, and put in for safety in the harbor of Incholm. The vessel having sustained considerable damage in the storm, some of my men are now on board her by order of the captain, whom I have also seen and conversed with, and he assures me that he is apprehensive they will not be ready to put to sea again for these six or eight weeks."

"You don't say so, Mr. Harrison?" said the astonished and surprised waiting woman, Mrs. Annot, "and in all that time the poor gentlemen must remain at that filthy pigstye, the Mountain Goat. I protest I am quite shocked at the inconvenience they must endure in that abominable hole—why, they have not a bed fit to repose pigs on, much less for Christians, and gentlemen such as you have described. Are they young gentlemen, Mr. Harrison."

"Yes, and handsome," said Harrison, "and altogether two of the handsomest young gentlemen I ever saw. One of them is the son of a duke, and is called Lord Sydney Belmont, and the other I suppose belongs to some great lord, as he comes from foreign parts and has got a black servant for his footman, and he is called Mr. Trelawney."

"Quite a foreign name, I declare," said Mrs. Annot "and

I suppose, Mr. Harrison, they are monstrous rich and very generous."

"Rich! why they roll in riches," answered Harrison; "they don't mind what they pay for any thing, and Andrew is ready to go clean out of his wits for joy at such gentlemen taking up their quarters at the Mountain Goat."

"And well he might," exclaimed Mrs. Annot, "and a very pretty adventure, let me tell you, for all of them. They may thank heaven for sending such a storm; they wont have one like it every day. There is Jessy and Isabel receiving some fine presents, I dare say."

"That is an affair I cannot tell any thing about, Mrs. Annot," said Harrison, not wishing to depreciate the innocent, good-tempered daughters of honest Laird Creggy, "because I never saw them take any: the lasses are well enough, you know, Mrs. Annot." To which Mrs. Annot replied, with some degree of pomposity,—

"Yes, they are all well enough, or they would not be permitted to come to the castle, Mr. Harrison; Mrs. Ferguson is very particular,—very particular indeed?"

"Is Mrs. Ferguson more particular than Lady Jean Campbell, Mrs. Annot?"

"Oh, a thousand times more so," cried Mrs. Annot, "thank heaven, my dear lady is quite a different sort of person; I never saw her out of temper in my life but once, and that was when old Harold Gray turned a poor wandering pilgrim from the gates contrary to her Ladyship's orders."

"Was that well done of Harold Gray, Mrs. Annot?" demanded Harrison.

"No, indeed, it was very ill done, and so my lady thought," answered Mrs. Annot: "but, dear me, there is such a difference between Mrs. Ferguson and Lady Jean, for Mrs. Ferguson is a very old woman, and Lady Jean is quite a child, she was only eighteen years of age yesterday."

"And do you call that a child, Mrs. Annot? we do not think women of that age children in our country," said Harison, and smiled.

"Well, but Lady Jean is quite a child, I assure you; she is so innocent and simple, and seems to take delight in such childish amusements—would you believe it, that she is actually gone out this morning, with only little Robert Duncan for her attendant, to fish along the banks of the river? How excessively fond my Lady is of that child, Mr. Harrison, he can do any thing he pleases with her."

"How enviable then is his situation," cried Mr. Harrison, and again smiled; "I do believe there is not the proudest knight in Scotland but would glory in marching under the banners of Lady Jean Campbell."

"Oh, there is no doubt of it," said Mrs. Annot, "to be sure Lady Jean is the sweetest creature imaginable, and has the prettiest little hand and foot in the world, but then I don't think her handsome, though I believe she is reckoned so. Is not she, Mr. Harrison?"

"By all who are not insensible to real and unaffected beauty," answered Harrison; "I, for my part, think her one of the most bewitching, lovely looking creatures I ever saw in my life."

"Bewitching—aye, that is the word you men are so fond of," said Mrs. Annot, "but then we women——"

"Are no judges of female beauty," exclaimed Mr. Harrison; "it is seldom, indeed, that we ever hear truth pronounced by a female on the merits and personal qualifications of another, who is the admiration of the opposite sex; can you guess the cause, Mrs. Annot?"

Without directly replying to Harrison's home question, Mrs. Annot, with a smart color in her cheeks, and a fire in her eyes which was natural to her, tartly now observed,—that men and women were much alike in that particular, and that there was half a dozen of one and six of the other, in her mind; and somewhat abruptly if not rudely, bidding Harrison good morning, left him to surmise, or rather decidedly to determine that a more rancorous or a more poisonous weed could not spring up in the bosom of a woman than envy, or one that threw a cloud over her lovely form more likely to lessen the charm of pleasing. Mrs. Annot, however, who was in reality a very pretty Scotch woman, had two motives for her abruptly quitting Mr. Harrison, which w

precisely the following: for in the first place, she was afraid of his entertaining a suspicion that she was jealous of the superior lovliness of her mistress,—and in the next place, she was dying with impatience and anxiety to communicate the important intelligence he had favored her with respecting Andrew Creggy's illustrious guests, hoping and wishing that when Mrs. Ferguson heard the wonderful tale of the shipwrecked travellers, of such exalted rank and personage, being crammed into the mean habitation of the Mountain Goat, that both she and Mr. Douglas, her nephew, would be induced to offer them an asylum and accommodation at the castle, and that, in consequence, she should both see and be seen by the young, rich and handsome English noblemen, and if this scheme did not succeed with the old lady, Mrs. Annot determined to whisper it in the ear of the young one, where it would be most likely to have effect, and to acquaint Lady Jean Campbell as soon as she should return from fishing, with a full and particular account of Andrew Creggy's braw and bonnie guests; to see whom Mistress Annot felt all the curiosity which is ascribed to the sex; we say ascribed, because it may generally be presumed that it extends also to one half of mankind, who, if they excuse themselves from this predominant propensity, make it up with another of a more mischievous quality, and that quality, is—suspicion. Women are curious, and men are suspicious; ye sage, grave and learned philosophers, which have the advantage?

In Mistress Annot, however, being only waiting maid to a lady, we must excuse both vanity and curiosity, as these sorts of personages generally possess an abundant share. They seldom are solicitous to copy the virtues of their superiors, all they think worthy of imitation is their dress, and sometimes their weaknesses, if they have any.

The venerable Margaret Ferguson, now on the verge of her sixty-ninth year, was seated in her little *boudoir*, cheerfully and pleasingly engaged in the task of netting a silken pair of gloves for her little favorite Robert Duncan; presenting a picture of old age to the contemplative eye,—of winter though clothed in snowy semblance, yet serenely mild, with sunny rays sometimes gilding the hoary frost, for Margaret Ferguson was, at the advanced age before mentioned both animated, cheerful, lively, active, good temper-

ed, and sometimes looked even handsome; for there are handsome old women as well as young ones, and each have their charm of pleasing. Possessed of a naturally healthy constitution, and a happy temperature of disposition, with a heart full of tenderness and sensibility, Margaret when in her young days was the merriest of the merry, and the happiest of the happy; and why? sorrow had never dimmed the lustre of her beaming eye, nor canker grief faded the blossom of her youthful cheek; if she sighed, it was for the misfortunes of others, not her own; if she wept, the tear she dropped was sacred to pity, to compassion, to sympathy and to friendship, but never to love—she had never known either what it was to experience the ingratitude or perfidy of man; from all love's torments, therefore, whether pleasing or painful, Margaret had been free.

In early days she entered into the service of her beloved mistress, Lady Jean Macpherson, who afterwards becoming the wife of the brave Earl of Campbell, did not relinquish the services of her faithful attendant, but on the marriage, took Margaret with her to Dumfairling Castle, nor parted with her till death had dissolved all human ties and connexions with her lovely and lamented mistress.

In the arms of Margaret Ferguson, the mother of Lady Jean Campbell breathed her last; and scarce was the infant blossom she had left behind her—scarce had it received a father's blessing, ere he too also expired in the arms of Lady Campbell's faithful attendant.

Was it not then natural to suppose that Margaret should cling to the only surviving branch of the house of Campbell, whom she tenderly reared, with fostering care and the most exemplary affection, resisting all overtures of marriage from many of the brave chieftains, who admiring her heroic fortitude, had tendered her the most advantageous offer of their protection. But Margaret firm in her duty, and unshaken even by death, in her strong attachment to her mistress, lived alone for the infant Jean, watching her progressively through all the stages of her tender and helpless infancy, with maternal solicitude and fondness, idolizing her virtues and early perfection and infant graces, and almost worshipping her as she grew up into womanhood for her uncommon like-

ness to her mother in the loveliness of her features, as she resembled her also in the unrivalled sweetness of her disposition, which was exemplified on almost every occasion, but never did her virtues shine so strongly apparent as on the following event taking place in the castle ; about the period when Lady Jean Campbell had scarce attained the age of eleven years, there was a young female in the establishment of the castle, of the name of Editha, an orphan maid, not only remarkable for the uncommon loveliness of her person, but distinguished for her modest, mild, and unassuming manners, and the virtuous qualities of her disposition.

Unfortunately for Editha, however, she was too beautiful to escape the notice of one of the highborn chieftains, who after various artful and insinuating professions of honorable attachment, won on the heart of the fond, believing, credulous maid, deceived, betrayed and afterwards abandoned her to her fate.

Agincourt Falconbridge Duncan, (for that was the name of her faithless lover,) suddenly quitted the castle, leaving the seduced and now deserted Editha a prey to the rancorous tongue of slander, and the fallen victim of man's perfidious arts, being far advanced in a state of pregnancy. In this situation poor Editha, now no longer happy, because she was no longer innocent, to which was added, the ingratitude and desertion of the man she loved, threw herself on her knees before the venerable Margaret Ferguson, confessed her indiscretion, revealed the author of her shame and ruin, and implored protection (feeling that she should not long survive its birth,) for her unborn infant.

Can it be supposed that it was denied to the poor, unhappy, deluded and forsaken Editha;—No ; Margaret Ferguson had been taught a better lesson from the book of humanity, she had reflected on the words of the blessed Savior, when he mildly uttered,— "Go, daughter and sin no more," and these were now the precise words she addressed to the poor heart broken Editha, who in a short time after she was protected by Mrs. Ferguson, gave birth to a lovely boy, paying with unutterable pangs the forfeiture of her indiscretion ; poor Editha, in a few hours after the birth of her child, breathed out her last sigh in the presence of her humane protectress, and on the face of her unconscious innocent ; and the now motherless boy became the property of Mrs. Ferguson, and

was indeed an orphan, for in a few succeeding months after the above period, the perfidious and unnatural deserter of poor Editha fell in battle, on the Banks of the Rhine; he could not escape the hour of retribution, nor hide from an all seeing eye his base cruelty to a helpless wronged and deserted woman; in the battle's heat he perished;—nor when the intelligence was conveyed to the castle, was Margaret Ferguson sorry for his fall, although it cast a little orphan on her care, whose uncommon beauty very soon attracted the attention of Lady Jean, who very frequently enquired of Magaret, who that beautiful child belonged to?—and one morning as they sat at work in her Ladyship's boudoir, she took little Robert in her arms, and bestowing innumerable caresses on the lovely innocent, repeated an enquiry, which she had often made before, of—

"Who does he belong to?"

To which Margaret replied,—

"He belongs to me, my dear," and remained quite silent.

Not so Lady Jean, for her enquiry was instantly followed by many more, and she exclaimed,—

"That child belong to you, Margaret,—impossible!—you are not his mother!" and Lady Jean smiled on the venerable, mild and placid countenance of her companion.

"No, my dear, I am not his mother."

"Then who is?" anxiously enquired Lady Jean: "Who are his parents, Margaret?—pray tell me."

"It is a melancholy story to impart to you, my love," cried Margaret: "but since you are so anxious about that poor child, you shall in due time be informed of every particular relative to his birth."

"And why not tell me now, Margaret?" demanded Lady Jean.

To which Mrs. Ferguson replied,—

"Because, my love, it is improper, highly improper for you to hear at present; when you are older, you shall know all that you require respecting little Robert Duncan, and who were his father and mother! at present you must content yourself with only being informed, that his parents are both dead, and that he is an orphan boy."

The attitude, the expression of the countenance of Lady Jean,

was now that of a cherub angel, as she bended over the infant, as it now lay sleeping in her snowy arms.

"What do you tell me, Margaret?" uttered she; "an orphan boy, then heaven eternally preserve and bless him, for he is my brother;—I am an orphan too, and I will be his sister. Margaret, you said he belonged to you; cannot you part with him to me? I will take such care of him,—he shall never want, indeed he never shall. Margaret, what shall I give you for this little boy?"

"One kiss, my dearest, kind, compassionate and amiable child, image of your sainted mother, inheriting all her goodness and nobleness of heart, you are indeed worthy of the great ancestors you are descended from—the pride, the glory of the house of Campbell!"

"Ever while I live, I solemnly declare," uttered Lady Jean, now clasping her beautiful little hands together, while tears floated, like crystal drops, in her dark blue lovely eyes, "that I will protect this boy!—in or out of the house of Campbell, I never will desert him, Margaret;—he is an orphan, and so am I;—I therefore beg, that from this moment he may be considered my page, and that every due respect, as such, may be paid to him;—do you hear, Margaret?"

"Yes, my dear young lady, I hear, I admire, and I applaud," cried Margaret, taking little Robert out of the fatigued arms of his now illustrious mistress, and while she kissed his rose-tinted cheek, heaved a sigh to the memory of poor Editha, whose history and misfortunes were not related to Lady Jean Campbell till her Ladyship had arrived to the state of woomanhood. The lovely Jean, who had often seen and admired the beautiful Editha, then dropped a tear to the recollection of her sorrows, cherishing her offspring with tenfold tenderness, and bestowing on it a double portion of her kindness.

Meanwhile the beauteous little Robert grew and flourished like an opening rose-bud under the eye of his lovely mistress, in whose apartments he constantly lived, and on whose bosom, as he had already informed Lord Sydney, he had slept, Lady Jean being so passionately fond of him, that he was removed from his nursery to her own chamber, and there he remained till he had nearly

reached his ninth year, and then he had, as he innocently related, a chamber to himself; and here Lady Jean often gazed with transport on the sleeping boy, so that little Robert Duncan was indeed the chief object of envy in the castle, of whom not a vassal dared breathe a murmur of complaint; while his increasing beauty and rapid growth often made some of the old ones suspect, that in due process of time it was not a circumstance quite morally impossible, whether the young Robert Duncan, although but at this period a page, would not, one day or other, be the Lord of Dumfairling Castle, at which old Harold Gray would shake his head, and frowningly silence all such insinuations, bidding them remember the brave Alexander, Earl of Campbell, whose child they were now the vassals of, and that a daughter of the house of Campbell would know better than to unite herself in marriage with the son of Editha.

As these were only surmises, however, which might never happen, they were soon dropped; while the beauteous page, whose engaging sweetness of disposition every hour exhibited some generous trait, insensibly banished the envy and jealousy which he had at first excited in the breasts of the chieftains, and very soon became as much beloved by the vassals as he was the idol of their mistress, over whom his influence was, however, unbounded.

If an unusual indulgence was ever granted,—if an extraordinary favor was ever solicited, they had nothing to do but to offer their petition through the medium of little Robert, to Mrs. Ferguson or Lady Jean, and it was almost instantly complied with.

Mistress Annot, however, was at times extremely jealous of him, and frequently in a pet would exclaim, in the hearing of Harold Gray,—"I protest, if that boy was a few years older, I actually protest, I think my Lady would marry him."

"Dinna be sic a daft fule, lassie," exclaimed Harold, taking an extraordinary pinch of snuff from his mull, "ye mun mind what ye're saying o' the bonnie bairn, ye ken, or ye'll nae stay lang i'the Castle o' Dumfairling."

This pretty tolerable broad hint to the talkative waiting gentlewoman, sufficed more than if volumes had been said on the same subject, and from this day forward Mrs. Annot never breathed a sentence of what she thought of Lady Jean's fondness for little

Duncan, whom she was obliged to treat with the respect due to the distinguished post he held with her mistress. Whenever Mrs. Annot had a point to carry, therefore, she always entered Mrs. Ferguson's or Lady Jean's apartment with some complimentary speech on the surprising beauty of the little favorite, protesting that he was the most beautiful creature in existence, and grew handsomer every day.

"I should not at all wonder, madam," said she, "if when he is a man, he will be one of the most gallant knights in all Scotland."

Mrs. Annot stopped to see what effect this speech produced on the countenance of Mrs. Ferguson, and perceived that she was pleased with the compliment.

"The boy is well enough for his years," cried the venerable Margaret, as she continued her netting.

"Well enough," exclaimed Annot, "well enough, Mrs. Ferguson! why he is positively a prodigy; he can read and write,—aye, much better than I can."

"Very possible," cried Mrs. Ferguson, "when you call to mind who has been his instructress,—Lady Jean Campbell."

"Oh dear me, I had quite forgot," replied Mrs. Annot, deeply blushing; "well, he is certainly a sweet fellow."

"I perfectly agree with you," said Mrs. Ferguson; and Mistress Annot now seized the opportunity of relating her wonderous tale which she had heard from the mouth of Harrison, at which Mrs. Ferguson expressed some surprise, desiring Annot that Mr. Harrison might be summoned to her presence.

Annot, now almost out of breath, ran to the apartment where Harrison was employed in working with his men.

"Come, Mr. Harrison," said she, "come with me directly.'

"Come with you, Mrs. Annot," said Harrison, and smiled, "come where?"

"To Mrs. Ferguson's apartment, to be sure," said she; "you must go instantly, and tell her all you know about the young handsome English gentlemen who are at Andrew Creggy's."

"It appears you have done that already, Mrs. Annot," said Harrison, observing the flushed cheek of the smiling attendant.

"Oh, dear, no,—I have not told her one half of what I meant to say, for I do so pity——"

"Young, handsome gentlemen!" said Harrison, now laughing heartily at the confused looks of Mistress Annot as he followed her into the apartment of Mrs. Ferguson, where the old lady received him very graciously, and desiring Annot to bring him a glass of wine, made enquiries after the English strangers who had been wrecked, or nearly that, on their coast; and Harrison satisfying her with every particular respecting their situation, with a brief account of what kind of gentlemen they were, it was finally agreed that on the return of Lady Jean Campbell, who was hourly expected, that a respectful messenger was to be dispatched to the Mountain Goat, offering Lord Sydney Belmont and Mr. Trelawney an accommodation more worthy of their exalted rank than that which they could obtain in the dwelling of Andrew Creggy, and all the entertainment which the castle of Dumfairling could afford.

"It shall never be said," said Margaret, drawing off her spectacles, "that the Scots are less remarkable for hospitality than English folks. Had my dear lord and lady lived to witness this accident on our coast, they would have flown on the earliest intelligence to the strangers, and offered them an asylum in their house;—they were remarkable for their benevolent kindness, and the liberality of their hearts did not extend to exalted personages alone,—the houseless wanderer ever received protection in the house of Campbell,—the poor and the unfriended, and the children of human wretchedness were never turned empty handed from their hospitable doors; but why need I thus dwell upon their virtues, when they are so well illustrated in their amiable child!" continued the venerable Margaret, wiping a tear, which, on the recollection of her beloved master and mistress, had began to flow down her furrowed cheek. But Margaret, while expressing this tribute of gratitude to their memories, was unconscious of the passing scene which at this moment was taking place on the river's banks, with her lovely mistress; and that an accident of the most alarming nature had not only deprived the house of Campbell of its greatest ornament, but destined to an untimely grave the beauteous lively Robert Duncan.

Lord Sydney Belmont, with an impatient anxiety which could not be restrained, awakened his friend at a very early hour "

ensuing morning to remind him of his promise to accompany him over the mountain; and both gentlemen, partaking of a slight refreshment, set out on their ramble, measuring their steps and directing their course towards the banks of the river, Trelawney pausing now and then as they came in sight of the towers of the castle, to contemplate the awfully grand and majestic beauty of the scene.

"How romantically beautiful and delightful," exclaimed Trelawney, as they turned into a winding path which led to the banks.

"And yet it is awful and sublime, and has something in its appearance terrific at the same instant," observed Lord Sydney; and, at this moment, a shriek, uttered by the piercing cries of a female, assailed their ear, and penetrated their inmost soul.

They waited not a moment to exchange looks or words, but ran with incredible speed towards the spot from whence it had proceeded, and Lord Sydney arrived the first to encounter a sight, the most affecting he had ever before beheld—it was the figure of a young and beauteous female just on the verge of plunging herself into the rapid and impetuous current of the river, who, with clasped hands, and a countenance pale as her snowy drapery, rent the air with her cries.

It was Lady Jean Campbell; and the object of her terror was the beauteous little Robert Duncan, who had fallen over the river's bank, and was now struggling with the wave all his little might and strength.

'Stranger, who e'er though art," now exclaimed Lady Jean, seizing the arm of Lord Sydney, in wild accents of despair, "save! oh, save that child!"

Her command was instantly obeyed—in one moment Lord Sydney was in the middle of the stream; he swam towards the boy with incredible velocity—another piercing shriek was uttered by Lady Jean, as, almost panting for breath, Lord Sydney, by one vigorous effort both reached and grasped the body of the panting and exhausted little sufferer, drawing him safe out of the water on the opposite side of the bank.

"Gallant stranger, receive the thanks, the eternal gratitude of Jean Campbell!" exclaimed Lady Jean, as soon as she could utter

ter a sentence sufficient to be heard, while kneeling down beside the child, and resting his head on her beauteous bosom she endeavored to revive him by the tenderest caresses, while she besought Trelawney, who had supported her trembling form during the distressing scene, to ring the bell at one of the porticos, which would alarm the castle, and summon her vassals, which was immediately done, and the whole castle was up in arms—it was an alarm bell and innumerable attendants now appeared, Harold Gray receiving in his arms little Robert Duncan, who was immediately carried up to Mrs. Ferguson's apartment, and laid in a warm bed, while every due respect and attention was paid to his preserver and his friend, Lady Jean modestly retiring to her own chamber, while Mrs. Ferguson and Mrs. Douglas, her nephew, came down to receive and welcome her noble guests, with her Ladyship's request to accept of an abode in the castle during the remainder of their stay on the island of Inchcolm, an invitation which was too agreeable and pleasant to the feelings of Lord Sydney and Trelawney to be rejected; and a messenger was instantly dispatched over the mountain for their baggage (at least such as had been removed to the Goat,) and their attendants, Mungo and Le Sage, who were by no means sorry at their change of habitation, having slept only on beds stuffed with straw since they left the ship.

A sumptuous and superb dinner was now speedily put into preparation for the entertainment of the English guests, in addition to that intended for the repast of Lady Jean before the accident occurred, and Lord Sydney, to whom a warm and cheering cordial had been administered, was shown into a magnificent apartment, and Trelawney into another, to change the order of their dress (Mungo having arrived with the travelling trunks,) and on changing their apparel, they found themselves considerably refreshed, when they were summoned to the presence of the lovely Lady Jean Campbell—for lovely she was, most decidedly, though she was much lower, and smaller in statue than the ordinary size of women, which gave her an appearance of juvenility almost approaching to that of a child, but the delicacy and proportion of her figure were inimitable; her hands and feet were beautifully small, but her face—such a face, all the united powers of a Raphael, a Corregio, or a Rubens, could not have given the happy combination of beauty

which it possessed; her mouth was extremely and singularly pretty, her lips of the most rosy freshness, her teeth were white, and ever when she smiled they were instantly discovered, and her eyes were a dark lovely blue, with an expression far more arch than pensive, except when the tear of sensibility moisten them: her hair was of a bright and golden auburn, and she seldom wore any ornament to it but a simple bow of white ribbon, in which she now appeared; and in a robe of the purest and snowy semblance, a tartan scarf hanging loosely over her shoulders,—she, thus simply and modestly attired, entered the banqueting-room, and approaching Lord Sydney and Trelawney with a smiling air, welcomed them to Dumfairling Castle.

"So I find, my Lord, you are already acquainted with my little page," said she, turning to Lord Sydney with a quick and ardent gaze, "Robert is not a stranger to his gallent preserver."

Lord Sydney colored deeply, hoping that the little urchin had not remembered some of his very pointed enquiries.

"Yes: I have met with him only once before," said Lord Sydney.

"So he told me," answered Lady Jean, "and that *only once* has been sufficient to give you a title to his remembrance, which he will feel when he is informed that you have risked your own personal safety for his; ah, my Lord, it is not then likely that he will ever forget you."

"I beseech your Ladyship not to overrate a service which is already more than repaid by the gratifying sensation it has afforded to my own feelings," cried Lord Sydney: and dinner was now served up, which would not have disgraced the magnificent board of a prince, at which Mrs. Ferguson was only present: Douglas had never dined at the table of Lady Jean, and it was not likely that he should now intrude himself upon her guests.

During the repast, and after it was over, much conversation ensued of the most interesting and pleasing kind, in which, the beauty, the simplicity, and the sensibility of the young and lovely hostess were particularly fascinating.

She had no affectation, and did not seem sedulous to attract admiration by displaying the accomplishments she possessed; but Trelawney expresssing a wish to hear some of the native Scotch

melodies, she instantly complied, and sitting down to the harp, struck the cords with such tasteful execution, that they vibrated on the heart of all present: but poor Lord Sydney, before the evening was well departed, had no heart at all—it was actually in the possession of Lady Jean Campbell before he was aware of it. "There is nae luck about the house," was sung by Lady Jean Campbell in a rich melody, and in a more captivating strain than ever Trelawney had heard it before, and her arch manner of pronouncing, "when my gude mon's awa," was bewitchingly beautiful. When they at length retired for the night to their respective chambers, Trelawney could not help asking Lord Sydney how he found the state of his heart, which he was apprehensive was in great danger of being besieged.

"Besieged!" cried Lord Sydney, "it has already surrendered by voluntary inclination; in fact, Trelawney, I never saw a female in my existence more calculated to charm me, and one whom I could so idolize as this Lady Jean Campbell."

"My Lord, have you once thought of your continental tour since we have been cast on this island?" enquired Trelawney, laughing heartily.

"It has never once entered my imagination, I confess," said Lord Sydney.

"And the ship," said Trelawney,——

"May sail to Italy, provided she does not lose sight of Scotland," uttered Lord Sydney, and bade his friend good night.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

Growing attachment of Lord Sydney Belmont and Lady Jean Campbell, and their ultimate Marriage;—Trelawney's return to Fitzosbourne House.

A PERIOD of three weeks had now elapsed, and the beginning of the fourth still found Lord Sydney Belmont and Trelawney the

guests of Lady Jean Campbell, whose empire over the heart of the former was now completely decisive; never were the chains of the little rosy-winged boy rivetted stronger or faster, in whom Lord Sydney every hour discovered some new charm: nor was it the extreme loveliness of her person which alone bound his senses in fascination, it was united with the superior charm of her engaging disposition and her accomplished mind, which had not, it is true, received the polish of the great world, with which she was wholly unacquainted, but perhaps from this circumstance alone she derived her sweetest charm; for she was pure and artless—and what does the world teach us?—Experience; but how frequently, alas does that very experience flow from the knowledge that the beings who inhabit it are no longer worthy of our regard, our esteem, or our confidence; how often does it prove the fallacy of all its hopes and expectations, and that it is only a world of sorrow and suffering, even at the very height of its ambition and its vain glories and pride? how often does it reveal to our fond, believing and credulous fancy the face of a once beloved, yet now treacherous friend? how often present living pictures of unkind relatives, faithless lovers, distant brothers, unfeeling sisters, uncharitable acquaintance, and unpitying, merciless, and revengeful foes?—This is the experience too often gained with an intimate and correct knowledge of the deceptive world. Alas! why is the draught so embittered with thorns! Suspicion, jealousy, hatred, and sometimes malice and revenge are mixed with its dregs; then who would wish to drain the cup to the very bottom? happier then is one inexperienced of this fearful draught, of whose poisoning and insidious qualities the less we know the better.

The lovely Jean suspected no living soul of intentional wrong; pure and innocent herself, and unconscious of deception, she was happy in believing others to be so, and searched no further into the recesses of the human heart; when, therefore, her heart received the first impressions of a dawning sentiment approaching to love for the amiable Lord Sydney Belmont, she did not attempt by dissimulation to hide the rosy blushes which kindled at his approach, nor suppress the heaving sigh which filled her gentle bosom when she reflected on the certain probability of his soon departing from

the Scottish shores, which was now speedily talked of by Captain Finchley, who assured his noble passengers that, contrary to his expectations, the vessel was now nearly in a condition to sail, and that if blessed with favorable winds, would be able to pursue her voyage to the coast of Italy at the expiration of only a fortnight from the present period, which unexpected piece of intelligence Trelawney immediately communicated to Lord Sydney as he was sitting one morning alone in his chamber, after having written a long account of their adventures to Valencia Lodge, and the hospitable treatment which Trelawney and himself had experienced from the generous islanders, in which letter (which was addressed to the Duke) his Lordship had dwelt, with no small delight, on the description of Dumfairling Castle, its noble structures, its magnificent chambers, its lofty battlements, its stately towers, and the beautiful and romantic scenery which surrounded it; and in giving his father a very elaborate account of the castle, he very naturally came to its inhabitants, a brave, hardy, and generous set of Scots, who had followed to the field their noble Lord, the Earl of Campbell, distinguishing themselves in the fiercest battle, by their firm allegiance to their victorious leader, and by their courage, perseverance and valour. The death of the brave Earl, and the consequent occasion of it, was now expiated on by Lord Sydney, who lastly arrived to his description of the castle's present possessor in the sole heir of the house of Campbell; but here Lord Sydney certainly borrowed the pencil of a glowing artist, either from the rich colouring of a Rubens or Corregio, in describing to his father and his sisters the portrait of the lovely Lady Jean Campbell; for most avowedly no pen ever did such justice to the charms of female beauty before—and he concludes in a short postscript to his sister, Lady Honoria, his long and extraordinary epistle in the following words:

"You will say that I have not sufficiently described the charms of my lovely Caledonian maid, because I have not precisely told you what color her eyes are of, and whether her complexion be brown or fair;—I can only say there is a dark blue flower, which half opening to the sunny ray, seems to float in chrystal beauty—so clear, so bright, and so blue are the eyes of my bonnie Jean; and then her complexion—she is certainly not so fair, Honoria, as

the generality of English women, but when she blushes, from the reflection of native truth and ingenuous simplicity, she always reminds me of a young and rosy-lipped cherubim that Shakespeare so beautifully describes. I expect that Fanny will laugh, and Catherine exercise her wit at the expense of the bonnie lassie, but I shall remind the former of her impertinence, and *no birds from Italy*, but on the strength of good behavior; and the latter I shall put in mind of *a life in solitude* rejected for the society of a Queensbury, so with both saucy girls I shall at least be even.

"Adieu, dearest Honoria.—The kind regards of our friend Trelawney accompanying those of your

"Ever affectionate brother,

"*Sydney Belmont.*"

"This is 'Love among the roses,' my dearest Belmont, with a witness," said Trelawney, heartily laughing as he returned the long epistle which Lord Sydney had put into his hands to peruse; "in short, the god of love, though not of war, begins to approach you, I perceive, with most formidable advances, and I begin to be apprehensive of your danger. You have encountered a Calypso in this island, from whom I see it will be more difficult to separate you than I imagined."

"Ah, give her not a title so foreign to her artless nature," exclaimed Lord Sydney, deeply blushing, "she may be a Calypso in beauty, but she has none of her seductive arts. I own myself her willing captive, and would rather become a voluntary slave in her dominions, than monarch of the proudest empire in the world."

"Well, but my dear Lord, have you considered on our voyage to Italy?" said Trelawney, in a grave accent, and perceiving that the attachment of his friend to Lady Jean Campbell was not one of those easily to be effaced, and that it was now beginning to wear a very serious aspect; "the nature of our arrangements will not permit of much longer stay in the island of Inchcolm, as Captain Finchley has just informed me that we shall be ready to sail in a fortnight from these hospitable shores."

"Sail in a fortnight for Italy!" exclaimed Sydney, his countenance partaking at that moment of a most ashy paleness, while every feature betrayed an agitation he found it difficult to conceal,

and which was but too perceptible to the discerning eye of Trelawney."

"Certainly, my Lord," answered he, "to Italy; which is your intention, is it not."

"Which *was* my intention, most decidedly," replied Lord Sydney, "till—till—till I landed on the coast of Scotland; but having done so, I could there remain for ever fixed, immoveable."

"By a magnetical influence you are not able to resist; I perceive it most clearly," said Trelawney.

"Yet I certainly will go if you wish it, Trelawney," uttered Lord Sydney, in great embarrassment.

"If I wish it," repeated Trelawney; "I have no wish but your's that is not intimately connected with your happiness, welfare and society. Say but the word, and, I am transplanted to the Antipodes—the eastern or the western shores are all alike to Trelawney, if happiness is the result, and blows a gale of prosperity to the fortunes of my friend."

"To be plain with you then, Trelawney," said Lord Sydney, "my dear valued friend, I will unburden my whole soul to you; give me, therefore, your counsel, which I shall respect and follow be it what it may: I adore Lady Jean Campbell, insomuch that I could this instant, were I permitted, lay my hand, fortune and whole person at her feet: and were I once assured that she does not look upon me with utter indifference, I would not quit this coast without breathing a confession of that ardent, pure, chaste and honorable affection which I feel for her; but to be rejected by her, Trelawney, to receive a cold denial from the proud heiress of the house of Campbell, my pride and feelings could not support;—could I once hear pronounced from the lovely Jean the extatic words 'I love,' think you that to Italy I would steer my course, while there was a prospect of calling such an angel mine? No, to England would I again return, more swift than the herald Mercury, tell my father of my transporting love, and breathe vows of everlasting truth and constancy to my adorable Jean."

Trelawney smiled at his warm, enthusiastic and animated young friend.

"Well, I believe your case is not entirely hopeless," answered he, "but in what do you require my counsel? Come, I will give

it you unsolicited. There is nothing which wrings a confession of the state of a woman's heart so strongly as when the hour approaches in which she is to bid adieu to the object of her affections; I know it and have felt it by experience"—and Trelawney sighed deeply as he reflected on the parting minute which had separated him from his beloved Rosa. She could not conceal her tears, nor the throbbings of her gentle heart, as hiding her face on the bosom of Mary Bradbury, she had wept out her last farewell.

"Lady Jean Campbell has yet to be apprised," continued Trelawney, "of our departure from the island of Incholm many weeks before she expects it. If, when we inform her suddenly, as if by mere accident, which can be done to-day when we all meet at dinner, if she discovers the emotion and despair, which I have a shrewd guess she will do, then my Lord, we need not steer to the coast of Italy; for be assured she will not let you long remain ignorant of the state of her affections—what think you of my plan?"

"Your plan is excellent," said the now highly delighted Lord Sydney, "and if I was certain that execution would follow."

"Of that we shall better judge when we put our artillery in force," uttered Trelawney, and a soft tap at the door of the chamber announced a visitor, and that visitor, was little Robert Duncan.

"Ah! you said you would sail in my ship to-day," said he, running up to Lord Sydney; "do but come and see how nicely Lady Jean has trimmed it all with such pretty bows of white ribbon, and all because I said, and I know what I said," and the boy looked very archly.

"What did you say?" demanded Lord Sydney, somewhat curiously.

"You wont tell Lady Jean."

"Certainly not."

"Says I, who do you think is going to sail in my little ship, and I told her it was you, and she smiled so prettily, and took the bows from her hair, and tied up the nice little seat and curtains, which she said would keep the sun from scorching you; and she said Lord Sydney is your preserver, Robert, and you cannot be too

careful of him; and I said, must I love Lord Sydney, Lady Jean? and she said, yes, dearly, Robert, as much as you love me."

"And then, says I, do you love him, Lady Jean?"

"And what did Lady Jean say to this question?" said Trelawney, perceiving that Lord Sydney was too delightfully embarrassed to utter another sentence, "did she say yes or no, when you asked her this question?"

"No, Sir, she did not say any thing for a great while afterwards," answered the little page, "but how she did blush,—she was as red as scarlet, and then Mrs. Ferguson came down stairs, and she was white again in a moment."

The boy now, after some little further chat with Trelawney, ran out of the room in search of his lovely mistress, to show her some trifling presents which he had given him; and Trelawney, turning to Lord Sydney, with a smile of encouragement,—

"I don't think, my Lord, we shall find much difficulty in trying to discover the state of Lady Jean's heart," continued he; "I think the little page put rather a home question to his lady, which she could not parry;—what say you?"

"Oh, do not transport me beyond myself," cried Lord Sydney, "'tis gratitude she feels, nothing more."

"We shall see how far her Ladyship's gratitude will extend to my poor friend," cried Trelawney; and the friends now separated to dress for dinner, the first bell having rung to announce that it was near at hand.

"My dear, you are not in your usual spirits to day," cried Mrs. Ferguson, as she found Lady Jean sitting in rather a pensive attitude at the window of the dressing room, with her eyes fixed intently on the wide expanse of the ocean.

"I was thinking how soon and how swiftly that treacherous ocean will bear away our dearest and tenderest connections, and perhaps, how soon they may be buried beneath its curling waves," said Lady Jean, her eyes at that moment bedewed with tears, at the bare suggestion that such a fate might attend her English friends.

On which, Mrs. Ferguson observing her extraordinary emotion, calmly replied,—

"'Tis not the ocean that will make friends treacherous or un-

grateful, if they are not already so, my dearest love,—nor can it efface the tenderest recollections from our memories, if memory still is faithful. Will you permit me to guess at your meaning, and to enter into your present feelings, which I have done ever since reason first dawned on your youthful days; was not you thinking of our English travellers when I found your eyes thus intent upon the ocean? Believe me, that I entertain the most exalted opinion of their sentiments, and do not think that time will ever wipe away the hospitality and kindness they have received under the roof of Lady Jean Campbell."

"Ah, Margaret, but men are so forgetful of woman's kindness," said Lady Jean, with a deep and pensive sigh; "alas, they only remember their folly."

"From whence do you draw these conclusions, my sweet?" demanded the venerable Margaret, fixing an earnest and enquiring look on the deeply blushing countenance of her youthful mistress.

"Not from my own experience, but from the fate of Editha," exclaimed Lady Jean; "ever since you taught me to know her fate, I have had a very indifferent opinion of the rest of mankind. When a fond, confiding, generous woman trusts to the protection of man, how base is he who can have the cruelty to desert her! but perhaps I am wrong, Margaret, all men do not act so basely."

"Heaven forbid, my dear child," exclaimed the pious Margaret, "that there should be many living to resemble the deserter of poor Editha; no, we must not draw conclusions too unfairly; all men are not alike in this particular, or the world would be bad indeed."

"At this moment little Duncan came tripping in, and exhibited the handsome little presents he had received from Trelawney and Lord Sydney, which put an end to a conversation which Margaret was at some loss to imagine from what cause had arisen in the mind of her lovely mistress. Margaret, however, never guessed at love —she had never been in love herself, when she had been even young and handsome, and perhaps she forgot that her young lady was exposed at this period to its most bewitching smiles.

I wish Lord Sydney and Mr. Trelawney would never go away," cried Robert; "I shall be so sorry when they go away in

the great ship that is lying in the harbor; wont you, Mrs. Ferguson? and I am sure that Lady Jean will." The face of Lady Jean was now diffused with the deepest blushes of crimson.

"Why, Duncan, you are really growing the most presuming little monkey in existence," cried Mrs. Ferguson; "I declare the gentlemen have quite spoiled you."

"Not Mr. Trelawney,—but Lord Sydney has, actually," said Lady Jean.

"Well, but must not I speak the truth?" cried the little prattler, looking wishfully in the face of his indulgent mistress.

"Yes, my love; who told you that you was not?" demanded Lady Jean.

"Well, then, I am so sorry Lord Sydney is going away,—I do so love Lord Sydney, he is so kind, and so like——"

'Who is he like, you little simpleton?" cried Lady Jean, who did not appear very angry with the boy's remarks.

"You; Lord Sydney is like you!" cried little Duncan; and Trelawney and Lord Sydney at that moment coming into the room, found Mrs. Ferguson just recovering from a violent fit of laughter, and Lady Jean covered with blushes.

"May we know the cause of your extraordinary mirth, Mrs. Ferguson?" cried Lord Sydney.

"Oh, your Lordship must positively excuse my rudeness," answered Mrs. Ferguson, "but it is all owing to that little urchin,—he has been finding out likenesses in you and Lady Jean Campbell."

"Was ever such a little rebel!—Robert, you deserve my thanks though, for all that," cried Lord Sydney, fondling him, and patting his head at the same moment.

"Do you know why I said you was like Lady Jean? Because she has got such pretty blue eyes, and so have you; and because she is so good tempered, and so are you,—so you must be like her, you know."

"And pray, Duncan, why do you not take notice of my eyes?" cried Trelawney, perceiving the embarrassed situation of the lovely hostess: "come I shall positively be jealous of Lord Sydney."

"Oh, but you need not," cried the boy, "for I love you almost as well as I do him,—not quite, but almost." And the dinner now

coming in, he was dismissed with a very extraordinary large piece of cake for his pains.

Trelawney, who had undertaken to commence the siege for his friend, very soon began it, shortly after dinner, by addressing Lord Sydney as follows;—

"I hope, my Lord, you have not finished the letters you were preparing this morning to send his Grace, your father.

And Lord Sydney, pretending to enquire into the reason of his enquiry,—how men can assist each other on these occasions! Trelawney immediately answered him by saying,—

"Because they are ultimately of no use, unless you have precisely mentioned the time of our departure, which Captain Finchley assured me, only this morning, will be in less than two weeks from the present date."

"I did not then, certainly, inform my father of a circumstance which, till now, I did not know," cried Lord Sidney, but in a voice scarcely articulate, from a sudden emotion he beheld in the countenance of Lady Jean Campbell, which took from him all power of expression, for she became pale, and almost motionless as a statue, while her quivering lips demanded, in faint accents, if indeed he was going to sail for Italy in so short a period?—

"I thought your stay here would have been for a considerable time longer,—but in two weeks you will, then, leave Scotland."

"And your hospitable mansion, with deep and keen regret, yet with sensations of gratitude, Lady Jean Campbell, which cannot be erased from our memories," uttered Trelawney, perceiving that his friend was actually tongue tied. Lord Sydney could not speak, from a tumultuous tide of sensations he experienced, hard to be defined; but to have put Lady Jean's sensibility to such a trial, and in the presence of others, he could scarcely endure himself, or forgive Trelawney for, and wholly unconscious of what he was doing, he flew most anxiously to the side board, and filling out a glass of wine and water, approached her with an air of the tenderest enquiry, while in a voice of impassioned softness he exclaimed,—

"You are ill, Lady Jean, your complexion denotes it. Trelawney, call for Mrs. Ferguson; she is ill, and 'tis us that have

made her so. Forgive me''——but Trelawney was flown;—there was no one left but Lord Sydney himself with Lady Jean Campbell; and this favorable moment to plead the ardor of his attachment was not to be resisted—he might never have such another; and seizing the cold and snowy hand, which now trembled with emotion, he passionately pressed it to his lips, while he breathed out the most ardent and respectful avowal of his chaste and honorable passion, beseeching her to honor him with a speedy and ingenuous reply,—

"My heart, my fortune, my title, all are your's, sweet maid," cried Lord Sydney, "and from you I ask no more than your beauteous self; give me but the adoring title of being your husband, and in all beside you are your own mistress. Speak, lovely and beloved Jean,——trifle not, I beseech you, with a heart so devotedly your own."

What would philosophers have Lady Jean Campbell say, for what have they to do with love?—and it is to be hoped they will not be censorious when it is observed, that her Ladyship did not draw away her hand from Lord Sydney; it remained in his possession all the while she was repeating the following words, but no longer—remember that!

"My Lord, though I am young and inexperienced, I have not wanted judgment to discern your merits, and if I found my heart too sensible of them, you must forgive me for betraying it in the manner I have just done in the presence of your friend. I am a child of simplicity, and I have never been taught to disguise the sentiments of my heart, where those sentiments were not disgraceful to the house of Campbell. You were the preserver of a poor little orphan boy,—and when you snatched Duncan from the briny wave, the heart of Jean Campbell unconsciously became yours. The retiring modesty of my sex would never have permitted me to have told you so, but to an avowal of mutual regard. I therefore do not blush in giving that hand where alone I had bestowed my heart. Receive it, then, Lord Sydney, and be the protector, the friend, the guardian and husband of the orphan Jean.

Lady Jean Campbell, wholly overpowered by the affecting situation into which she had been thrown, now burst into tears, to relieve her full heart, which were wiped from her lovely cheek by

the transported and happy Lord Sydney, who, taking the opportunity of Lady Jean's retiring for a few moments, burst into the chamber where Trelawney was sitting amusing himself with the sporting tricks of the little page, exclaiming,—

"Victory, victory, my dearest friend!—No Italy for Belmont, —no Italy for Trelawney!"

"I thought as much when I made my exit," cried Trelawney; "what do you say now to love among the roses."

"That he may ever be among the roses, without being encumbered by the thorns!" answered Lord Sydney, giving little Duncan such a squeeze in his arms, that he protested he would go and tell Lady Jean; but his Lordship soon made his peace with him, giving a handful of nuts, which were carried to Mrs. Ferguson; and the two friends remained in close consultation respecting their future arrangements. The tour to Italy being, as it may now be imagined, totally rejected on the part of Lord Sydney Belmont, he could think of nothing but Lady Jean Campbell, to whom he was determined to be united before he returned even to England; and Trelawney felt no predilection to travel alone to distant countries, at best a lonely wanderer, for to search for pleasure, or to find happiness abroad, had never once been in his contemplations, when he consented to become the companion of Lord Sydney; he knew there was but one habitable part of the whole created world that contained his all of happiness, and since that happiness was denied to him, all other places and all other countries were objects of the most perfect indifference to him.

It was finally settled, therefore, that they should immediately acquaint Captain Finchley with the alteration which had taken place in their intended plans; without, however, thinking it necessary to inform him precisely of the cause; which was accordingly done the ensuing morning.

Captain Finchley expressed the most unfeigned regret to relinquish the pleasure of their company to the coast of Italy; however, he had no other regret, for he sustained no loss from his passengers, who amply repaid him for the short time they had been on board the ship, more than if they had taken two voyages over the Atlantic and back again.

On parting with Captain Finchley, Trelawney and Lord Syd-

ney called at their old friend's, Andrew Creggy, at the Mountain Goat, to whom they gave a very liberal sum for the time they had occupied under his roof; and the bonnie lasses had no reason to complain of English strangers' want of generosity, for never had their small services been more amply repaid.

In a few days, however, after the above circumstance, a report prevailed, which was soon in current circulation among all the islanders, that the flower of aw Scotland, their bonnie Jean, would shortly bloom upon a branch of English nobility—a report by no means pleasing to some of the high blooded Scots, who had much rather she should have wedded one of their own clan. But Lady Jean Campbell was her own mistress, and indisputably an heiress in her own right; and the lovely Caledonian, in selecting a lord of her bosom's choice, taught them the simple lesson of consulting happiness before ambition, and then in spite of all the pride of ancestry and hereditary honors, "that love would not be cheated of his unrivalled precedence."

Mrs. Ferguson only was consulted on the present important occasion, and after the unreserved and mutual exchange of sentiments which had passed between herself and Lord Sydney, Lady Jean entered the chamber of the venerable Margaret, and throwing herself on the bosom of her second mother and maternal friend revealed the whole of her communications with Lord Sydney Belmont; at which Mrs. Ferguson (who perhaps had cause to surmise that a growing partiality had taken place in the bosom of her lovely mistress) did not express the least surprise, but in answer to Lady Jean's question,—"Do you not approve of my choice, Margaret?" replied in the tenderest emotion, while tears started in her eyes,—

"Ah, my dear young lady, what right have I to object to it? but to be plain with you, and not to flatter you, I greatly admire the young noble Lord who will be so highly distinguished by the honor of your hand, so highly, indeed, that he will be the envy of all Scotland. Ah? who would not have been proud of an alliance with a daughter of the house of Campbell? Your brave father——"

"Was the Earl of Campbell, most indisputably," cried Lady Jean; "and had my father lived, he would not have thought him-

self disgraced by my union with Lord Sydney Belmont, whose father is as indisputably the Duke of Valencia;"

"To whose title his own son will succeed," uttered Margaret, in a tone of exultation she could not suppress.

"Unquestionably that must follow, if heaven spares the life of my dear lord," answered Lady Jean.

"Then my dear child will one day be a duchess," exclaimed Margaret, "the Duchess of Valencia."

"Indeed I was not contemplating upon any titles that would belong to me, except one that I shall be prouder of than all beside," cried Lady Jean, with a face suffused with the most enchanting blushes of retiring modesty; further conversation then ensued, in which Lady Jean assured Margaret that both she and Robert Duncan should be amply provided for; and the recollection of all her maternal kindnesses to her during the stage of her helpless infancy and the affecting period when death closed the eyes of her angel mother, bursting on her memory, Lady Jean, wholly overcome, threw her lovely arms over the venerable form of her faithful attendant, and wept for a few moments in silence; at length she uttered, in sweet and melodious accents,—

"Margaret, do not imagine that we are going to be separated."

At which Margaret sobbed out,—

"I hope not, my dear young lady, I hope not; for were that the case, my heart would soon break."

And mine too, if I could ever live to be ungrateful towards you," answered Lady Jean; "you have been a mother to me, Margaret, and you shall be a mother still,—we will never part,—wherever I am, there shall Margaret remain; and my boy, too, my poor little orphan boy shall be with me too,—the child of the deserted Editha shall never want protection under the roof of Jean."

Lord Sydney now suddenly entered, and found Lady Jean with her faithful attendant, and perceiving they were deeply engaged in conversation, would instantly have retired, out of respectful delicacy to his lovely Jean.

"I fear I am an intruder here, my good Mrs. Ferguson," said

be; "if so, pray tell me without ceremony, and I shall instantly depart."

"Indeed but you are no such thing, my Lord," said Margaret, viewing him with tenfold more complacency than ever she had done before, and looking at him through her spectacles; "well, I protest, I think the boy is right—you do resemble my dear young lady."

"If you flatter me so highly I shall leave you instantly," said Lord Sydney, deeply blushing at the ardent and intent examination which Margaret was taking of every feature.

"Do any of your sisters resemble you?" enquired Lady Jean, peeping now and then, as if by accident, at the fine animated countenance of her happy and transported lover."

"Only one," replied Lord Sydney, "and that is——'

"She whom you have so often talked of so tenderly and affectionately," said Lady Jean; "and I am already acquainted with her name—it is Honoria."

"Why, you are a little enchanting witch," exclaimed Lord Sydney; "who told you so?"

"One who delighteth in dwelling on her praises so largely," said Lady Jean, "that I have often thought——"

"What have you thought, my loveliest Jean?" uttered Lord Sydney, gazing with unutterable transport on one of the most fascinating and ingenuous countenances in the whole world.

"That love prompted the eloquence of his tongue," uttered Lady Jean, while a rosy blush played over her charming features.

"Then you are most infallibly deceived, sweetest Jean," said Lord Sydney; "my friend Trelawney does not love my sister Honoria, take my word for it; I should very deeply regret it if he did. No, thank heaven, he does not love Honoria; poor girl, her situation would be worse than it now is."

"And why regret it?" said Lady Jean, with strong symptoms of curiosity, while she made the enquiry; "Is not your friend worthy of your sister?"

"Oh, he is worthy of almost every woman in the whole created world; you know not half the worth, the excellence of Trelawney," exclaimed Lord Sydney, generously subscribing to the merits of his friend, "but he could never be the husband of Honoria."

"Is he then already the husband of another?" demanded Lady Jean.

"No, but he will shortly be so," answered Lord Sydney; "he is to be married to the only daughter of the Earl of Fitzosbourne, Lady Alexina Fitzosbourne; a contract of marriage made even before he was born, by the will of his father."

"The will of his father!" repeated Lady Jean, in accents of surprise and astonishment she could not suppress: "and before he was born!—how uncommonly strange."

Lord Sydney now imagined that he could not adopt a wiser plan than to inform the lovely mistress of his affections of the peculiar and unfortunate destiny of his amiable friend, fearful that by accident some unpleasant conversation might ensue relative to his engagement with Lady Alexina Fitzosbourne, at the recital of which Lady Jean Campbell truly commisserated the situation, and heaved a voluntary sigh to the sorrows of the amiable Trelawney.

In a few days from the preceding period, letters arrived from England, two for Lord Sydney Belmont, and one from Fitzosbourne House for Trelawney, containing a most affectionate testimony of the Earl's regard, hoping that his absence would not be protracted beyond the time proposed; that his health, so far from having mended in the absence of his dear Tanjore, was, as the Earl positively assured Trelawney, on a very rapid decline, and that ere he closed his eyes in this mortal career, he was solicitous that the will of his father should be ratified between him and his daughter. A very slight mention of Lady Glenthorpe and Lady Alexina was now added; and Trelawney, closing the letter of the unfortunate Lord Fitzosbourne, resolved on one decided plan, and that was, immediately after the marriage of Lord Sydney to repair to England, and since fate left him no alternative, to heal the wounded feelings of the Earl, by becoming the husband of Lady Alexina. Meanwhile, Lord Sydney with a trembling hand unclosed the seal of his father's letter, which ran thus

"My dear Boy,

"In consulting your own happiness you decidedly consult mine.

'I do not profess myself wholly a stranger to the family of Lady Jean Campbell, with whom your alliance cannot in any questionable shape to me be objectionable.

"That Lady Jean is both lovely and worthy the election of my dear Sydney, I do not surmise a doubt;—therefore, you may marry with my free consent whenever you may think it convenient. At all events, I am better pleased to see you return to a fond father's expectant arms, though a bridegroom, than to have parted with you as a bachelor for so long a period as you intended.

"Your sister Catherine will, ere you return to England, I imagine, be the bride of Queensbury. Fanny, too, has received overtures of a very flattering nature from Lord William Mowbray, and will probably accept of them, as his Lordship is every way unexceptionable.

"Of my Honoria what shall I say?—She is as good a girl as ever, but strangely fallen off in her health;—I say strangely, because it is so suddenly after your departure that she has thus languished. I shall say no more. I hope your return to England may once more enliven her,—but I have fears, Sydney, fears which I shall not at present disclose.

"I have not seen Lord Fitzosbourne very lately but report says his Lordship's health is greatly impaired. I think your friend Trelawney cannot do a better thing than to fulfil the marriage contract with Lady Alexina; and to whom I beg my sincere good wishes. Commend me to your bonnie Jean. Your sisters are impatient to behold her.

"My dear Boy,

"I remain your affectionate father,

"*Gondibert Sydney Valencia.*"

The friends having communicated to each other the intelligence of their several letters, it was proposed, that on the immediate marriage of Lord Sydney, Trelawney should depart for England, leaving the happy pair to follow at their own convenient leisure, as the marriage of Lady Jean would require certain arrangements

in the castle, which could not be so speedily executed, to the precise time that Trelawney had written to acquaint the Earl that he should arrive in London. And this being agreed upon, Trelawney had, on the third morning subsequent to these arrangements with Lord Sydney, the satisfaction of beholding him the happy husband of Lady Jean Campbell, and to all intents and purposes, the Laird of Dumfairling Castle.

The nuptials were solemnized in the chapel, and being conducted privately, none were witnesses on this occasion but the chaplain who performed the ceremony, Trelawney, Douglass, the nephew of Mrs. Ferguson, Mrs. Ferguson herself, and little Duncan, who could scarcely be kept within bounds on being told who was the husband of his lovely mistress.

And this happy event over, Trelawney, taking a tender adieu of Lord Sydney and his amiable bride, set out, with his faithful Mungo, once more for England; and meeting with no accident to impede the progress of his journey, he arrived safe in the suburbs of Grosvenor Square, where, at a late hour, he once more entered the mansion of Lord Fitzosbourne.

The Earl met him at the door with open arms, exclaiming,

"Welcome once more, dear Tanjore!—once more welcome to my longing eyesight!" and away posted the Earl up stairs, and opening wide the door of the drawing-room, while he led his daughter up to Trelawney, who testified her usual insensibility as he approached her, uttered, in joyful accents,—"Now I shall once more breathe again,—now I shall inhale new life, new hopes, new pleasures,—my dear Tanjore is come, and all will be well again."

But Trelawney as he surveyed the pale, languid countenance of the Earl, felt shocked and pained at the very visible alteration which had taken place in so short an absence, and endeavored by every attention in his power, to cheer and enliven his so greatly dejected spirits, and he had the happiness of succeeding; in a few days his Lordship grew considerably mended in his health, and his spirits rose in proportion as they had before been depressed; which was not only owing to the pleasure of Trelawney's return to England, but to the private conference he had held with him since his return respecting his marriage with his daughter, which was immediately to take place, to the no small joy of Lady Alexi-

na, who longed to be married, if it was only for a change in her situation, and to the final accomplishment of all her ambitious schemes, plans and wishes. Lady Glenthorpe heard it with transports she could scarcely conceal, as she gave orders to the dressmakers for Lady Alexina's wedding clothes to be prepared.

Trelawney being determined not to behold his fair friends at Valencia Lodge till he was the husband of Lady Alexina, did not care how soon the ceremony was to take place, and, therefore, beheld the preparations which were going forward at Fitzosbourne House for this important event, with a greater degree of anxiety than was usual to him, because he longed to pay his respects to the Duke's amiable family, and to give them some idea of the bonnie Jean, about whom Lady Alexina had made some very curious enquiries.

"Is she very handsome?"

"Uncommonly so," was the reply of Trelawney.

"Well but she has red hair," exclaimed Lady Alexina, "and that, you know, is so odious."

"Red hair!" uttered Trelawney, "indeed, you greatly mistake,—Lady Belmont's hair is, as far as I can recollect with accuracy, of a light auburn, and extremely beautiful and luxuriant. What made you suppose her hair was red?"

"Because I am told all Scotch women have red hair," said Lady Alexina.

"You might with equal propriety advance, that they have all grey hair," exclaimed Lord Fitzosbourne; "upon my life, Alexina, you are the strangest girl in existence."

"For what, papa?" demanded her Ladyship, now tittering in her usual ridiculous and silly manner; "aunt, did not you tell me so?"

"Me, my love?" said Lady Glenthorpe, now reddening like scarlet; "I really cannot recollect any such thing."

"Oh, but you can, aunt, only you wont," now answered Lady Alexina; "don't you remember when we were talking of Lord Sydney being married to the Scotch lady, don't you know what you said?"

Lady Glenthorpe made no reply; but Lord Fitzosbourne, imagining that a compliment was not intended for Lady Belmont,

soon put an end to any further discussion, by softly whispering in the ear of his daughter, if she had forgot what was to take place the ensuing morning?—at which she smiled, and exclaimed to Trelawney, as she bade him good night.

'What do you think papa says?—but do you know I had quite forgot it."

"I cannot precisely tell," answered Trelawney, more disgusted at the childish frivolty of her manner, at such a period, than ever.

"That to-morrow is our wedding-day," said Lady Alexina.

"In all human probability, Lady Alexina, it may," answered Trelawney, suppressing a bitter sigh; and wishing the Earl a good night, he immediately retired to his chamber.

CHAPTER XXXV

Agitation of Trelawney;—splendid preparation of Lady Glenthorpe;—sudden and extraordinary interruption at the Church, which leads to the return of the bridal party in the greatest consternation to Fitzosbourne House.

NEVER was there a bridal morning ushered in with more contention of the warring elements than that which was destined to behold Tanjore Trelawney the husband of Lady Alexina Fitzosbourne. The winds howled tempestuously, and the rain fell in torrents; but greater was the tide of tempestuous passions which had occasioned a sleepless pillow to the head of the despairing Trelawney, now almost on the immediate verge of resigning his happiness forever; and although there was a monitor within which assured him, that the sacrifice he was now making, not only to the wishes but to the absolute commands of a beloved and revered father, was such as to secure him the warmest approbation of an approving conscience, yet it was a sacrifice which shook his inmost soul; for had his heart been ever so free, he felt, forci-

bly felt, that heart could never have selected for its dearest choice such a woman as the daughter of Lord Fitzosbourne, whose uncommon and extraordinary likeness to her aunt, Lady Glenthorpe, all transcendently lovely as she really was, but rendered him the more indifferent to her charms, against whom his prejudice in the early part of their acquaintance had never worn away, but it had now nearly amounted to disgust; the more when he reflected how absolute was her dominion over the disposition of the infatuated, giddy and vain Alexina,—how keenly, how poignantly then did Trelawney ponder o'er the severity of his fate, when that heart painfully yet triumphantly drew a contrast between the proud and imperious heiress and the humble but angelic daughter of the village pastor, the all-subduing, captivating, the dear, beloved Rosa, whose name his tongue repeated in faltering accents for the last time, nor dared he trust himself a moment longer for imagination to paint the beauty of that form never to be erased from his recollection, or the graces of that mind for ever engraven on his heart, and which no circumstance, change of time or situation, could ever tear from thence; hastily, therefore, Trelawney arose from his restless couch, and having fervently invoked a prayer, that he might possess himself of fortitude in so momentous a trial of his feelings, without betraying the secret commotions of his soul, he endeavored to assume a serenity and composure of mind he was far from feeling, though conscious that the strict performance of his duty in submitting to the will of his father, would at some future hour lessen his despair and soften his grief; and having rang the bell for Mungo, he soon made his appearance.

"Mungo," cried Trelawney, "get my things to dress; there is a deal of business to be done to-day, and it is nearly nine o'clock; I have actually overslept myself."

But there was an expression in the face of Trelawney, which the moment Mungo beheld, proved his assertion not true, and which made the honest and devoted creature suddenly exclaim, —"Ah, massa, you no sleep more den Mungo!—Mungo no wink him eye all night!—Tink of massa make de water come in Mungo eye, like rain on plantain flower.—Massa no happy, Mungo no happy too."

Trelawney attempted to smile, and by no means willing to en-

courage the sagacity of Mungo in discovering certain feelings which indeed had of late been too perceptible to the faithful black, he reminded him that this was his wedding-day, on which he was to drink his health, and toast that also of his bride, Lady Alexina Fitzosbourne, who would be the future mistress of Trelawney Castle, when they returned to India. But Mungo, with whom Lady Alexina had never been a favorite, was obstinately bent on unburdening his mind, and not seeing the necessity of disguising his feelings on the present occasion, vehemently broke out as follows:

"Ah, massa, me no wish to see that day."

"And, why not, Mungo?" cried Trelawney.

"Because wife no make massa happy," replied Mungo; "why massa get wife, when wife no make massa happy?"

As this was rather a sort of home question to a man actually on the point of matrimony with a woman whom he did not like, Trelawney did not choose to hazard a reply, but giving Mungo a liberal mark of his bounty, when he had finished dressing him, he retired rather in a better humor, although muttering to himself as he went down stairs,—

"Why massa get wife, when him no happy?"

To describe the scene of bustle and splendid preparations which were taking place on this important occasion, in the superb mansion of Lord Fitzosbourne; is impossible, and which, though so ardently wished to be private by Trelawney, was not permitted to be so by the vain, haughty and ambitious Lady Glenthorpe; no art was wanting, no expense spared, to render the magnificence complete;—the establishment, the equipage of Lady Alexina were dazzling beyond description, and her dress rich and splendid in the extreme. Most young ladies, on this solemn and important era of their lives, choose simplicity in their attire, as the most proper semblance of the purity they represent; not so Lady Alexina Fitzosbourne, she was loaded with the most sumptuous ornaments of costly apparel that it was in the boundary of wealth to purchase, and a sestus of diamonds, presented by the hand of her fond and indulgent father, completed the magnificence of her brilliant and dazzling appearance. When led by her aunt from the dressing room into the apartment which was prepared for the

reception of the wedding guests, and where almost in pensive silence sat, not the impatient, but the thoughtful bridegroom, it must be confessed that the uncommon splendor with which Lady Alexina suddenly broke in upon him arrested his attention, while her transcendantly beautiful person, thus magnificently adorned, for a moment dazzled his eyes, but had not the power either to mislead his judgment or hold captive his heart.

"What a pity," thought Trelawney, "that such an exquisitely beautiful form should be wanting in every other requisite to render the gift valuable. Alas, here is only the color of the rose, but where is its enchanting perfume?—it can only delight the eye, but cannot charm the sense."

Trelawney felt himself awkwardly embarrassed on the entrance of Lady Glenthorpe and her beauteous niece, who was but too sensible of the superiority of her charms, and too proud of the additional advantage of rank and splendor, to set them off; she therefore received the warm congratulations of her surrounding admirers, or rather her flatterers, with a haughty consciousness of her exalted station; but when approached by Trelawney, whom alone she failed to captivate, she blushed, and as he took her hand to lead her to the carriage which was to convey them to the hymenial altar, affected a sensibility which she was far from feeling, for well did Lady Alexina know she was receiving a hand without a heart—a heart which was making a sacrifice to the will of his father, the dearest and the noblest that man could make, was a triumph she could ill conceal; much less could Lady Glenthorpe, who now beheld the completion of all her ambitious views, in one glorious work accomplished.

No sooner were the carriages in sight of St. George's church, than the agitation of Trelawney became every moment more apparent; scarce could his faultering lips pronounce one sentence to his destined bride, while the spiteful and malicious triumph which was portrayed on the countenance of Lady Glenthorpe increased his perturbation, and added to the tortures of his mind.

At length the carriages stopped, amidst crowds of spectators, who thronged around the church doors, when Trelawney suddenly possessing himself of firmness and dignity, and seizing the hand of Lady Alexina, without once looking at her, led her in silence

through the church: and when they were all assembled at the altar, a still and solemn silence prevailed. The doors of the church were then ordered to be closed, and excepting a few strangers who had contrived to press through the crowd, and who had thus gained admittance and were stationed in some of the pews, none were admitted during the solemnization of the the nuptials, which in a few minutes began to be performed in the most impressive manner by the Rev. Mr. Barton, who had just arrived at that part of the ceremony which is thus expressed,—

"If any one know any just cause or impediment why these two persons should not be joined together in holy matrimony, let him now declare it, or for ever after hold his peace."

At this very moment, a tall, gigantic, raw-boned Irishman rushed out from one of the pews, in which he had been stationed, and running up to the altar, in the very midst of the bridal party bellowed out in broad Irish accents the following sentence;—

"Devil burn me, but you must be after listening to Pat O'Connor, before you can get on at all, at all, in the business, for there is a great big thumping impediment at the end of it, which Pat O'Connor is come all the way from Ireland himself alone to tell you of."

Neither the ludicrous situation of the Irishman, the astonishment of the parson, the gaping wonder of the spectators who yet remained in the pews, nor the imperative orders which were given to turn him out, produced any change in the countenance of Pat, who undauntedly pressed more eagerly forward, and stood fixed and root bound, insisting that he would be heard; and repeating his words with a most dreadful oath, to the consternation of all present; while Lady Glenthorpe, with the fire of a fury darting from her eyes, in an authorative voice, commanded Mr. Barton instantly to proceed with the ceremony.

"That he shall not do, by heaven!" exclaimed Trelawney, in a voice of thunder, and resigning the hand of Lady Alexina; "no, by heaven, he shall not, till I have received an explanation of this most extraordinary interruption; speak fellow by what authority do you presume to come here, or by whom are you sent, to interrupt the marriage rites?"

"Oh! long life to your honor!" cried Pat now advancing bold-

ly up to the altar, "is that all you are wishing to know!—faith, and myself has it here, tied up in a bag, nate and handy, of Judy O'Connor's making, the very thing itself, itself."

"Judy O'Connor!" vociferated Lord Fitzosbourne, turning round with amazement, and fixing his eyes full on the now almost convulsed features of the dismayed Lady Glenthorpe, while she perfectly screamed out,—

"Judy O'Connor, you vile impostor! what have you to do with Judy O'Connor?"

"Och, bad luck to your Ladyship," roared out the Irishman, drawing out a bag from beneath his surtout, and taking from thence a paper curiously folded, but on which was written in large and legible characters,—'For the most excellent Lord Fitzosbourne.'

"Bad luck to your Ladyship," continued Pat, "that would be after calling a poor Irishman out of his name, only because he's speaking the truth; sure and I have enough to do with Judy O'Connor, my old mother, who would be after easing her conscience by sending me over the salt sea ocean, to tell his Lordship there, of a little bit of a sort of a blunder your Ladyship has committed with the crater of a daughter of your's; sure and she's no more the daughter of Lord Fitzosbourne than Pat O'Connor, that stands here by himself alone."

"Lady Alexina not my daughter!" exclaimed the agitated Earl —"Louisa, I command you to speak, instantly unravel this mystery!" and he turned with a fierce enquiring look towards Lady Glenthorpe, who now, pale as a spectre, and motionless with terror and surprise, faintly articulated,—

"Be satisfied, brother, 'tis a vile impostor," and drawing out her bottle of salts, requested that the marriage ceremony might not be delayed or interrupted by such ridiculous and impertinent intruders.

But the Earl was not so easily satisfied, much less was the now highly agitated and irritated Trelawney, who grasping the arm of Lady Glenthorpe, so that she could not escape from his pursuit, with firmness now exclaimed,—

"How dare yau, presuming and audacious woman, expect on grounds like the present, that the marriage ceremony will be suffered to proceed?—that, however, must now depend upon your

Ladyship. I must, therefore beg that you will immediately elucidate this mysterious affair, which though to others may appear enigmatical, I have no doubt is perfectly comprehensive to your Ladyship; to be more plain, Lady Glenthorpe, I suspect you to be guilty of a gross deception, either practiced on the feelings of a too indulgent father, or on me; but do not expect me to become your dupe so easily, or that I will tamely suffer Lord Fitzosbourne to be imposed on. Therefore, be pleased to declare here, in the presence of this reverend gentleman, all you know of this mysterious business,—speak, madam,—is this lady, who was about to be my wife, the daughter, or is she not the daughter of your brother, the Earl of Fitzosbourne?"

On these words of Trelawney, uttered in the most decided and impressive manner, Lady Glenthorpe gave a loud and piercing shriek, and sunk motionless in the arms of Lady Alexina, who, perfectly screaming with terror and apprehension, called for her carriage, and was instantly conveyed home with her dear aunt, her orders being immediately obeyed, the church was then cleared of all but the parties most materially interested on this occasion, and in this mysterious and unexpected affair; meanwhile the Irishman still kept his post, stationing himself close to the side of Trelawney, who would not lose sight of him a single moment, but thrusting him into the carriage, jumped in and seated himself by his side, to the no small amusement of the gaping spectators, for Pat exhibited a strange contrast to Lady Alexina, who had only a few moments before occupied the same seat in the carriage with Trelawney.

Meanwhile, the agitated Earl, in almost a frenzy of passion, consternation, disappointment and despair, and accompanied by the surprised and astonished divine, the Rev. Mr. Barton, reached his carriage with a tottering step and a trembling frame, and ordering the coachman to drive as fast as the horses could carry them, proceeded with an aching heart to his mansion in Grosvenor Square.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

Important discovery;—dissolution of the Marriage Contract;—Trelawney's liberality on the occasion;—arrival of Lord and Lady Belmont;—and conclusion of the Novel by the Marriage of Trelawney and Rosa.

Whatever were the contents of the paper which the Irishman had delivered into the hands of Lord Fitzosbourne, its effects were powerfully exerted on the feelings of the Earl, who having perused it during his ride from Hanover to Grosvenor Square, in the presence of Mr. Barton, fell back in his carriage before it arrived at Fitzosbourne House, in a state of insensibility, from which he did not recover till many hours after he had been conveyed to his own apartment, notwithstanding the earliest medical assistance had been procured. The first returning moment of sensibility, however, was expressed by an impatient and eager demand to see and converse with Mr. Trelawney, who, having left Mr. Patrick O'Conner safe under the custody of Mungo, had never once quitted his Lordship's bed-side, and was now the first eagerly to enquire after his health.

"I am better, my dear Tanjore," exclaimed the Earl, reaching out his hand to clasp the trembling one of the agitated Trelawney —"that is, my dear boy, I am as well as any man can expect to be after he has been shook by a tremendous earthquake, for such, Tanjore, I have received by the perfidious conduct of that vile woman, whom I now blush to call my sister,—but let her not approach me, Tanjore, nor the viper come into my presence till calmer moments succeed my ungovernable rage towards her; neither suffer her to escape from Fitzosbourne House till she has produced her accomplice, accessary to the cruel deception which has so long blinded the eyes of an agonized, fond and doating husband —she is a monster of ingratitude and depravity, Tanjore: but heaven would not suffer her iniquitous design to prosper,—You are

free, Tanjore,—the Will of your Father is dissolved; and Lord Fitzosbourne himself now dissolves you from the fatal Contract of Marriage which has so long destroyed your happiness and mine; I say destroyed, because the object destined for the noble sacrifice you was about to make, was unworthy of you. I have always acknowledged, even when I thought her mine, that Alexina was unworthy of Tanjore Trelawney; but she does not belong to me, Tanjore, the mystery is now unravelled, and deception is no more—she is no child of my angel wife: poor girl, she is the daughter of that detested woman, my sister, Louisa, Countess of Glenthorpe."

"Almighty powers!" exclaimed the now so greatly agitated Trelawney, that he could hardly support himself from fainting at the bed-side of the Earl; "and had not my aunt a child born?"

"She had," cried the Earl, bursting into tears, "my Alexina was delivered of a son, who breathed but to expire with its angel mother; it was then that the traitress stepped in, and seized the moment most applicable to her wicked purpose,—by bribery she corrupted the weak mind of Judith O'Connor, who had attended Lady Fitzosbourne for a considerable time in the capacity of nurse; she only was present, with Lady Glenthorpe and the accouchier, at the birth of my son, whose breath had no sooner departed, than the living child of my sister, the infant Alexina, was substituted in its place;—presented to me, in the first days of my distracting grief, as the child of my lost angel,—presented to me by the hand of my sister,—how, Tanjore, could I possibly doubt the assertion, or guess at the deception? I had previously been informed, that Lady Glenthorpe's child was a son, and that it was still-born, and I enquired no further, as this circumstance took place only three weeks before the accouchment of my dear wife. I only heard that my sister had parted with Judith O'Connor, in order that she might attend Lady Fitzosbourne, who had particularly requested her services; and that Lady Glenthorpe, though scarcely recovered from her own confinement, was in actual attendance at the bed-side of my suffering Alexina. All I thought, Tanjore, was, that it was kind, it was heavenly, in Louisa thus to step forth, regardless of her own personal safety, to administer to the comfort and soothe the pangs of my departing angel.—Oh

God, merciful searcher of all human hearts, whether they be good or evil, how was a doating husband, and a fond, confiding, affectionate brother deceived!—I saw not my supposed daughter, the infant Alexina, till a period of two months had elapsed after the death of my beloved wife, and then I beheld her in the arms of my sister, who, together with this Judith O'Connor, had the entire management and care (as I then thought) of my child. As she advanced to womanhood, the little resemblance she bore, either in person or mind, to Lady Fitzosbourne, has often afflicted me sensibly; and I have every reason to believe, Tanjore, that it was also a circumstance of deep regret to your father,—was it not?—speak truly."

"I will not hesitate to declare to you, my Lord," said Trelawney, "that my father has often dwelt on this circumstance with painful emotion; but on my frequent and repeated enquiries to know if Lady Alexina resembled my beloved aunt, he once, sighing deeply, acknowledged that she did not:—'She is, Tanjore,' cried he, 'the exact model of his Lordship's sister, Lady Glenthorpe,'—but perceiving that this subject always gave him pain, I of course never afterwards resumed it. On my arrival at Fitzosbourne House, I found my father's assertion incontestibly true,—Lady Alexina did not resemble my beloved aunt, while her most striking likeness to Lady Glenthorpe filled me with astonishment and surprise; and at moments, when I have gazed on the portrait of Lady Fitzosbourne, I have led the unwilling Alexina close beside it, to contemplate the heavenly, sernee, mild and beautiful features (as I then imagined) of her lamented mother, with which she always went away dissatisfied and displeased. I will own her insensibility on this subject always gave me the most poignant anguish, and inspired me with a disgust towards her which I vainly endeavored to overcome; for if a mother's memory be not sacred to the heart of a child, where are we to look, my Lord, for more tender or congenial ties?"

Lord Fitzosbourne trembled with struggled emotions of tenderness for the still beloved child he had so long idolized as his own, and while tears chased one another down his pale and languid cheek, acknowledged that faulty as Lady Alexina was, he felt he could never forego his affection for her.

"It would be unnatural, would not it, my dear Tanjore," uttered he, "were I now to renounce the poor, deluded, infatuated girl,—it would be quite unnatural to abandon her to the protection of such a mother?—yet, if you think I ought——" the Earl paused, he still doated on the thoughtless, inexperienced Alexina, and feeling that he did so, he knew not at this moment what excuse to make for the weakness of his feelings.

But the generous Trelawney, ever mindful of the feelings of others more than his own, already beheld the painful conflicts passing in the mind and struggling in the heart of the afflicted and agitated Earl, and after a few moments passed in the most affecting silence, he at length exclaimed, while he pressed the cold hand of the Earl affectionately to his lips

"Abandon Alexina to the protection of her mother, who, both cruel and mercenary, would have abandoned her!—oh, my beloved Lord, believe not that I would encourage you in adopting a sentiment so contrary to your nature;—no; even I will not abandon or renounce Alexina, and though it cannot now be reasonably expected that I should perform a contract, which, were my father living, he would himself instantly command me to disengage myself from, yet I feel it an indispensible duty, consistent with present circumstances, never to abandon the unfortunate Alexina;—I say unfortunate, because she has been rendered truly so by the pernicious counsel and example of such a mother; but she shall not at the same moment be rendered portionless, or dependant on her bounty. No, my Lord, not when Trelawney is blessed with the gifts of affluence to share it with his friends; had Lady Alexina possessed my affections, the present discovery would have made no diminution of my regard for her, and she would still have been my wife, and consequently been entitled to my property; but though she is not your daughter, I do not forget, my Lord, that she is still your niece, and being such, I now take upon me to say, that she will be provided for by Trelawney. I here engift her, in her own personal right, with the sum of ten thousand pounds, as her portion of that large and extensive property, which, by the marriage contract according to the will of my father, she would have been entitled to; on condition that Lady Glenthorpe, her mother, has no share in this disposal of the said property, or

the slightest claim on the possession of it in the event of Lady Alexina's demise. My Lord, does this arrangement meet your concurrence?"

Astonishment at the unbounded display of goodness of heart, and generosity in the character of Trelawney, had alone kept Lord Fitzosbourne silent, and gazing with unutterable fondness on his fine, animated and soul-breathing countenance, he remained for many moments incapable of articulating a single sentence from excessive emotion; at length recovering himself, he rapturously exclaimed,

"And is it possible, dear, noble and generous Tanjore, that you can bestow so noble and disinterested a mark of your bounty on my poor Alexina? Can you indeed thus calmly and deliberately relinquish so great a part of your property? Oh, Tanjore, had your father lived to see this day, how had he rejoiced in the inestimable treasure of such a son. To whom have you not been a blessing and a comforter? beloved and virtuous, amiable youth,—may heaven eternally preserve, reward, and bless you!—would indeed that I had possessed a daughter worthy of your love, but that not being the case, let us talk of other matters. With respect to Alexina, I see you are determined that I should not cast her off," and the Earl smiled, well knowing his own heart would not have permitted him to do so, had Trelawney even suggested such a thought, "but as to Louisa—I positively must——"

"Forgive her!" pronounced Trelawney, most emphatically.

"Forgive Lady Glenthorpe!" exclaimed the Earl, breaking out into a violent passion, "no, by——"

"Hold, my Lord, for Heaven's sake, do not utter rash vows," cried Trelawney, gently placing his hand on the Earl's lip; "I do not mean to say that you should immediately forgive her,—her conduct has rendered that impracticable, but in the event of time, when she has become a sincere penitent, you will, I am persuaded, pardon her indiscretion, and encourage her in a reformation. Forgiveness, my Lord, is the attribute of heaven itself, and surely mortals, weak, corrupted and erring, as the very best of us are, have no right to withhold it from one another."

"Tanjore you are one of the most dangerous counsels in existence," cried the Earl, gazing at Trelawney with delighted expres-

sion, " for were you to plead, though the cause were execrable, you would gain a jury on your side."

" Were my cause execrable I would not dare to plead at all," answered Trelawney with a smile.

" Then you must not come before the judges, ' said the Earl, who, with the assistance of his attendants, was, by the persuasion of Trelawney, placed in a large elbow chair close to the fire, and his mind being considerably relieved by the conversation he had held with Trelawney, every successive hour now produced returning composure, only ruffled when by accident the name of Lady Glenthorpe was mentioned in his presence.

Meanwhile, the now almost frantic, despairing and humbled Lady Glenthorpe durst not shew her face to one inhabitant in Fitzosbourne House, but closely shut up in her dressing-room, gave way to all the violent extremes of her disposition ;—one moment she was heard to burst into fits of laughter, while the next beheld her melted into tears, and lastly, total silence and despondency ensued,—particularly when her daughter absolutely refused to go into her presence, and perhaps this was the only moment that Lady Glenthorpe discovered that she had been a mother.

" What!" uttered she, sinking down with the most bitter and most mortifying sensation she had ever experienced in her whole life, on the sofa before Lady Alexina's attendant, and bursting into tears, " and will not my own child see me ? she for whom I have sacrificed the love of an only brother,—she for whose sake I have bowed and cringed to the haughty, proud Trelawney, even before she was born,—she for whom I flattered the silly Alexina till she consented to the marriage contract; and is this the reward for all my labor and my pains?—ungrateful girl! but I will instantly let her see who is her mother, and let her still know that she will in future be dependant on my bounty, and consequently subject to my commands."

On these words, Lady Glenthorpe rushed by Lady Alexina's terrified maid, with a fury not to be expressed, and presented herself at the door of her daughter's dressing-room, where she loudly demanded admittance, but to her inexpressible rage and mortification, not only found it barred against her, but Lady Alexina posi-

tively refuse to see her; and the subsequent conversation took place between the mother and daughter, betraying the fatal effects of false indulgence, and a bad example but too well followed,—and it commenced with the following sentence from the mortified and indignant Lady Glenthorpe, who exclaimed after knocking repeatedly for admittance,—

"What is the reason you don't choose to open the door, you shameless girl?"

To which the other politely returned for answer, tittering and laughing, as it appeared, all the while,—

"Because I don't choose it;—there, how do you like that?—And you ought to be ashamed of yourself, not me; and though you are my mamma, I will never call you so,—no, I will spit in your face first. And now I am a woman grown you dare not beat me,—so go along about your business."

"Open the door, my Alexina, only for one moment," exclaimed the now sobbing Lady Glenthorpe.

"No,—that's what I wont, madame mamma," cried Lady Alexina; "because, if it was not for you, Tanny would have married me, and now every body will laugh at me, because I went to church and came home again without a husband; but I don't care, I'll marry somebody in spite of you, that's what I will."

On this dutiful sentiment of an affectionate child, Lady Glenthorpe uttered an involuntary, loud and piercing shriek, and fell senseless against the door of her really and truly ungrateful child; and it was in this prostrate situation that Trelawney, in returning to his own apartment, having left the Earl for a few moments to compose himself, discovered her Ladyship.

Any female in this situation would have commanded the attention of the compassionate Trelawney, but the sister of Lord Fitzosbourne, however culpable she had been, now demanded the offices of common humanity, and perceiving that it was Lady Alexina's dressing room against whose door the wretched culprit had fallen, he gently raised her from the ground, and demanded immediate admission from Lady Alexina, and at his command it was instantly unclosed.

"Surely, Lady Alexina, I am not to attribute this sudden indisposition in Lady Glenthorpe to your want of attention," uttered

Trelawney, placing her Ladyship in the kindest manner in a chair and administering some hartshorn to her relief, while he rung the bell for further assistance.

"If she chooses to faint, lord! Trelawney, how can I help it?" said Lady Alexina, looking on her wretched mother, without betraying the slightest concern.

"People do not generally faint without some particular cause," said Trelawney, in displeased accents; "She is your mother, and has a double claim to your humanity,—how came it, then, that I found your door barred against her?"

Lady Alexina now exhibited some marks of shame and confusion, and replied, not without a great deal of hesitation,

"Why, we had a quarrel, and she flew in a passion,—so——so ——so I——locked the door, to keep her out, only just out of a bit of fun, for I intended to open the door just as you came, but then I suppose she fell down and fainted away;—but I don't care,—I don't care for any of you."

"I believe that your Ladyship's assertion is strictly true.—On this subject, however, we will no longer discuss, as it is now immaterial," said Trelawney, perceiving that no change of circumstance or situation would produce any alteration on the naturally giddy-minded, thoughtless Alexina.

The situation of Lady Glenthorpe, however, demanded immediate attention; for on opening her eyes, she again screamed, and was conveyed to her own apartment in a very alarming state, the disorder of her mind having in a few hours produced an inflammatory fever, which required medical aid as soon as possible; and in this situation she was left to the care of her attendants, Lady Alexina never once attempting to enter her apartment, though while Trelawney was present, she affected to feel some degree of concern; and being left a few moments alone after dinner with Trelawney, she suddenly addressed him in the following manner, at which it was almost impossible to feel angry with her or resist laughing:

"I suppose, Tanny, you wont marry me after all, will you?"

At which Trelawney, with the utmost possible gravity, replied,

"I certainly, Lady Alexina, do not hold myself responsible to act according to the contract made by the will of my father,—a

contract which you must be well aware, was made without consulting either your inclination or mine."

"Well, I know that," cried Lady Alexina, "and between you and I, Tanny, it was a very ridiculous one, and I don't much mind about its being broke off,—only——only——I should like to be married, for all that."

"It is certainly a very natural wish, Lady Alexina," said Trelawney, half laughing, "and it is very likely that you may."

"And pray don't you intend to marry?" demanded Lady Alexina.

So unexpected and yet so home a question brought fresh blowing roses, of a much deeper color than carnation, instantly into the cheeks of Trelawney, and he exhibited a confusion he could not easily shake off, while he attempted carelessly to reply

"I really cannot tell."

"Well, but you are old enough," said Lady Alexina.

"Very probably," uttered Trelawney; "but come, let me lead you to the chamber of Lord Fitzosbourne, he is anxious to behold you."

"But what am I to call him now?" demanded Lady Alexina, in the most awkward embarrassment; "he wont let me call him papa, and I shall hate to call him any thing else."

"Believe me, he is ready to call you by the loved name he has ever been accustomed to do," cried Trelawney; "and would you, my lovely Alexina, retain that unbounded influence in his heart which you have hitherto possessed, receive the advice of your friend Trelawney,—let your conduct be such as to merit his Lordship's approbation, and you will never lament the loss of a father."

With these words, Trelawney led the trembling Lady Alexina into the presence of the Earl, who for some moments stood silently abashed, till hearing his Lordship sob, which he did with almost convulsive emotion, she ran and threw her arms round his neck, calling him her own dear papa; and was again received by him with the same fondness as before, Lord Fitzosbourne forgetting at that moment whether she was his own daughter or that of Lady Glenthorpe.

The Earl now visibly recovered his composure, and briefly in-

formed Lady Alexina of the generous gift with which she had been presented by Trelawney, and on what conditions she was to possess it, without molestation from her mother, to whom, however, the Earl strictly enjoined her to pay the attention which was due to the mother who had given her birth.

"For though incensed against Louisa myself," said the Earl, "which may probably end in her dismissal from Fitzosbourne House, yet remember, Alexina, I will not suffer you to insult your mother."

"No, that's what I wont, indeed, papa," said Lady Alexina, "for I loved her dearly when she was my aunt, and I will go this very precious minute and make it up with her;" and Lady Alexina instantly disappeared, her spirits being exhilarated, from some latent cause, to a most extraordinary pitch. At her departure, a silence of some minutes prevailed: at length the Earl, looking anxiously after her, fondly exclaimed,

"That poor girl certainly has some affection for me, Tanjore."

"If she has affections, they are undoubtedly your's my Lord," replied Trelawney, "since it does not appear that she bestows them on any beside."

The Earl smiled, while he uttered,

"Neither do I think that her heart is vitiated, or her morals depraved."

Heaven forbid that they should be either," said Trelawney, "but she wants management; and propriety must now naturally suggest to you, my Lord, that management must be your's; were she once again under the guidance of her mother, she would be lost."

"To all intents and purposes," said the Earl; "but, that while she is under my roof, she never more shall be; have the goodness, therefore, Trelawney to apprise her of my intention, that when she is perfectly recovered from her indisposition, she must positively depart from Fitzosbourne House. She has a small estate of her own in North Wales,—there let her retire, and brood over past actions amidst the Welch mountains,—solitude is best suited to her present prospects."

"But when she is a penitent, then you will once more receive

her," said Trelawney, seizing on this favorable moment for pleading the cause of the poor culprit; "when the tear of sorrow shall bedew her cheek for past offences,—when her breast shall heave with conscious pangs at the recollection of her unworthiness towards you, then, my Lord, you will not suffer her to remain in the Welch mountains, will you?"

"I believe not," cried the Earl, greatly affected by the impressive manner in which Trelawney had pleaded the cause of his offending sister; "I believe not; but positively, Tanjore, in spite of all your resistless eloquence, I will at the present moment be obeyed."

"At the present moment, my Lord, you positively cannot," answered Trelawney, "for Lady Glenthorpe is at the present moment labouring under the most dangerous and alarming illness."

This intelligence produced an instant change in the countenance of the Earl, in a more softened accent he replied,—

"Indeed, so ill!—well, well, she must be taken care of; you sent for Doctor Watson, did not you? if not, send for him immediately, my dear Tanjore, I beg of you. Poor Louisa!. Well, well, I must suspend my anger till she gets better; in the mean time, Trelawney you may tell her, that I am not so enraged as I was at first,—that is, not quite so violent,—and that if she will tell us where to find the son of that vile scoundrel, Metcalf, from whom I wish to obtain some further information respecting this mysterious business, I may yet be induced to pardon her perfidious conduct."

"I shall certainly comply with your Lordship's commands," said Trelawney, "and you will find that on Lady Glenthorpe's communication I am not mistaken in my supposition, that the mysterious strangers, with whom I heard her Ladyship conversing at a late hour one evening at Fitzosbourne House is no other than the son of this very Dr. Metcalf, who assisted in practising this deception on you. whose sorrows, though unknown, I then commiserated, as he more than once confessed himself to be an unfortunate and deluded man; but I will search him out, and if I find him worthy of protection, his necessities shall be relieved."

With these words, Trelawney quitted Lord Fitzosbourne's chamber, and taking Judith O'Connor's epistle with him, retired

to his own. It was the first moment in which he had been left to his o wn reflections since the unexpected change in his condition and after fervently ejaculating,—"Almighty Providence, who can doubt thy unerring goodness!" he fell on his knees in humble thanksgiving to his adorable Creator who had granted to him the greatest blessing of life—liberty, with free discretion how to dispose of it.

Nor was this alone the sweet reward and consciousness of virtue to Trelawney; he was rewarded doubly by never having in thought, word or deed, deviated from the will of his father, to which he had been ready to sacrifice the dearest treasure in existence, the first choice his heart had ever made of lovely woman; yes, he had been ready to resign her to perform a marriage contract, from which his soul revolted; he had been ready, even as Abraham with Isaac, but the kind interposition of heaven permitted not the accomplishment of the pious sacrifice.

Trelawney went to bed, and if he thought of love among the roses, we must not condemn him; pleasant thoughts will keep us awake as well as painful ones, and Trelawney could not sleep without dreaming of a certain white cottage, beneath whose humble shade he had encountered a rose without a thorn.

Before he went to bed, however, he satisfied himself with every particular relating to the contents of the letter of Judith O'Connor, which was as follows, and dated from the subsequent curious place of abode :—

"*The sign of the Black Pig, in Bog-trotter Lane, over across Muckslush Heath.*

"May it please your Lordship,

"This comes from where I, Judith O'Connor, do lie on a sick bed; on the very eve of departure from this sinful world, and sure as I have a christian soul to be saved, I cannot die without easing my conscience of a little dirty bit of business that was transacted without your Lordship's knowledge, when that swate crater of a woman, your Lordship's beautiful wife, gave up the ghost.

"Sure and it was myself, Judith O'Conner, that stood by when

she was brought to bed of as fine a boy as ever your Lordship clapped your two good looking eyes upon, only the swate crater died for want of breath, in a few minutes after I had taken it and dressed it, and carried it to the bedside of my Lady, who looked as if she was sleeping, but all the while she was dead, may it please your Lordship. So Dr. Metcalf and your Lordship's sister, when all was over, said,—"Judith, you see the little crater is dead, and can't be brought to life again.'—'Och, worse luck,' says I, 'and more's the pity.

"But, though it is dead, it shall make your fortune, Judith," said my Lady Glenthorpe.

Och, and to be sure, my Lord, I stared like a stuck pig, not knowing what they would be after.

"Faith,' and says I, 'my Lady, devil a bit of me knows what you would be doing with poor Judy O'Connor.'

"But, och! bad luck to her Ladyship, that would be after corrupting the morals of a poor simple Irishwoman, that never thought of mischief at all, at all, till her Ladyship popt it into my head.

"Says she, 'Judith, I will give you as much as will buy you some cows, and a field of potatoes, with a nice cabin to live in, if you will promise to keep a secret.'

"Faith, and I did, my Lord, more to my shame be *it spoken*; for sure and it was my own self brought little miss in the very dead of night, and popt it in the bed with your own swate Lady; and sure it was my Lady Glenthorpe that took away the dead baby, and sure it was laid in the grand place, when all was snug and quiet, beside its own dear mamma, and the devil of one knew any thing at all, at all, about it, but Judith O'Connor, and the old soul of a doctor, and sure and I know he had enough to make him hold his tongue. From that hour, may it please your Lordship, I nursed little miss, that was taken for your own flesh and blood, and when she was a year old, my Lady Glenthorpe sent me over to Ireland, where I found my dear Pat, safe and sound, for, please your Lordship, I was a widow; so, with the money my Lady gave me, I bought a cabin, and a nice bit of a garden, and took home Pat to live with me,—but devil a bit of me could rest, night nor day, for thinking of the dead little crater I changed for little miss; so what did I do but I tells my son Pat all about it, and says he, 'Mo-

ther, devil a bit of me you'll ever see more, till you be after sending me over the ocean, to tell his Lordship of the dirty bit of a blunder; so then I fell sick, please your Lordship, and sent away Pat, though he is my darling, and I shall never see him more. But it's never too late for repentance, my old bit of a grandmother used to say. If I live to see Pat again, he will tell me all about your Lordship, and if I die I sha'nt live at all, at all, to hear any thing of the dirty bit of a blunder.

"So I remain till death, and ever after,

"Your Lordship's loving servant to command,

"*Judith O'Connor.*"

However affecting some part of the intelligence which was conveyed in Judith O'Connor's curious epistle, yet it was impossible to help smiling at its eccentricity and the genuine simplicity which it betrayed. Pat, however, had obeyed his mother's injunctions very faithfully, and arrived that very evening in London only to be informed, at the door of Lord Fitzosbourne, that a marriage was to take place the ensuing morning at St. George's Church, Hanover Square, between the daughter of Lord Fitzosbourne and the great Mr. Trelawney.

Poor Pat heard no more, the intelligence he had received was quite sufficient, and betaking himself early to bed, he arose the following morning, and posted away to St. George's Church, making many blunders by the way, but where he stationed himself in one of the pews, determined to seize the first favorable moment that occurred for introducing himself to the bridal party. Pat waited with no small impatience for that part of the ceremony which precisely called for any person to speak, and he no sooner heard the word 'impediment' mentioned by the clergyman, than he rushed forward and saluted them in the manner described.

Trelawney had already arisen, and dressed himself before the usual hour that Mungo was accustomed to call him. In short, Trelawney felt transported beyond himself, and a thousand delightful ideas floated in his imagination; so long had he been in the habit of brooding over melancholy retrospections, and contem-

plating with calm philosophy his own unhappy destiny with Lady Alexina, that the certainty of his being entirely disengaged from fetters so insupportable, made him enjoy the blessings of a new existence; he now lived for only one women in the whole created world, and that woman was Rosa,—his long tenderly beloved, his darling Rosa; and if long patience and suffering, if true constancy merited reward, by the gift of the dear hand we prize, surely Trelawney of all other men living deserved that blessing, for never from the first hour of his beholding her had Rosa Clarendale been rivalled for a moment in his heart; he had not even flirted away an hour with any of her sex, or paid idle compliments to any other women merely for the gratification of his vanity, which is the more surprising, as there is hardly one of his sex but is addicted to this prevailing and ridiculous passion, even though they are at the same period breathing vows of passionate love and constancy to some betrayed, confiding, yet generous fair one. But had this been the disposition of Trelawney with his Rosa, he would utterly have despised himself for so doing; because in the first place, it is the most unexampled cruelty and ingratitude, towards the woman whom he professes to love; and secondly, it is a deception and hypocrisy, and where there is either, true affection and confidence can never repose. It is true, that Trelawney had often been charmed with the character of Lady Honoria Belmont, and it is equally true, that had not Rosa existed, with such a woman he could have past his days in peace and tranquility; but Rosa did exist, and no other woman could unloose those chains she had fettered round his heart.

Trelawney, however, felt it necessary to put a check on the happy and delightful flow of spirits, which he was conscious owed their origin in being released from his engagements with the Fitzosbourne family, fearful of wounding the feelings of the already too much disappointed Earl. But he could not hide the joy which sparkled in his eyes, nor the animated expression of his now love beaming countenance, from the piercing observation of his faithful Mungo, who on entering his chamber, looked delighted, and exclaimed, with his usual sincerity,—

"Now Massa no marry,—he happy, happy,—missy no good

wife for massa. Mungo dance,—sing all day long. Massa no marry missy."

To resist laughing was utterly impossible, as Mungo had actually put himself in a dancing attitude, to the no small amusement of his master, who well knowing how much the poor fellow entered into all his feelings, whether mirthful or melancholy, suffered him to enjoy his humor. And at this moment a gentle tap announced an unexpected but still no less welcome visitor in the person of his friend Lord Sydney Belmont.

"In the name of all that is wonderful, bewitching and divine," cried Lord Sydney, "what is become of you, Trelawney? I arrived only last night in town, and had this morning the courage to leave my lovely Jean to come in search of you. For heaven's sake, tell me are you married, or are you not, to Lady Alexina Fitzosbourne? for report says not. My sisters are dying with curiosity,—come, do tell me."

On the approach of visitors to his master's apartment, Mungo always made his exit, and Lord Sydney being now seated beside his friend, Trelawney uttered, with a degree of seriousness which could not be doubted,—

"Report says true, I am not married, believe me, nor ever shall to such a being as Lady Alexina Fitzosbourne."

"Good heavens, my beloved friend!" cried Lord Sydney, "why?"

"Because," answered Trelawney, "there is no such being in existence as Lady Alexina Fitzosbourne; the lady we are speaking of is only the niece of Lord Fitzosbourne, she is the daughter of Lady Glenthorpe."

The astonished, the delightfully surprised and amiable Lord Sydney made but one jump from his chair towards the middle of the room,—he clasped his friend in his arms,—he laughed and he cried, all in the same breath, and as soon as he could utter a sentence, rapturously exclaimed,—

"Bravo! bravissima! encora!—my dear, dear, friend, accept my most fervent, my joyful congratulations;—here's a discovery,—here's an escape from purgatory,—now we shall all be happy,—all did I say?—no not all quite neither, there is poor

Honoria!——well it can't be helped, we will be as happy as we can, so that's the end of the business.

Trelawney waited till Lord Sydney's joyful flight in some degree subsided, and immediately imparted to him the proceedings which had taken place at his "Mysterious Marriage," which had entirely done away with the Will of his Father; with which communication Lord Sydney again expressed his joyful surprise and heartily congratulating his amiable friend on the fortunate and happy change in his prospects, hurried back to Valencia Lodge big with the important news; and Lady Honoria not having yet left her chamber, he immediately imparted the intelligence to the whole family who were assembled round the breakfast table.

"Well," cried the Duke, wiping his eyes, from which tears had fallen, "were he a son of mine I could not more heartily rejoice in his good fortune; for without any possible exception, I conceive Mr. Tanjore Trelawney to be one of the finest and most noble characters in existence."

"Don't you except your hopeful son and heir, papa, ?" enquired Lady Frances Belmont.

To which Lord Sydney, tapping her fair cheek, replied,—"You are as saucy as ever, Fanny."

"Oh, you'll find me a great deal more so, now you are married,—we single girls are privileged, you know. Now, there is my sister Catherine, who was only married three days ago, must learn to hold her tongue,—not a word but matrimony, you know."

This Lady Frances uttered with such charming vivacity, looking so archly at her sister-in-law, that the lovely Jean laughed heartily.

In short, there never was a more happy or amiable family than that of the Duke of Valencia's, or one more united together in peaceful harmony, love and friendship; and it had now received no small additional lustre by a union with the house of Campbell, the lovely Jean being no sooner beheld by her husband's family than they were charmed, not more by her beauty and simplicity, than with her enchanting manners and native goodness of heart.

As Lord Sydney had only quitted Dumfairling Castle in order

to introduce his charming bride to the knowledge of his family, their visit to London was intended to be a very short one. Although Lady Jean had been prevailed on to leave her little favorite Robert Duncan under the care of Margaret Ferguson, yet she already felt anxious to behold him; and at their return to Scotland, it was agreed that the whole family of the Valencias should accompany them on a visit to the Castle, Lady Catherine and Mr. Chandois Queensbury (on whom her Ladyship had at last bestowed her fair hand) being included in the invitation.

Trelawney, on going down stairs, at the departure of Lord Sydney, observed a newspaper on the table, which a servant had only a few moments brought in, in which he read the following curious paragraph among the list of the new works of the day:—

Just Published,

THE MYSTERIOUS MARRIAGE;

OR,

THE WILL OF MY FATHER.

An entertianing History of Love in High Life.

WITH SOME ACCOUNT OF

The disappointed hopes of a celebrated Countess.

Trelawney could only smile at the whimsicality of the above advertisement, not doubting but some poor devil of an author had taken this opportunity of supplying his necessities by this peculiar mode of adventurous merchandize, and heartily wishing him success, turned over to the account of marriages, and with some degree of surprise and displeasure, read the following:—

"A few days ago, at St. George's Church, Hanover Square, Tanjore Trelawney, Esq. led to the hymenial altar the beautiful and accomplished daughter of the Earl of Fitzosbourne, Lady Alexina Louisa, whose personal loveliness so justly celebrated, has long been the wonder of an admiring age."

And immediately succeeding this was the following one:—

"On Thursday last, married by special license, Chandois Queensbury, Esq. to Lady Catherine Belmont, third and youngest daughter of his Grace, the Duke of Valencia."

"Amiable Catherine!" exclaimed Trelawney, soon recovering his good humor, and throwing down the paper, "may this union with the man of thy heart be crowned with peace and bliss, and all thy days pass on in uninterrupted tranquility,"

But newspapers travel, and they are sometimes swifter than the hereld Mercury, and they now took a journey down as far as the city of Coventry,—from Coventry they proceeded to the quiet village of Kenilworth, where they soon found their way to—where?—why, to the pastor's White Cottage.

Mr. and Mrs. Clarendale were quietly seated in the little oak parlor, expecting their beloved Rosa to come and make the tea; there was a nice cheerful, blazing fire, a bright copper tea-kettle placed on it, and Nanny Jones had just brought in a plate of buttered hot rolls,—all was in preparation for their accustomed cheerful meal.

"I wish my darling would come," cried the pastor, giving an anxious look towards the door.

At this moment, a loud and piercing shriek uttered by the voice of their beloved child, which was quickly succeeded by one equally loud from Nanny Jones, arrested their attention.

The alarmed parents flew both together into the kitchen, and beheld Rosa, pale as a spectre, and motionless, in the arms of Nanny Jones, who could only articulate in the midst of her terror, while she was bathing Rosa's temples with some vinegar,—

"The paper, master,—the newspaper has done the business for poor, dear Miss Rosa,—God above knows what there is in it to frighten her so, but she read a few words, and then she screamed and fainted away."

The pastor needed no further explanation from Nanny Jones; he took up the paper and read the paragraph, and communicating the same in a whisper to Mrs. Clarendale they pressed round the form of the inanimate and fainting Rosa.

"Let us send immediately for Dr. Bradbury, my love," exclaimed Mrs. Clarendale, bursting into tears at the same moment; my poor child, my poor Rosa, her sensibility has overpowered her."

The pastor heard not this sentence from the lips of his belov-

ed Fanny ; he was already on his way to Elm Grove, in search of Doctor Bradbury, and much as he respected the character of Trelawney, we must forgive the pastor if at this moment he lost all sensation but that which reminded him he was a father.

The situation of his poor girl, and the situation of the now splendid bridegroom of Lady Alexina Fitzosbourne, now presented a striking contrast,—and he sighed heavily as he entered the abode of his old friend.

Meanwhile the fond and anxious mother had, with the assistance of Jones, used every effort to recover the insensible Rosa ; she at last opened her eyes, and fixing them on her mother, burst into an agonizing flood of tears, while she faintly articulated,—

"Ah, mother, do not weep, but pray forgive me; I expected it, but indeed it came upon me so suddenly, I could not help it,—I expected that he would be married,—yes, I knew that one day Trelawney would be married, but I could not bear to read the word—married. Oh, mother, how I loved him !—I would not love again for ever so much ;—yet he is married,—Trelawney is married ;—but, is he really married, mother ?—where is the paper ?—let me read it again ;—is Trelawney married, mother ?—has he a wife ?—ah, then what is poor Rosa ?"

In spite of all efforts now to prevent it, Rosa again became totally insensible in the arms of her distracted and agonized mother, who began to be seriously alarmed for her beloved child ; while poor Nanny Jones was ready to break her heart with weeping, and even Peter stood sobbing at a distance ; and at this moment Doctor Bradbury and the pastor arrived ; it was then that poor Mrs. Clarendale could no longer contain herself, but running up to the doctor, and clasping his hand, mournfully exclaimed,—

"Oh, Doctor Bradbury, Doctor Bradbury, Trelawney has killed my dear child !—yes, he has destroyed the darling of our hearts, our sweet Rosa !"

To which the doctor very deliberately replied, shaking some medicine he had brought with him in a bottle, which he was going to administer to Rosa,—

"Trelawney has killed a fiddle-stick-end,—Trelawney has destroyed a fiddle-de-dee !—Upon my soul, Mrs. Clarendale, I am

ashamed to hear you talk so. What, in the name of the seven wonders was the poor dear lad to do?—you would not have let him had Rosa, would you?—answer me that question before I proceed any further, will you my good woman?"

"Oh, cease, Doctor Bradbury," cried Mrs. Clarendale, again bursting into tears, "cease to torture me."

"There now," cried the doctor, but feeling at the same moment sensibly grieved for his respected friends, "that is the way with all you women,—the very moment you meet with any contradiction, then comes forth a shower of tears;—it's the way with you all,—it's always the way with Mrs. Bradbury, and I often say to her, when she vexes me, you may cry and be ——; you may guess what I mean, I shan't swear now, unless you provoke me." And away marched the doctor up to the chamber of Rosa, but the moment he beheld her, he burst into an involuntary flood of tears; she was still nearly insensib e, and he approached her with the tenderness of a father.

"My dear little rose-bud, I come to give you comfort," cried he, "I warrant you will speak to your old Bradbury." Rosa reached out her hand immediately towards him. "Come, love," cried the doctor, "there's money bid for you,—hold up your sweet little head, and swallow a mouthful of this nice cordial, and then go to sleep for an hour or two, and curse me if you wont be as merry as a lark by to-morrow morning."

Rosa did as she was desired, but without uttering a single word; and in a few minutes, with the doctor closely watching by her side, fell into a soft and gentle slumber. He then requested Mrs. Clarendale to keep the house as quiet as possible, and returned to the little oak parlor to try what he could do to impart some degree of consolation to his afflicted friends,

'How is my poor girl?" said the agitated pastor; "don't deceive me, Bradbury,—is Rosa in any immediate danger?"

'Danger be hanged," said the doctor, "you are a greater nincompoop than I took you for; and supposing she were, neither I, nor you, nor all the world could help it; but come, give me a pipe, and let's have a bottle of brown stout, and we will talk matters over soberly and comfortably, without putting ourselves in a flus-

tration, for where is the use of that? it would be only making bad worse. In the first place, what, in the name of mischief, conjured up that confounded newspaper this morning to torment that poor girl?"

"You know I always have the paper every morning," said the pastor, reaching it towards the doctor, who, putting on his spectacles, read the paragraph, and laying it down, exclaimed,

"Well, curse me if I don't think it's all a sham, after all; there is too much flummary in it to be true; zounds and the devil, did not Harry tell me that this Lady what-do-ye call'm was nothing more nor less than a downright idiot? and if that is the case, how dare they presume to speak of her accomplishments? I know it's a sham, and curse me if I'll believe it till I hear it from better authority than a lying newspaper."

"Let us send Peter for Henry, my dear," cried Mrs. Clarendale; "who knows but he may have received a letter from Trelawney."

"It is very likely," answered the pastor; and Peter was accordingly dispatched to the parsonage, with as much expedition as possible, in the pastor's gig, and not only returned with his young master, but Mary, who no sooner learned from Peter the situation of Rosa, than she hastened to the White Cottage with her husband, and they both entered together the oak parlor.

"Oh, Mary, my dear Mary, how kind of you, thus to come and comfort us," said Mrs. Clarendale; but the moment she beheld Henry, she threw herself on his neck and sobbed aloud.

Henry betrayed an agitation which he in vain attempted to conceal; Mary too looked pale, and was in some degree of embarrassment when they enquired after Trelawney.

In fact, they had both read the paper that morning, and were affected and surprised by the intelligence it conveyed of Trelawney's marriage.

"And do you actually believe it to be true, Harry?' enquired Doctor Bradbury.

To which Henry replied, with some emotion,—"I believe it to be very likely, Sir,—however revolting, however disgustful to the feelings of one of the best of men—this hated marriage; yet in

obedience to a father's last commands, I know he would have perished ere he would have forfeited the will of his father."

"Well, then it is all over," cried Doctor Bradbury, "so we must do what we can for our poor little Rosy."

"May I go and see her, father?" enquired Mary, with great anxiety.

"No, you shall not do any such thing," cried the doctor; "a woman always makes bad worse, and you shall not go near her."

"Lord, father, how can you be so provoking," cried Mary.

"Let the doctor have his way, my dear girl," said Mrs. Clarendale.

"And I will have my way,—she knows it, don't you, my gipsy?" exclaimed the doctor, pulling Mary on his knee, and kissing her; "zounds, if Trelawney himself were to come and insist on seeing my patient, I would not let him."

"There is little danger of that," said the pastor, heaving a pensive sigh.

Scarce had the pastor uttered these words, when a chaise and four drove furiously up to the White Cottage.

Mary ran to the window,—Henry followed her,—

"Trelawney's grey horses, by all that is wonderful!" exclaimed he.

"Trelawney himself, by all that is good and *gracious?*" uttered Mary; and Trelawney rushed into the presence of his friends, his eyes overflowing with sensibility, his countenance beaming with smiles, his arms stretched forth to clasp them to his warm and generous soul.

"There, by Gog and Magog, was I not right?" roared out the doctor; "did I not tell you that it was all a sham, and that it was a confounded lie?"

"What, my dear doctor?" exclaimed Trelawney.

"About your being married."

"Married! no," said Trelawney, "who told you so?"

"The newspaper." said the doctor, "the confounded newspaper, that has so bewitched and blue-deviled us all with vapours, that we can hardly tell what color we are made of."

"Pray, my good friends, let me be clearly understood," said

Trelawney, now anxiously looking round the room for one dear object that was not there; "I certainly am not married at present, but I hope very shortly to be; nay, I shall think every hour whole ages till I am the husband of her I adore."

"What I suppose you don't mean to marry this Lord's daughter," said the doctor, resolved, notwithstanding all the curiosity that was blended in every countenance, that he would have the first word.

"No! nor yet the Lady's daughter," exclaimed Trelawney; "for Lady Alexina proves to be no other than the daughter of Lady Glenthorpe, and being only niece to Lord Fitzosbourne, the will of my father is consequently dissolved, and I am free!"

The scene which now followed may very naturally be supposed;—the doctor roared out with joy,—the pastor and Henry shed tears of congratulation,—while Mary and Mrs. Clarendale clasped their hands in grateful rapture. But what did Trelawney do?—was he idle?—no; he made an enquiry after Rosa;—he was not to be controlled, he flew to her bedside, and, pressing her trembling hands in his, rapturously exclaimed,

"Rosa, I am thine—for ever thine!—it is now no crime to love you; the will of my father is dissolved, I am free, and Trelawney is yours for ever." And taking her in his arms, he carried her down stairs to her enraptured father and mother, where a proper explanation took place, not only of all the circumstances which had attended the Mysterious Marriage with Lady Alexina, but Trelawney entertained his friends with all his adventures since he had last paid a visit to the White Cottage; at the conclusion of which he took the hand of his beloved Rosa, and leading her to her father, pronounced, with great emotion,—"May I now be permitted, Mr. Clarendale, to call this dear hand mine?"

The pastor could not utter a word, but silently taking the hand of his now happy daughter, placed it in that of the transported Trelawney's who received the inestimable blessing with grateful rapture; and the ensuing morning, at an early hour, the pastor, at the particular request of Trelawney, joined their hands. After which, the village bells rung with loud peals, and Trelawney permitted his lovely bride to receive the warm and rapturous congrat-

ulations of all her father's poor parishioners, to whom he extended his bounty with the most unbounded liberality. As to Doctor Bradbury, he knew not which to rejoice the most at—the marriage of Rosa with Trelawney, or the birth of a little grand-son, which the amiable Rebecca presented her husband within a few days after her beloved sister had been united to Trelawney. The doctor, however, on this occasion would have his joke, prophecying that before a twelvemonth was at an end, another little grandson, would come from a certain quarter, which should be called, Tanjore Trelawney.

Rebecca's little son, however, was soon the pride of all their hearts; the lovely Rosa often paying a visit to Woodlands, to nurse her little nephew, of whom she became passionately fond.

One evening, when this happy and united family were all together, Rebecca, in the course of conversation, adverted to the mysterious voice they had heard while sitting at their windpw from the garden, which had so alarmed herself and Rosa, at which Trelawney smiled, and exclaimed,

"The voice was mine, Rebecca;—it was the evening before I quitted the White Cottage, for my departure for London."

"Oh, if we had then known it had been you, Trelawney," said Rebecca, "Rosa and I would have had such sport, we would have cured you of paying nocturnal visits in future."

"Did I not always say it was Trelawney?" said Mary.

"Yes, Mary," cried Rosa, "but you are a witch; you have told me of many things which have come to pass."

"I believe she is an enchantress still," exclaimed Trelawney; "what say, you, Henry?"

To which Henry, delighted with a compliment paid to his beloved Mary, replied,

"I have always found her so, Sir."

'It may now be necessary to account for the sudden and unexpected arrival of Trelawney at the White Cottage, to whom every moment passed in London had seemed an age; and having succeeded to reconcile Lord Fitzosbourne to his sister, who professed herself to be a sincere penitent for her guilty conduct, the Earl, at the intercession of Trelawney, so far overcome his resentment, as

to consent that she should continue to reside beneath his roof,—on condition that she would never again lead Alexina into fashionable follies; whether she kept this promise was uncertain, for her daughter in a very short time bestowed her fair hand and beautiful person on an old gouty peer, for the sake of the considerable property of which he was possessed.—sacrificing, as her mother had done before her, happiness for riches, and peace of mind for dissipation. To Pat O'Connor, before he quitted the metropolis, Trelawney presented a gift of fifty pounds, and sent him over to Ireland to comfort his sick mother at the sign of the Black Pig, Bog-trotter Lane, over Muckslush Heath.

To the unfortunate son of Dr. Metcalf, who proved, as Trelawney had surmised, the mysterious stranger who had visited Lady Glenthorpe at Fitzosbourne House, he gave the sum of five hundred pounds, having by her Ladyship's direction found him a prisoner confined for debt in the King's Bench, where he would have remained probably to the end of his existence, if Trelawney had not sought him out and relieved his necessities. All this accomplished, Trelawney took an affectionate leave of Lord Fitzosbourne, from whom he did not conceal his intended marriage with the daughter of Mr. Clarendale.

But Trelawney found it a more difficult matter to tear himself from the arms of his friend Lord Sydney Belmont; and they did not part without shedding tears on both sides, Lord Sydney's last words being

"Remember Scotland.'

To which Trelawney replied,

"While I have life and breath!" and jumped into the chaise which was to convey him to his beloved Rosa.

Is it now necessary to ask, whether Trelawney was really and truly happy?—no, surely not; for what can contribute more to happiness than a consciousness of having strictly performed every sacred and moral duty,—an humble submission to the will of Providence?—which in the event of time and perseverance will never fail to bestow its merited reward.

THE END.

The Publisher in bringing this work to a conclusion begs leave to return his grateful acknowledgment for the very liberal Patronage he has met with from his Friends and the Public generally, a support that has been doubly grateful to his feelings through the high encomiums that all classes have passed upon the work, as inculcating the principles of Morality, Magnanimity, Virtue &c. &c. improving the heart while amusing the mind. The Publisher respectfully announces that he intends (at the earnest solicitations of a number of his Subscribers who have seen the original works of the much esteemed Authoress, Mrs. Catherine G. Ward in England,) to Publish the sequal or second part of the Marriage which he hopes will be well received, and he pledges himself that nothing shall be left undone on his part to render the work worthy of the Public support, and he flatters himself it will be found by all those favoring him with their subscriptions highly interesting, for though the Marriage is complete of itself, yet it will be found that the Family Portraits, or history of Trelawney, by taking up the younger branches of the different interesting Families will form perhaps one of the best digested Tales, Ancient or Modern.

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